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The Blackboard Bulletin

AUGUST - 1964 Aylmer, Ontario, Canada VOL. 8 ;NO. 1.

The Boy Who Would Not Be Whipped.

I may as well tell the boys now that my mother was a widow, and a woman of great firmness and decision of character, and of deep piety. When she said anything she meant it, and yet she was just as gentle and as tender as a lamb.

One time in the fall of the year when I was about fifteen years old I was out in the yard trying to move a heavy stick of timber. I asked my brother, then twelve years of age, to help me, but he stood and laughed at me while I almost strained the eyeballs out of my head. At last I lost my temper, and picked up a switch and gave my brother a whipping. This was one thing mother did not allow—one child to whip another in her place.

When she heard the racket she came out of the house and gave my brother a good thrashing, and made him help me put the timber in place, and then said to me:

"Now my son, I am going to whip you for whipping your brother."

I had not had a whipping for a long time and had begun to feel like a man. I had no idea of taking a whipping—none in the world. I had violated one of my mother's rules, but the provocation had been a great one to a boy. True, if I had gone five steps to the door, and told mother, she would have adjusted matters and made brother do what I wanted him to do. Instead of this I had assumed authority, and taken the law in my own hands, and had done what I knew my mother did not allow.

I said, "Mother, you shall not whip me."

"But I shall do it, my son," she replied, and started toward me with a purpose in her eye. I got out of her way, and bad boy as I was, I turned my back on home and mother, and went off about four miles and hired myself to a clever, thrifty, well-to-do farmer for five dollars a month. I told him what had occurred, and how I had been outraged at home, and he proposed to go with me, and intercede for me. I had too much of my mother in me to yield just then. I went to work, but was not happy. I lost my appetite and couldn't sleep. I grew worse and worse, but hoped all the time that mother would send for me, and apologize, and take me back, but I heard nothing from her.

I began to feel that I needed mother and home more than mother and home needed me—a lesson most boys do not learn until it is too late. At the end of the week, on Saturday morning, I told my employer I wanted to go home. He approved my purpose and kindly offered to go with me, but I preferred to go alone. He paid me for my week's work, but I hated the money. It felt like lead in my pocket; and grew heavier and heavier as I got nearer home, till finally I pulled it out and threw it as far as I could send it into the woods. I did not go home in a hurry. It was four miles, and I was four hours on the way, and long hours they were. I hesitated and turned back, resolved and resolved. The better thing in me said, "Go home and yield to your mother and obey her," but some other thing said, "I would die first."

Those who have never been in the shoes of the "Prodigal son" do not know what that trip cost the poor boy, nor how long he was making it. When I felt that I could go no farther, I would kneel down and pray. That always helped me. I felt firmer afterward. The last hundred yards before I reached home seemed to be a mile long. If it had been night and no light burning, so mother could not see me, how glad I would have been; but there it was, a beautiful, sunbright day in calm, cool November. Oh, how black the bright light makes a guilty heart look!

As I came nearer I heard my mother singing,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Ah, that song! What mingled feelings it stirred in my heart, and how appropriate it was. Hope and shame had a struggle, but thank God, hope prevailed. Just as I reached the door mother was setting the table for dinner.

"Good morning, my son," she said, just as pleasantly as I ever heard her speak in all my life. "Come in," she continued; "have a seat," setting a chair for me. "I hope you are well, my son?" That word "son," how it hurt me. I was not worthy of it.

"Very well, I thank you"—I did not venture to say "mother." "Are you well?" I asked. "Well, thank you, my son," and she went on chatting away just as pleasantly as if I had been a neighbor called in. I wanted to tell her my sin and shame, but did not know where or how to commence. Dinner was soon ready, and mother asked me to dine with her, with all the politeness and deference due a visitor.

When seated at the table mother said: "Will you please say grace for us?" That was awful. The words choked me though I had been accustomed to asking a blessing for a year or two. I could not eat; I was too full already. Mother hoped I was well. I told her I was.

When dinner was over, I said, "Mother, what work do you want me to do?"

"None at all, my son; I do not expect visitors to work for me," she answered.

"But, mother, I have come home and want to go to work and quit this foolishness," I said.

She replied firmly, "Well, my son, to be candid with you, if you will now take a whipping, you can stay, but if not, you can have your clothes and leave."

I jumped up and pulled off my coat and vest, and sat down with my face to the back of the chair, and my back toward mother and said:

"Well, mother, I will take the whipping, and stay at home with you. So get your switch and give it to me."

"That will do, my son; let us pray."

She led. Oh, that prayer, that prayer!

It lingers yet like the refrain of some old song, grand with the melody of Heaven. I then had a home and mother, and was about as happy as boys ever get to be in this life. Now boys, I'm ashamed of my sin to this day, but I so esteem my mother I thought I would tell you this story.—*Sel.*

(Too late for May issue.)

LAGRANGE, INDIANA

The Lord moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. Our answers to prayers come in unexpected ways. Such has been the case with our receiving a sample copy of the Bulletin today. It was a December, 1963 issue on giving attendance to reading, and has been a direct answer to my search for pre-school reading material of a Christian nature.

Since we are blessed with 4 children, and they often take books along to bed, especially during naptime, I feel it is up to us to see that the correct books are available at all times.

I almost bought some books from ten-cent-store sources, but upon inspecting them I found they carried illustrations that were without Biblical background. There were angels with cut hair, curls, and ribbons, dogs with wings, also giving the impression that animals go to heaven.

I thank the Lord greatly for the boosters for good books in that issue. I am afraid I was putting physical necessities before the spiritual needs of my family.

So often opportunities pass us by unawares. Only heavenly guidance can help us see when the time is right Many times we look back to see that the ripe time is past. We realize how necessary it is to

"Ueb dich mit ernst, dasz du recht lernst,
Dich selbst zum erst erkennen."

NEW HOLLAND, PENNSYLVANIA July 29, 1964

Greetings to all readers. Something within me, an insistent small voice keeps reminding and coaxing and urging, again and again, to write something for the Bulletin. It seems to be especially strong today, so I'll give it a try. I always enjoy the original articles from others, and wish I could submit something worthwhile without even signing my name. But that would already be disobeying the Golden Rule. I feel other's writings have much more value if accompanied by the author's name. An unsigned letter has very little meaning. Fact is, we prefer to know who wrote a letter before we even read it, be it from a friend, an employer, the Apostle Paul, or from one of our pupils.

Maybe I could give a bit of encouragement and a few suggestions for beginning teachers. (Experienced ones may stop now.) Not that I count myself an able one, not at all, but I too was once a beginner and I can well recall how I craved for hints and advice from experienced teachers. At first, as I thought of the task, it loomed up almost an impossibility for me to undertake. After pondering that for awhile, I decided that all other teachers were only people, human like anyone else. That thought helped me along in the final decision to try it once. I was never sorry that I did so, except for my shortcomings and many errors and blunders. But a wonderful opportunity is ours in school, to start all over with each new day. Days in a busy classroom speed away, and just that fast we approach a new morning, a new chance for improvement, and (if we love our work) new zeal for doing everything we possibly can. Oh, what a challenge to strive for that goal of becoming a successful teacher some day.

Those of you who have read Rosanna of the Amish, by Yoder, might also remember the advice of professors to Joe when he was assigned to teach a disorderly group. They said he should use FAIRNESS, FIRMNESS, and SELF-CONTROL. All three are very very important, especially for discipline. We need to practice them continually.

Shortly before I started teaching I was advised by a relative, a County Superintendent of Schools, as follows: "If there is anything you don't know, admit it to the pupils, and say you'll try to find out. Don't pretend to know it if you don't."

Surely this is the most sensible method for anyone, but especially for teachers whom the children will want to trust.

Another hint I might add is to have some of your own plans fulfilled, and not depend too much on the pupils to say how things should be done. More than one teacher has confessed such a mistake at the end of the first term. Please understand my point correctly. We surely need to respect their suggestions. Sometimes their plans are best, but careful consideration must be used. The cart must not run ahead of the horse nor the crew overtake the pilot.

And most important for all of us is to seek help and guidance from our Father in heaven. Teaching is a wonderful privilege, but of ourselves we are nothing. Teaching is both humiliating and rewarding, but there is much to do. God help us to perform the most important tasks first, then still to meditate on Matthew 23:23,

"This ought ye to have done and not to leave the
other undone."

"Another term is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be
A term of loving faithfulness
In service unto Thee."

Humbly, Mary F. Huyard

I first came to know about the Bulletin while teaching the 1956-57 term at Borkholder School near Nappanee, Indiana. Mary Miller (Glick) and I were together there and we were both interested and had intended to subscribe. But good intentions never developed into deeds.

We both felt very much privileged for that year in school and benefitted greatly in many ways. But oh, I could have improved in so many areas had I only depended more on the Power of the Holy Spirit for hourly guidance, day by day.

Are you nervous at certain times of the day, teachers? Ring a silent plea to heaven by the wires of prayer-from-the-heart. In this, I speak to myself, too, more than to anyone else. Such days also arrive in the home, with spring and summer duties to be attended to. As a housewife I find myself often lacking in "Geduld mit die kleine Kinder". We need ever to seek help to rise above these things that we lack.

Aus viel Liebe.

-Mrs. Samuel E. (Ruby)Miller

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"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.

EDITORIAL

THE CAMDEN CASE

In this issue we bring to the readers a report on the school troubles at Camden, Michigan. We started a file on this subject last spring, and by the time we were ready to start writing, we almost despaired of wading through the stacks of letters, statements, reports, and newspaper clippings that had accumulated.

This case ended in perhaps a more favorable light than previous difficulties elsewhere. In court decisions in Pennylvania and other states, admiration and regret were expressed, but convictions were largely upheld.

One remarkable aspect of the Camden situation was that local public opinion was so strongly in support of the Amish. This may have been a factor that entered into the picture to a greater degree than in other localities.

Mr. Badgley, one of the lawyers, wrote in a letter, "It has been a source of wonder and of satisfaction to me to receive the telephone calls the notes, the verbal expressions and to read the letters published in the newspapers indicating sympathy for the Amish and expressing hope that they can be cleared of these charges and be allowed to be let alone." - End of quote.

The Camden school situation is of especial interest to me, because of its location in Hillsdale County, where I spent ten years of my childhood, and received most of my own schooling. My school days were happy ones, but my memories of the Hillsdale County public schools of the '40's is not to their credit.

To mention only one thing, the Michigan system of state aid is (or was, at that time) based on the enrollment, on a per pupil basis. Our school became the center of a widely-publicised scandal when the superintendent was found guilty of padding the enrollment lists to obtain State grants.

During those years our small group of Amish in the Jerome area made an attempt to found a church school, but plans failed when pressure from public officials became too heavy. The problem of teacher certification also entered the picture at that time, but the greatest stumbling block was the reluctance of school authorities to lose enrollees, which would affect their grant structures.

We wish the Camden group every success in the future with their two schools. These court cases are definitely not to our liking, yet they may serve to make us more conscious and aware of the fact that a world watches us. How humbling it is to see such praise and tokens of respect accorded our people! Oh, that we might be more worthy of this respect. What a challenge to put from us every "spot and wrinkle"!

Our attitude toward government officials should ever be one of respect and honor, for, as the Apostle Paul says, "(they) are ordained of God." Rom. 13:1. We owe them obedience in all things except where their laws conflict with the laws of God, whereupon we "ought to obey God rather than men." Acts 5:29.

Even then, we should not let a feeling of bitterness or resentment mar our respect for them, nor to hinder our prayers "for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." 1 Tim. 2:1. J.S.

IF YOU DON'T KNOW IT, SAY SO!

One of our writers in this issue tells teachers to admit it when they don't know an answer. May we add our amen to the suggestion? From experience we have learned this is the only honorable method.

The teacher hasn't been born yet who knows all the answers. But a good many have been born who never say, "I don't know".

A teacher does not lose the respect of the pupils by admitting and confessing mistakes, or by truthfully saying, "I should know, but I don't. I'll look it up."

But, a certain way to lose their respect is to pretend you know more than you do. Children aren't easily fooled. They admire a teacher who is humble enough to accept correction from a child, and they detest one who isn't.

On the other hand, we do not want to encourage teachers to be careless in preparing for lessons. They should study the assignments, be as well-read as possible, plan thoroughly, and be alert while on the job. After all, the teacher is supposed to know a good deal more than the children. If this "margin of knowledge" becomes too narrow, that school will be less than a success.

If you don't know it, admit it. But don't let it happen again! - J.S.

COMING IN SEPTEMBER...(D.V.)

We are planning a report of all new Amish schools that are starting this year. We had hoped to include this in the August issue, but discovered that information on some of the schools was not yet complete. Building continues at many of the new schools, as they race feverishly with time to be ready for classes in early September.

This entire issue is being prepared on metal plates. This is more expensive, but also better than the direct image paper plates used last spring. We have reduced the size of the print considerably, perhaps too much. But this is one way to cut on costs. Plate costs at present run about two dollars per page.

This issue contains more words than any previous Bulletin. In fact, we almost ran out of material, and did have to do a little searching of our files. We trust our writers will not let us down in the months ahead, as we will be needing more material than ever before. And we will be needing it a few days earlier, as the plates are made up in Toronto. We can use a certain amount of good selected material, but be sure to state from where you got it. Send in your material by the first of each month, or earlier.

... Also in September, we plan a report of the scheduled teachers' meeting at Nappanee, Indiana, August 13-14.

... And, one of our writers has promised us an article on filling the lunch basket.

Leading Lambs Astray

'Twas a Sheep not a Lamb that strayed away,
In the parable Jesus told;
A grown-up Sheep that wandered away
From the ninety and nine in the fold.

Out on the hillside, out in the cold
'Twas a Sheep the good Shepherd sought;
And back to the flock, safe into the fold,
'Twas a Sheep the good Shepherd brought.

And why for the Sheep should we anxiously long,
And as anxiously hope and pray?
Because there is danger if they go wrong
They will lead the Lambs astray.

For the Lambs will follow the Sheep, you know,
Wherever the Sheep may stray;
If the Sheep go wrong it will not be long
Till the Lambs are as wrong as they.

And so with the Sheep we earnestly plead
For the sake of the Lambs to-day;
If the Lambs are lost what terrible cost
Some Sheep will have to pay. —*Selected.*

Attention! Subscription Sale and Contest –

At the last minute, as this goes to press, we have decided to announce our planned September subscription sale in this issue. We desperately need new subscribers, and this is really the best time of the year for new subscriptions to start. All subscriptions will begin with the August issue unless otherwise requested.

Here's how. We are certain there are many families who know nothing or very little of the Bulletin. Boys and girls, this is a good opportunity for you, selling subscriptions for us. But talk the matter over with your parents first, so they will know what you are doing. However, this offer is not limited to boys and girls. Anyone is eligible.

Sales will be on a commission basis of 10%. Merely deduct ten percent from what you collect, and send the balance either to

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The Challenge of the Child, a book of compiled material from past Bulletins, 1957-1963. 8½ x 11, paperbound $2.00

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Subscription Sale closes September 30, 1964.

Michigan School Charges Dismissed

AN EDITORIAL REPORT ON THE AMISH
SCHOOL TROUBLES IN THE STATE OF
MICHIGAN DURING THE PAST YEAR BY
THE EDITOR

Charges against ten Amish fathers of the Camden, Michigan area for purported violations of the state's school laws were dismissed in a hearing June 8 before Hillsdale Circuit Judge Robert McIntyre. The charges had been pending since October of last year.

The Amish of the Camden area started with a one-room school in 1956, soon after the first Amish located there to form a new Amish colony. In later years a second school was founded. These schools always passed State requirements as far as the buildings were concerned. The Amish worked closely with local public officials and regularly obtained textbooks from the Camden Frontier School.

During the years from 1956 to 1961, non-Amish teachers were hired. These were no longer certified, but officials nevertheless passed their approval. The trouble began in the fall of 1962 when two young Amish teachers, Ruth Graber and Jerome Delagrange, took over classes.

Word came from the office of the County Superintendent, Walter E. Holliday, that the Amish were violating State school statutes. Under pressure, the Amish changed to other teachers for the remaining months of the term. These teachers, however, proved unsatisfactory, and so last fall, at the beginning of the 1963-64 school term, the two Amish teachers again entered the classrooms. This time they completed the term .

Legal action was taken against the Amish fathers by officials of the Michigan Department of Public Instruction. In October a hearing was held in the Camden town hall under Justice of the Peace Alfred C. Wagner. Here the Amish received sympathetic consideration, and it was evident that public opinion was solidly behind them. At this hearing, the fathers elected a trial by jury.

At this time many ministers of other denominations spoke up in favor of the Amish, and of their constitutional rights to educate their own children. Many insisted that they hire a lawyer, but the Amish felt this would be unscriptural. In the words of one of them, "We do not think that the Scriptures give us as Christians the right to fight with money, or any other weapons. God alone can defend us."

However, they did consent to allow two lawyers, Albert Dimmers and Maxwell F. Badgeley, to present their case for them, after they offered to do so. These men donated their services because they felt it was wrong and unconstitutional to prosecute the Amish on the grounds stated. Had the Amish not consented to the help these lawyers offered, several local business men planned to hire one for them.

Several trial dates were set, but each time postponed. Lawyers Dimmers and Badgley sought to have the proceedings dismissed on the technical nical grounds that the Amish had not been accorded the speedy trial the law demanded in such cases. This motion was denied them by the Justice of the Peace before whom the defendants were scheduled to be tried. An appeal was then made to the Circuit Court for the County of Hillsdale.

It was Circuit Judge McIntire who handed down the welcome decision that the proceedings be dismissed. He said he found no "criminal intent" in the refusal of the Amish to send their children to public schools.

- Opinion of the Court -

A copy of the "Opinion of the Court" was made available to the Blackboard Bulletin. We quote from it as follows:

"The court is not unmindful of the real nature of the controversy here ....that the various misdemeanor warrants before it at the present time represent the culmination of a controversy existing between the State Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Amish Colony existing and settled in the southern part of Hillsdale County. The issue concerns the basic differences in opinion between State Government and these private individuals as to the nature and character of the education which is to be afforded their children.

"...It is interesting to note that when the compulsory Education Law was first passed in its original form, being Act # 95 of the Public Acts of 1895, it was entitled, 'An Act to Provide for the Compulsory Education of Children, for the Punishment of Truancy, etc.' The Act was designed by the legislature to ensure the education of children, and not the education of children in accordance with certain specified State standards. In those days it was not always possible to obtain qualified teachers, and as the Supreme Court of the State of Michigan stated in Hale v. Risley, 69 Mich 596,

"Schools could be properly conducted without teachers who were qualified by the necessary certificate. In that case the Supreme Court said, 'The general policy of the school law is that school shall be taught by qualified teachers, but necessities may arise where this cannot be done; and when such necessity arises, the district is authorized to employ a teacher who has not the proper certificate, if the School Board are satisfied that he or she is otherwise qualified ...' This court cites that case merely to show that the original intention of the Compulsory Education Act was to ensure that the parents educate their children and not that they necessarily do so according to a certain set of standards.

"In the case of the People v. Levisen, 404 Illinois 574, under statutes which were admittedly different from those which exist in Michigan today, the Court stated, 'Compulsory education laws are enacted to enforce the natural obligation of parents to provide an education for their young, an obligation which corresponds to the parents' right of control over the child... the object is that all children shall be educated, not that they shall be educated in any particular manner or place.... the law is not made to punish those who provide their children with instruction equal or superior to that obtainable in the public schools. It is made for the parent who fails or refuses to properly educate his child.'

"....This court, however, judicially knows that the Amish people of this community are generally law-abiding and are not given to the wilful disobedience of civil authority of any kind. They are a religious community who believe that many of the practices carried on in the State schools tend to instill in children disobedience to the orders of parents, immorality, and principles which are contrary to their religious teachings.

"...This court holds that the criminal justice court is not the forum in which to determine questions of such constitutional gravity.

"For the foregoing reasons, this court on its own motion determines that the condition mens rea, or the criminal mind, does not exist in these cases as defined by Professor Jerome Hall, in his recent excellent book, General Principles of Criminal Law, and the Honorable Alfred Wagner Justice of the Peace of the Township of Camden, is hereby ordered and directed by this court to dismiss the various complaints and warrants herein named."

An editorial in the Jackson, Michigan Citizen Patriot of June 10, entitled, "Rights of a Minority" reflects the general opinion of the public. We quote several paragraphs:

"Many Michiganians have been interested in and intrigued by the case of the leaders of the Amish community near Hillsdale who have been hauled into court for purported violations of the state's school law.

"The concensus, as we have detected it, has been: 'Let these good people alone.'

The 'Plain People', as they often are known, have been persecuted in the past. In today's society they have come to be regarded as an island of tranquility, religion, close family ties, the kind of rugged individualism which once was prized in America plus a group in which they don't even know the meaning of the phrase, 'juvenile delinquency'."

- What of the Future ? -

Is the matter now closed? Might another attempt be made to bring further charges against the Camden schools, or will public officials let the matter rest? No one knows for sure. The Court's opinion left the situation in a very favorable position for the Amish, and there is widespread hope that there will be peace in the years ahead. - THE END.

WHAT SHALL BE OUR COURSE OF ACTION?

- By John M. Bontrager

The editor having done some soliciting for this issue, I have been wanting for some time now to write a few lines for the Blackboard Bulletin. At the eleventh hour, and with other work pressing, the pen at last met paper. I've been tempted to give it up, but can't shake the feeling that love and duty requires it. May the Lord guide the pen.

This part of northern Indiana has passed a milestone. The public school corporation is wanting to build a modern high school, costing over a million dollars. In their view, they are being forced by State legislation. The State is abolishing the five remaining one-room schools, and of course, will approve nothing short of the most modern in buildings and facilities. The cost is inconceivable to us, over $2500 per pupil in building costs alone. We can build a one-room school house for thirty-five pupils for $3000, if the labor is donated.

At least fifty per cent of the pupils under the Westview School Corporation are Amish. Now as we understand it, we can have our own schools if we wish. What, then, should be our course of action?

If we don't do something for ourselves, they will do it for us, and in as modern a way as we will tolerate. Are we going to stand idly by and be sucked down the stream of worldliness? Are we going to let our Amish way-of-life, our simple and Biblical standards, vanish in thin air before our eyes? The faith our forefathers brought across the waters, and suffered untold hardships for, don't we want to preserve it for our children?

Our churches are actually almost where the Mennonite Church was forty years ago. How much non-conformity do they have today? These things come in a sneaking, unthought-of, way, little by little; we gradually get used to it. In dress, in modesty, in morals, in chastity..(we probably know some of the statistics: 50% of brides in the U.S. are pregnant, and the per cent of girls coming through college with their virginity is very small.) And how far behind are we?

Now, I don't want to imply that our own schools are the answers to all these problems. Then why the extra expense and effort? Schools are only one area of training and influence our children are under in their formative years. If strict home and church discipline does not accompany our church school efforts, they will be of small avail.

One of the greatest advantages of our own schools is to have our own qualified Christian teachers. Our children will be learning Christian morals in between lines, while getting their secular education. What we see, what we hear, what we read, what we surround ourselves with, by that we are influenced. And it is our duty as parents to do this for our children, keep them under a good influence. If we are united in our interests and effort, we have a wonderful opportunity with our own schools. Interest is the key word.

Then this thought has been brought up. Will our schools end up as the Mennonites' schools have? Conforming more and more to the ways of the public schools, until I have to wonder where is the difference? That all depends on us. If we stay in the will and ways of the Lord, He will help us keep our schools in all simplicity and lowliness. That is the only way we want them.

I am confident our schools can help us to maintain Biblical standards in the church, but it takes a dedicated school all through life; and more diligent and constant teaching in the home, (Here we fall sadly short), the church, and the community.

Are we concerned to maintain a Biblical nonconformed way-of-life? Not that a way-of-life is our salvation, but because we believe in Christ as our salvation, and faith without works is dead.

I mentioned that we can have our own schools. I believe we can. Our trouble is among ourselves if we can't. Some of our people are opposed to our parochial schools because they are new to us. Actually, the public school system is not much over 100 years old itself. (The idea of church schools is much older than public schools. Of the two, public education is certainly the "new thing". Editor).

We sadly lack unity among ourselves on this matter. It is not as it should be. And I fear it will be a controversy among us for awhile.

In unity there is power, but if we are divided and work against each other, what then?

- Shipshewana, Indiana

BEGINNING THE NEW TERM

-By Lydia F. Beiler, Ronks, Pa.

Since this is to be a before-school issue, perhaps it would be appropriate to talk about the beginning of a new term, especially for the benefit of those who are just starting to teach. Sometimes I wonder if those of us who have been teaching for some time might not need it more than ever. From experience I know it means a lot to me the way a school term is begun.

Try and tell the pupils the very first day, or not later than the first week, "Now this is the way we are going to do this year. Explain any new rules or plans that you may have. Stick to it to the letter for quite some time and see the results. A teacher's program should be flexible and not too "concrete", but there is time enough to be flexible after you have won the child's confidence.

Never love a child too much in the beginning. Make him obey you and then love him, was the advice given to me when I started to teach. Recently I talked with a teacher who has had college and teacher training, and he told me he was taught as follows: (which is similar to my instructions), "Be real stern the first month, and after that you may give in a little when or if the need arises and circumstances permit."

Best results are obtained by giving in a little at the right time. After all, we do not want to be tyrants.

This teacher also told me another point that was drilled into him: "Answer questions, answer questions, answer questions, for that is how a child will learn." But in my opinion, children can also ask too many questions. Perhaps they may ask questions just to get out of thinking for themselves, or perhaps it is to get their work done real quickly. What then? So it is well to consider how and when to answer questions.

If the children become dependent on you to answer all their questions, disorder and confusion will result in the schoolroom. The better you can get a child to help himself and do his own thinking, the better effect your teaching will have.

While this may be true in the schoolroom, or at least when school is in session, I do not think the same holds true in the home. Parents would do well and perhaps be richly rewarded if they take the time to answer more of their children's questions. Take time to explain to them about things. Children of school and preschool age should especially be told of the importance of school and of obtaining an education. Don't let them dread school, or get overly worked up about it, but try to encourage them to get out of school what they can. A big help to the teacher is for her to occasionally find out from the parents or from the home, what a child's attitude is toward school. It gives the teacher something with which to work.

Other ways to help your children are:

Be sure they get plenty of sleep, then start their day off with a nourishing breakfast, pack a wholesome lunch, and see that they get to the school on time, but not necessarily way ahead of time. So much is missed if they are not there at the very beginning of the day. It may not be just the devotional period and the singing that they miss, but frequently a teacher has a few words for the whole school that will mean so much toward getting the right start for the day. So often, as soon as she's done talking and every word seems to have sunk into the hearts and minds of those present, lo, and behold, in walks one of the late-comers. Even if she were to go through the same speech again, somehow it loses its power.

Now, even though it may mentally disturb the

- Continued on next page

teacher, your child is the biggest loser. For starting a day right is as important as starting a term right.

A few words to teachers, and to those who are considering teaching: Some commandments, "Thou shalt look upon thy job as the most important thing in the world, and strive ever to do it more perfectly." "Thou shalt be thyself. Never seek to imitate another." But even tho' we can't use another's talent, we can get hints and ideas by watching another teacher at work. This can be done by visiting schools, a practice which is especially beneficial for the beginning teacher, but one that is also good for any of us. It takes some of that rust off.

As the first day of school approaches, my thoughts go to the inexperienced teachers who will be starting their first term. For my way of starting off a first grade, see page 89 of The Challenge of the Child , or the September, 1958 issue of the Bulletin. I know that not everyone agrees with me, but felt that should be no reason to keep me quiet. Realizing my own inexperience the first years, I know how necessary it is to have something to go by. A quote, "Nearly everything we learn is from something or somebody. And that somebody may understand better than we ever shall."

All in all, teaching is a wonderful privilege, even though it takes a lot of patience and courage. "Courage often comes when least expected. We attempt dangerous tasks because we have confidence that courage will be given to us to complete them. And courage usually does turn up or there would be more failures than successes. Nothing looks so impossible as does any task before you decide to tackle it. Once you start to do anything, no matter how difficult, your courage will keep increasing."

This may give some encouragement to those who have not yet made up their minds to teach. Again and again these questions may come to you, "What shall I do? How can I know what I should do?" Then a still small voice may whisper, "Follow your urge."

"Within us all are many urges but overpowering all others is one that cannot be put aside. Follow that one, no matter where it may lead."

"It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us." "Every purpose of the Lord shall be performed." Jeremiah 51:29.

Then again come these thoughts that want to tell us, "We can't," and "We're too imperfect ourselves," Well, those thoughts keep coming, no matter how long one is teaching, if we give them room. But we must brush them aside and rely on the Lord, from whom, we know, all our help cometh.

"Lord, who am I to teach the way
To little children, day by day,
So prone myself to go astray?

"I teach them power to will and do.
But only now to learn anew
My own great weakness through and through.

"Lord, if I their teacher still must be,
Oh, help the little children see,
A teacher leaning hard on Thee."

This is my wish and prayer for all teachers.
Humbly yours, -Lydia F. Beiler

PARADISE, PENNSYLVANIA
July 27, 1964

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Received a card the other day from Lydia F. Beiler, stating that there will be an August issue this year. Very good, I thought to myself for a moment, until I read on further. The next line said, "To do this, the editor needs material, and to obtain that, someone must send it in." But why pick on me?

But then, someone has to write, and if we all sit back and let the other person do it, I am afraid the Bulletin's life would be very short, and I certainly would regret that. I'm certain an August issue will be very appropriate in several ways. It will be a reminder that the time is again fast approaching to open the school house doors, even though the fact is hard to grasp. Where, oh where, did the summer days go so quickly? It will also help the teachers and pupils to start the adjustments needed to get things running smoothly when September comes.

Just recently I reread some of the articles in the book, The Challenge of the Child, and found it just as interesting as when I read it the other time. I wish we could get a copy in every home of our parochial school family, and have all the parents read it. I would also recommend it highly for all beginning teachers, as by reading and studying this book, they can glean a vast amount of knowledge from the many experiences others have had, and can get a fair glimpse of what to expect.

Here in Lancaster County we still have several vacancies to be filled with teachers. It seems to be quite a problem to obtain persons of our own faith who are interested, as we cannot compete in wages with the factories. But let us not forget that money isn't everything, and a sincere and true teacher should consider that part as only secondary in importance.

Anyone who is interested and is capable of teaching, should write or contact the writer, as we need a teacher here at Nickle Mines Parochial.

Wishing all teachers the best, in thoughts and with prayers, for the coming year.
- Elam H. Beiler

WHAT WE GIVE AWAY

Author Unknown

Love that is hoarded molds at last
Until we know some day,
The only thing we ever have
Is what we give away.

And kindness that is never used
But hidden all alone
Will slowly harden till it is
As hard as any stone.

It is the things we always hold
That we will lose some day;
The only things we ever keep
Are what we give away.

-Selected by M. H.

JUST A BEGINNING

- By Christian G. Esh

Whether you are a child just learning to read or an honor graduate of some school, whether you are a teacher just taking up duty or a highly-educated college professor, your knowledge is but a small measure of the greatness of God and His Creation.

Step by step, a little at a time, is all a person can perceive. But little things add up. Just a little good instead of evil, a little love instead of gossip and hate, a little patience and kindness instead of a flare of temper, these can change a troubled life to a happy one. For life is largely what we make it, with God's help.

We desperately need more educated people, not worldly-wise, but educated in the faith of our fathers. By learning only one verse a day, the Sermon on the Mount can be memorized in four months. Learning short verses and proverbs in spare moments helps keep evil thoughts away. A few minutes to copy and a small piece of paper in the pocket to study in spare time is well worth the while. The paper may soon wear out but the value of the verse in memory cannot be estimated.

Although I am no longer teaching, this time of the year brings back memories, and my heart goes out to beginning teachers. It is like opening a door not knowing what to expect, and we tremble on the threshold. Let us make it a habit to pause and meditate a moment as we enter each morning, that our efforts be not in vain. In love, hope, and charity, let us watch over our flocks, not as a hawk looking for prey, to catch them in mischief, but watching lest we miss an opportunity to help them. How small are the beginnings of education! If the first graders can but learn to make strokes and rings on paper like teacher's, they've already made a beginning.

A fifth grader was caught cheating in division problems. Upon investigation, we found he had missed understanding the very beginning of division two years before. Sounds impossible, but it shows the importance of explaining something new. A little extra time spent in explaining in class will save much time and confusion later on.

After all, we don't remember our favorite teacher for his high education, but for that little extra time spent with us in kindness and understanding.

Children should learn not to take advantage of a teacher who is alert and quick to respond to a raised hand. If they realize that they are being watched in love for their own good, they are likely to show respect by trying to figure out their own problems.

Though we teach many years, learn many new things, experience mutual love and joy, it is all just a small beginning in perceiving the laws of nature and the great love of God.

- Gordonville, Pennsylvania

TEACH THE DEAR CHILDREN TO PRAY

- By Mrs. Roy W. Miller

How much do our children know about prayer? Do they know what it is all about? Do they pray by themselves, or is that just for church or the family devotional period? Have we ever stopped to consider the grave duty resting on us parents to teach our children the meaning of prayer?

I have seen young people who were embarassed to even speak about prayer. Some even have a mocking attitude. Is there perhaps a lack of prayer in our homes?

O, let us strive to make our children feel at home in an atmosphere of prayer. Let's pray with and for them; teaching them fitting little prayers they can say for themselves at bedtime and upon arising. Let's teach them how to pray, to believe in prayer, and to have faith that God will answer.

Where is there a scene more touching and beautiful than that of a little child, barely able to lisp, at his mother's side kneeling in prayer at the end of the day? A deeply-rooted and ingrained faith in prayer from childhood will hardly be overthrown in later years.

Is our grace at the table silent? Then let's teach our children one they can say, too. Some have grown up never learning a specific prayer to say, hence there is a great temptation for thoughts to stray.

Have we other duties? Oh, yes, there are other cares and duties, many of them, seemingly mountain-high, that would cause us to neglect this one duty of duties. But shall we analyse them a bit? Which has the more lasting value, a house that is always spic and span, or a God-fearing family circle, joined in prayer? A goodly stack of new and good clothing for each child, or each child reverent and attentive at church, clean and neatly-dressed in the same garb every Sunday, with perhaps even a patch or two?

Sweep a house or wash a face, it may last for several minutes; teach a child to pray, it will last for all eternity.

Have we perhaps all along felt that if we teach our children Bible stories and pray for them ourselves, along with family worship, they will eventually learn the art of prayer, too? This, of course, should not be neglected, but I believe there should be more in the way of teaching our dear little children to pray. What greater force could there be to help them should circumstances later call them far from home, than the habit from early childhood of turning to God in prayer?

- Middlebury, Indiana

BOOKS...

- By David Wagler

We may safely assume that the readers of the Blackboard Bulletin read more than the average. Most of the subscribers are persons who are concerned about the welfare of the younger generation. They realize that worthwhile books are friends in our battle against evil influences. But also, that unclean books, trashy reading, like immoral companions, can do damage in ten minutes that may take a lifetime to repair. One writer has said, "Books, like friends, should be few and well-chosen. Like friends, too, we will return to them again and again. They will never fail us, never cease to instruct. Next to acquiring good friends, should be the acquisition of good books." - Colton.

Since books have always been more or less of an obsession with us, we will try to submit a column each month which may be of interest and help in the search for worthwhile reading materials. For this issue we will let others speak of the value and proper use of books.

"Books are but waste paper unless we spend in action, the wisdom we get from thought."-Bulwer.

"Why read an inferior book, at the very time you might be reading one of the highest order?"
- John Foster

"Bad books are like intoxicating drink, they furnish neither food nor medicine. Both improperly excite -- the one the mind, the other the body. The desire for each increases by being fed. Both ruin -- one the intellect, the other the health, and together, the soul. The safeguard against each is the same -- total abstinence from all that intoxicates either mind or body."
- Edwards

"Master books, but do not let them master you. Read to live, not live to read." - Bulwer

"You may gain knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking." - Osborn

"No man can read with profit that which he cannot read with pleasure. If I do not find in a book something I am looking for, or am ready to receive, then it is no book for me, however much it may be for another man." - Porter

"One may as well be asleep as to read for anything but to improve his mind and morals and regulate his conduct." - Sterne

"The first time I read an excellent work, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend; and when I read over a book I have perused before it resembles the meeting with an old one."
-Goldsmith

"It is not what people eat, but what they digest that makes them strong. It is not what they make, but what they save that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember that makes them learned." - Beecher

"The book to read is not the one that thinks for you, but the one which makes you think. No book in the world equals the Bible for that."
- McCosh

"Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested."
- Bacon

"If religious books are not widely circulated among the masses in this country, and the people do not become religious, I do not know what is to become of us as a nation. And the thought is one to cause solemn reflection on the part of every Christian. If truth be not diffused, error will be; if God and His Word are not known and received the devil and his works will gain the ascendance; if the evangelical volume does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and licentious literature will; if the power of the Gospel is not felt through the length and breadth of the land, anarchy and misrule, degradation and misery, corruption and darkness will reign without mitigation or end." - Daniel Webster

Since our space is pretty well used up for this month, we will be able to call your attention to only one book, which we think you will like. THE MAN IN BEARSKIN is a tale of early days in Michigan. It is interesting enough you won't fall asleep, and it drives home a lesson you won't forget. Equally suited for young and old, excellent for school readings. For hard usage we recommend the cloth-bound edition priced at $2.50. There is a ten percent discount on this book if ordered for a school. Order from THE BOOKSHELF, % THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN.

Book Shelf

Animal Stories, 232 pages, 7x10,	$1.00
Bed-time Bible Stories, 232 pp.	1.00
BAMBI, deer story, paper-60¢,cloth	2.00
Biblische Erzählungen, Anfänger -	1.50
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BUT NOT FORSAKEN, paper -	.85
THE CHALLENGE OF THE CHILD -	2.00
Climbing the Heights -	1.75
With larger print	2.25
Coals of Fire -	1.75
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Cruden's Concordance	2.75

Dictionaries,Ger-Eng.McKays-	$5.50
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Doctrines of the Bible,Kauffman-	3.25
EGERMEIER'S Bible Story,Standard	3.75
Deluxe -	4.75
First Steps for Little Feet,Pap.	.85
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HIVE OF BUSY BEES -	.45
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LANTERN IN THE WINDOW	2.50
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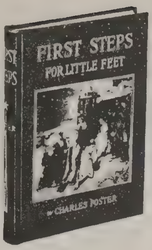

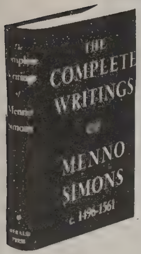

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Sixth Reader, "	.75
Mennonite Community Cookbook-	4.75
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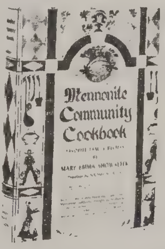

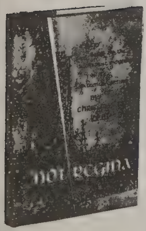

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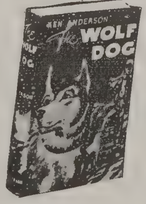

PATHWAY PUBLICATIONS

Christ's Battle With the Pharisees	.50
INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH -	.40
DRESS, A BRIEF TREATISE -	.15
Confession of Faith, Dortrecht -	.10
Artickel und Ordnung	.10
TOBACCO, A BURNING ISSUE Doz.	.40
THE MAN IN BEARSKIN, paper 1.25; cloth	2.50

Order Books from The Bookshelf, % Blackboard Bulletin, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

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BALTIC, OHIO
July 28, 1964

Dear Bulletin Readers,

After the busy humming of the threshing machines comes to an end, and the plows and disks start in the oat stubble; when the women's work is canning fruit and vegetables for the winter, then we begin thinking of September and school days. Here in Holmes County we are experiencing a prolonged warm spell. I heard from one of the family the remark that school will not be interesting if it stays this warm all summer and fall.

This morning as I peered out the window at daybreak, I saw that our two older boys were still sound asleep between two blankets, out on the lawn under a maple tree. Their report was that they had a good night's rest.

As I saw them lying out there in the open air, boyhood memories came back to me, of how a group of us once slept under a shining full moon in the state of Nebraska. This was our first night to sleep under the stars on our trip to the West. As we started tossing out blankets on the grassy bank, one of the boys suddenly remembered he had started with a cold, and he thought it best to sleep in the car. My idea, however, to this very day is that he was more scared of the moonlight than of his oncoming cold.

At the request of the editor, we will try to give a little report on our new school. The 24' x 36' block structure is nearing completion. The school is named Knob View. The public school that had stood near the site of the new one had been called "Knob College". This is where we derived the name. We neighbors would all agree that it takes more than crossed fingers to come this far; although this is a new experience, we realize that it will take co-operation to have a successful school.

For me, as the teacher, this is especially true, and I hope that the extra benches we bought for classroom use and for visitors will be used by the children's parents from time to time. The Lord willing, we will have a few over thirty children enrolled. We will have no 2nd. grade, but the other seven grades will be quite evenly divided. From other teachers I hear that the first grade takes much time and patience, and it is an all-important matter to get them started right. We will have five in the first grade. In all this we will be needing your prayers, and we are likewise minded in weakness.

With best wishes,

- Jonas Nisley

Colonia Bergthal
PARAGUAY, SOUTH AMERICA
July 6, 1964

Dear Sir:

I have been reading the Bulletin for the last year now, and find it very helpful and interesting the way you are working to train your children different from what the world offers today.

We have church schools here, too. But I think we do not appreciate them enough.

I would like to subscribe for another year if you are willing, and order a copy of Challenge of the Child. If the enclosed $3.00 is not enough to send both outside your country, will you please first send me a copy of the book, and notice of amount due. I am willing to pay more.

Thank you.

- Peter D. Klippenstein

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

— Ecclesiastes 12.1

Invictus

By William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
  Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
  For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
  I have not winced, nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeoning of chance
  My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
  Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
  I am the captain of my soul.

WHAT A CONTRAST!

My Captain

By Dorothea Day

Out of the light that dazzles me,
  Bright as the sun from pole to pole,
I thank the God I know to be
  For Christ the conqueror of my soul.

Since His the sway of circumstance
  I would not wince nor cry aloud.
Under that rule which men call chance
  My head with joy is humbly bowed.

Beyond this place of sin and tears—
  That life with Him! and His the aid,
That, spite the menace of the years,
  Keeps, and shall keep, me unafraid.

I have no fear though strait the gate:
  He cleared from punishment the scroll.
Christ is the Master of my fate;
  Christ is the Captain of my soul.

--Selected

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TIPS TO TEACHERS

Use plasti-tak to hold pictures or notes on walls. It's much more convenient than scotch tape.

To boost interest in singing, teach the pupils more new songs.

If you feel the children need a lecture, give it to them when they come in, rather than just before dismissing them for recess or noon.

- Mary Huyard

NEWS AND NOTES ABOUT THE BULLETIN:

Needed: New Subscribers. We are now equipped to handle several times our present circulation. If we can get them, we will be able to hold our low subscription rates, and give you more for your money. In a project like this, a larger volume cuts the per unit cost a lot. For instance, if we had a circulation of only 100, we would need to charge about four times as much as we now do; if we can grow into the 1000-2000 class we should be able to increase the content of the paper without raising our low price of $1.00 per year, (in two-year subscriptions).

We are planning a September subscription drive. Watch the next issue for details. If more people were as good salesmen as Jonas Nissley of Baltic, Ohio, we wouldn't need to put forth extra effort. His efforts have put Baltic in second place among the post offices in number of subscribers. Only Middlefield, Ohio has more. Jonas has sent in almost forty subscriptions during July, and has promised us some more.

We are dealing for a used Elliot addressing machine, and hope to have it in operation by September. This will take some of the headaches out of addressing, and will make possible, indirectly, a great saving in postage, envelopes, and handling. All Bulletins to one post office will be mailed together in a single bundle, to be distributed upon arrival.

An opportunity and a challenge...

The Blackboard Bulletin

Children and Youth

SEPTEMBER, 1964
VOLUME 8; NUMBER 2.

Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Proverbs 22:6.

A YOUTHFUL MARTYR

In the early period of the Christian Church, in the city of Antioch, a Christian believer was carried forth to die as a martyr. When brought before the authorities and questioned about his faith in Christ, he said, "Ask any child whether it were better to worship one God, the maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour who is able to save us, or to worship the many false gods whom the heathen serve."

Now, it was so that a Christian mother was brought in before their presence, leading in her hand a little son about ten years old, named Cyril. The heathen judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eyes rested on the child, and he desired the question to be put to him.

The question was asked, and to the surprise of those who heard it, the boy replied, " God is one, and Christ is one with the Father."

The Judge was filled with rage. "O base Christian," he cried, pointing at the mother, "Thou hast taught the child to answer thus." Then turning to the boy he said more mildly, "Tell me, child, how did you learn this faith?"

The boy looked lovingly toward his mother and replied, "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother, and she taught it to me."

"Let us now see what the love of Christ can do for you," cried the cruel judge. And at a sign from him the officers, who stood ready with their wooden rods of the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the boy.

Gladly would the mother have saved her child, even at the cost of her own life, but she could not do so. Yet she did whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ, and to speak the truth.

"What can the love of Christ do for him, now?" asked the judge.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all," was the reply. And again they smote the child.

"What can the love of Christ do for him?"

Tears fell even from the eyes of those who looked on, as that mother, as much tormented as her son, answered, "It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

The boy watched his mother's eyes as they looked up to heaven for him; and when his tormentors asked whether he would not now acknowledge the gods they served, and deny Christ, he still said, "No, there is no other God but one; and Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loves me, and I love Him."

The poor boy now fainted beneath the repeated strokes, and they cast the bruised body into the arms of his mother, saying, "See what the love of your Christ can do for him now."

As the mother tenderly pressed the child, with a broken heart, to her bosom, she answered, "That love will take him from the wrath of man to the rest in Heaven."

"Mother," cried the dying boy, "give me a drink of water from our well to cool my tongue."

The mother said, "Already, dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life. The love and grace which Christ gives to His little ones. Look up, my child, for thy Saviour calleth for thee."

The little martyr faintly raised his eyes, and said again, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent," and so saying, he closed his eyes and departed from this life.

-From the book,
Language of the Deathbed

BALTIC, OHIO
Sept. 1,1964

Dear Bulletin Readers,

The weather in Holmes County is cooler and more autumn-like again, after several really warm days over the week-end. This makes the school room a more pleasant place in which to work. We had our first day yesterday at Knob View.

Last Friday afternoon I was a school visitor at North Bunker Hill School. They had started a week earlier. The teacher there is an elderly English lady who has had almost 50 years experience teaching. I enjoyed my visit very much, and I tried to gather some information and ideas on teaching. The afternoon was very warm and sultry, and so for me, as a beginner, I am very glad it has now cooled off.

On my way home I stopped in to see the nearly-finished new parochial school going up one mile east of Berlin, about a quarter mile from where the South Bunker Hill School used to be. The new school is named after the old public school. Their plans are to be ready to open by Monday, September 7.

It has only been four weeks since they fully decided to build. This shows what working together can get accomplished. Minister Raymond Weaver is to teach the thirty-some pupils that are expected to attend. Raymond has had some teaching experience, and has also taught vocational classes. He has a good education, and I wish him well.

For me, everything is new in teaching, and I realize that more education would come in handy. But I feel willing to at least try. We have thirty-two children enrolled in our school, with sixteen in the lower four grades, and sixteen in the upper grades. We have an almost even number of boys and girls also.

Last week one day, as we were putting in the school desks, one of the parents said to me, "Don't be alarmed if our little boy that is entering the first grade gets a crying spell sometimes during the first week."

I assured him that with a family at home, my nerves would not be upset by a little crying at school. I went on to tell him of my first day of school thirty-one years ago. The little white school house was only a half mile from our home, but I had never been inside it.

It was a cloudy morning and drizzling a little, when my father and I reached the school house. Father left before classes began. When the teacher rang the bell, the other children took their seats. I finally found an empty seat, and crawled up on the desk and sat on it, resting my feet on the seat, and facing the back of the room. The children gazed in excitement at their stupid little room-mate, and I was too excited to even move.

The teacher was an English lady of kind disposition. She came to my rescue. I'll never forget her calm smile and her gentle arms as she lifted me off the desk and placed me in my seat like the rest of the children. That school building is now being used for a tool shed. If the desks were still in it, I could still point which one it was.

Remember us in prayer, and we will do likewise in weakness,

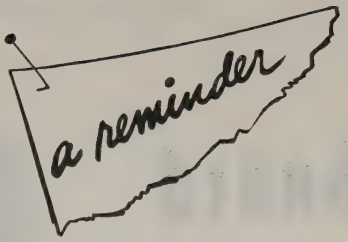
- Jonas Nisley

ONLY A BOY

He is only a boy whom you see every day;
With a smile, do you greet him, my friend?
Or do you pass by as you meet on the way,
Never thinking it pays in the end?

To give a boy what is rightly his own,
Recognition by you when you can;
Though only a boy, his heart is not stone,
You can help him to be a good man.

He is only a boy but deep in his soul
Lie slumbering thoughts full of joy,
That will thrill this old world while years
onward roll,



SUBSCRIPTION SALE CONTINUES

The subscription sale and contest which was announced in the August issue continues to the end of September.

Boys and girls (and men and women), you still have time to get out and sell some subscriptions for us. We have had a fair response already, and we are thankful for the many subscriptions, gift and otherwise, sent in by Bulletin supporters. Remember the September 30 deadline. Your letter must be postmarked in September to qualify for the awards below.

Sales will be on a commission basis of 10%. Merely deduct ten percent from what you collect and send the balance either to

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN
R. R. # 4, AYLMER, ONTARIO, CAN.

or to the secretary-treasurer. Be sure you list all addresses clearly and completely, and state whether each subscription is one-year or two-year, new or renewal.

Here is what you sell:

1 Yr. subscriptions $1.25

2 yr. subscriptions $2.00

The Challenge of the Child, a book of compiled material from past Bulletins, 1957-1963. 8½ x 11, paperbound $2.00

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. Samples of the Bulletin to help you with your sales, available on request.
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. over $25 worth - Venus 365 day pen
. over $50 worth - choice of Personal Worker's New Testament, or Ger-Eng. New Testam
. to the person selling the highest total worth, a Bible (choice of English or German.)

Subscription Sale closes September 30, 1964.

Thoughts born in the heart of a boy.

Then friends, just give to the boy what you
should,
And help him whenever you can,
For when you are helping a boy to be good,
You are helping to build a good man.

-Selected by Enos Esh,
Gordonville, Penna.

EDITORIAL

SOME OBJECTIONS TO CHURCH SCHOOLS ANSWERED

(1.) But Church Schools are Something New.

Yes, they are new for us, if that is what we mean by "something new". Actually, church schools are "something old", which we are only now rediscovering. They are new only in the sense that we did not have them three, four, and five decades ago. When we speak of three and four centuries, that is a different situation.

Yes, sadly enough, church schools are new for us. It would have been much easier and better if they were not new. If the church had not freely turned over the reins of education to the state a century or so ago, we would not be experiencing the many difficulties we now do learning to use these reins, and getting the state to relinquish them to us.

We will quote from a writing by Mark Fakkema, "Our Educational Program as Christians."

"We must return to the educational principle that prevailed for some three centuries of our American history.

"State-supported education is foreign to American ideology. The idea of state-supported and state-controlled education was introduced in this country by Horace Mann during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. He obtained the idea from Prussia. It was not generally introduced in this country until the second half of the nineteenth century. One of the outstanding opponents was the well-known Presbyterian, Dr. A. A. Hodge. He said:

> 'I am as sure as I am of the fact of Christ's reign that a comprehensive and centralized system of national education, separated from religion, as is now commonly proposed, will prove the most appalling enginery for the propagation of anti-Christian and atheistic unbelief, which this sin-rent world has ever seen.....
>
> '..If every party in the State has the right of excluding from the public schools whatever he does not believe to be true, then he that believes least must give way to him that believes absolutely nothing, no matter in how small a minority the atheists or agnostics may be. This scheme, if it is carried out in all parts of the country, will be the most efficient and wide instrument for the propagation of atheism, which the world has ever seen.'

"This prophecy which was uttered almost a century ago is now being fulfilled. Now (1963) the die is cast. In a twofold court case -- that of Maryland and Pennsylvania -- the Supreme Court has decreed that the citizens of the United States must either continue with state education and forfeit the religious character of education, or they must establish private schools and personally educate their children in the light of their Christian faith. This is the dilemma in which we now find ourselves."

(2.) We Had No Church Schools in our Parents' Day. Why Do We Need Them Now?

They were necessary in our parents' time, but they are ever so much more necessary now.

We can not change what is past, but we can work with the present so our children need not say, "Our parents should have had church schools for us, but they did not provide them."

Let us remember we are living in an age such as the world has never known. (We do not know what is in the future, but if the Lord tarries, we can expect conditions in general to worsen.) The last ten years have seen an increase in crime and delinquency that has no equal in history. Moral standards keep sinking lower and lower.

Our young people have many temptations that were unknown a hundred years ago. So do the rest of us, for that matter. The world has become more and more style-conscious, more and more sex-crazed, and less and less religious as the years have passed.

Just think of the influence modern inventions such as television and the automobile have had on the social and moral life of the masses. One writer has said, "Perhaps the automobile, more than any other one thing, has made dating and courtship into what it shouldn't be. It is a major means for experimentation."

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AUGUST 1964
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Certainly, these things are only made of steel and other materials, but they have been the means of changing the thinking and the lives of a nation, indeed, of a world.

If we let our children be taught by the world, we can expect some of today's philosophy of "get rich quick, live for pleasure, and take it easy", to rub off on our children. If ever church schools were needed, it is today.

Our Amish parents seem to be awakening to this fact, as is shown by the large number of new schools opening each year. Other churches, too, are beginning to be concerned about the education of their children. According to the United Press, private schools are on the increase. They report,

"Americans in increasing numbers are turning to private schools for the education of their children.

"Enrollment in non-Catholic private elementary and secondary schools has increased 600 per cent since the end of World War II, according to statistical records of the U.S. Office of Education.

"During the same period, Catholic school enrollment increased 110%, and public school enrollment 68 %."

(3.) But Church Schools Cost a Lot of Money! They certainly do, but whose money is it, anyhow? It's your money only in the same sense as they are your children, you're responsible what is done with it. Children are a gift of God. It is our duty to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Money is given into our stewardship, to use to God's honor and glory. What do we mean by complaining that it takes too much of God's money to provide an education for the children He has entrusted to us?

Can we afford not to educate our children in church schools? Can we afford to have our children taught evolution and other worldly theories? Can we afford to have our children associate freely with children from non-Christian homes? Can we afford to have them exposed to the filth and scum that represents today's moral and sex standards, to pornography, and obscene literature?

Can we afford to sell our children and their future because church schools cost more than we are willing to pay? Can we afford to meet a lost child at the judgement because we were more concerned with dollars than with his soul?

What are your children worth?

(4.) But We Know of Church Schools Where Morals are no Better than in Public Schools.

Some time ago we made the following statement in a writing on youth problems, "Our children must be taught and trained and kept under Christian influence if we expect them to live a Christian life. In this, church schools are almost a necessity."

A minister from an area where there are a good many Amish schools commented on this, "I would say that church schools must be built on a better foundation than some of the parochial schools in ______ County are. In some of these, moral standards are actually lower than in some of the public schools."

This comment does not weaken our faith in church schools one bit, but it does sadden us to think that moral standards are so low in a few of our schools. It is to be regretted that such schools are building with "wood, hay, and stubble", for by so doing, they are defeating their own purpose.

Because of a few isolated examples like these, sincere brethren and sisters are being turned against the church school movement. If they see schools being set up with a selfish motive, where the parents are trying to get ahead of public school officials, then they have reason to doubt the value and need of such schools.

The main thing wrong with such schools is that they waited too long to build a church school! These low moral standards are only a carry-over of a previous condition. They were not caused by church schools, or made worse by them. But it is true that a church school can do little to better the situation, or to correct it, unless the parents desire such a chang and are willing to work hand in hand and heart in heart for it.

Below-standard schools are no excuse for none. We've all heard of unbelievers who justify themselves with, "I'm just as good as some church members." We've also heard parents excuse themselves witth, "The standards in our public school are just as good as in some churc schools."

Both excuses may be true. Church members and church schools are not always what they should be. But if we want to do any comparing, why not compare public schools with the better church schools, and unbelievers with men and women who are conscientiously serving God? It's a rather poor policy to look down for an example. Why not look up?

J.S.

THIS MATTER OF A COW'S TAIL

Did you ever have a cow switch you in the eye when you were milking? Of course, the tail was designed for flies, and not for eyes.

It happened to me this morning. And it set me to thinking what a masterpiece a cow's tail really is. It was plainly put there for a purpose, and it serves that purpose fairly well, though today's dairymen are no longer satisfied with the fly control it offers.

The next time you're in the stable, take a critical look at a cow's tail. It is just the right length, long enough to reach as far forward on the cow as the neck will reach back, yet not too long so as to hang in the mud. It has a nice dense brush of hair at the end, a natural fly swatter. And look where it is located. Where else on a cow could you hang a tail and get the effective coverage you now do?

One thing I haven't been able to figure out is how the cow can swing her tail so powerfully. You can't see any bulging muscles, yet she can bring it around with a snap that will pop a fly off her back, or your hat off your head.

Anyone can see that the cow's tail was planned. It looks like a pretty simple thing, and all our lives we have been so used to seeing cows walking around with tails, that we never gave it a thought. But when we stop to think of it, we can see in so simple a thing as a cow's tail the Master Mind of the Creator. We really need go no further than a cow's tail to prove that the theory of evolution is so absurd as to be unbelievable.

Let's allow our sense of imagination to wander a bit. Let's suppose that ages and ages and ages ago, cows had no tails. Flies were very bothersome to these tailless cows. So evolutionary forces (whatever that may be!) began to slowly remedy the situation. Somehow these forces arrived at the sane conclusion that a tail-like addition would be the answer. So over the ensuing ages, a bump began to appear at the end of cows' backbones. This became longer and longer. At first it may have been a rope-like affair, but later hair were added to make it work better. And, the first thing we know, the cow has developed a fly swatter.

Ridiculous? I would think so! Even if the size and shape and substance of the tail were correct, how did the process of evolution ever decide on the location? If it was by the trial and error method, we can readily understand why evolutionists like to state their figures in millions of years.

But all this is nonsense. When God created cows, He created them with tails because He knew they needed them. And He did a perfect job of it.

Anyone who disputes this should sit down beside a cow. A switch in the face might open his eyes. - J.S.

HEALTH HINTS FOR YOUR CHILD

- By Jonas Nisley, Baltic, Ohio

I had promised to write an article on packing a wholesome school lunch. My hope is that the editor will forgive me for letting him down, as I would first like to find out if cold sausage sandwiches taste like they used to.

There are two or more other things that may be of equal importance to the health of a growing child. One is proper rest and sleep. The other thing I have in mind, and which I would like to write about in this letter, is the value of good clean drinking water.

Many a parent would benefit greatly by reading and studying the writings of Jethro Gloss in his most informative herb book, Back to Eden.

This morning I reread pages 108 to 124, a section on water. It helps us to better understand what great gifts God has given us, by letting the water trickle from our springs, then being purified by soaking deep into the ground, from where we pump it out of wells for our use. Read the full section, pages 102 to 145, on water, baths, compresses, and high enemas.

It hurts me to see a farmer come out of a grocery store with a carton of soft drinks, when I realize that his water at home is allowed to run down the creek. Every time I see this I am reminded of what an old friend, who was employed by a Coca Cola plant, told me. He said his boss warned him, "Don't drink the stuff. It's unfit for humans," and he further said, "I don't drink any myself."

My theory, though it may not have much meaning, runs something like this. It is better for children to drink water at recess time rather than at noon with meals, or right after meals. It is a good idea for mother to have some good warm tea ready for the children to drink when they come home from school in the evening, instead of letting them eat a late afternoon snack, or the leftovers from the dinner pail.

Eating an early supper, and not drinking liquids of any kind after supper helps create sound sleep, and is an aid to those children

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(Too late for August)

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
Parkman Parochial School,
August 2, 1964

Dear Friends,

This is the time of the year when a teacher's heart beats a little faster as thoughts of the coming term pop into mind. We do not know what is in store for us, but we hope with the help from above to make this term one of the best.

Following is a poem that was written by a 4-H club member. Parents and teachers might be able to take a good lesson from it.

Words in Action

I'd rather see a lesson
Than hear one any day,
I'd rather you would walk with me,
Than merely show the way.

The eye's a better teacher
And more willing than the ear,
And counsel is confusing,
But example's always clear.

The best of all the teachers,
Are those who live their creeds,
For to see good put into action,
Is what everybody needs.

I can soon learn to do it,
If you'll let me see it done,
I can watch your hands in action,
But your tongue too fast may run.

And the counsel you are giving,
May be very fine and true,
But I'd rather get my lesson,
By observing what you do.
-Selected

In weakness, - Melvin M. Hershberger

that have trouble with bed-wetting.

The early morning may be the best time to drink a lot of water, preferably warm. At this time the stomach is completely empty, and a lot of water at this time of day will have a tendency to go through the system and purify the blood stream, cleansing the body of waste materials. It not only helps the kidneys in their work of carrying off poisons, but it produces regularity in bowel movements.

For some years now I have been drinking two quarts of water every morning before breakfast. I feel it is best to have my two-quart jar empty at least thirty minutes before the morning meal.

To do this, you must observe the old saying, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." This saying has proved true for me as far as the health point goes, but the wealthy and wise points have not shown up yet.

Another rhyme comes to my mind. It was handed down to us in a circle letter by Roman C. Schlabach, two weeks before his death in October of 1962.

"We squander health
in search of wealth;
We scheme and toil and save.
Then squander wealth
in search of health,
And all we get's a grave.

We live and boast of what we own;
We die, and only get a stone."

Roman, whose whole body was paralyzed when he was stricken with polio in July of 1952, lived in this state a little over ten years. He and I were in Children's Hospital, Akron, Ohio, together, for a short time only.

In the above-mentioned book, Back to Eden, we read that nothing in drugs has yet been produced that will give relief in sickness more quickly and effectively than water will, when it is properly used. To our surprise, we have seen this happen in our own home. The difficult thing is to get people to believe it and understand. In this modern day, there is much polishing up of this human body, which is made of dust, and people are led to believe that drugs and synthetics are the answer.

For a lesson in staying simple, read in the Old Testament, in 2 Kings chapter 5, verses 1 to 15.

WOODSIDE NEWS

Woodside School, LaGrange, Indiana

As I look out the south window of our house, I see there is a new schoolhouse going up about fifty rods down the road.

I see it now has a green roof, after about a dozen school boys and a few of their fathers worked a while on top of the sheathing, with each a hammer. Of course, all the boys wanted someone else to lay the lock-on asphalt shingles, so they could drive in the nails themselves.

The building is laid up with small tile-like blocks, two rows beside each other to form the wall. This was a rather slow proposition till we had them all laid.

Our bishop is an able bricklayer and chimney builder. He therefore managed to get the chimney to stick out through the roof.

The women folks painted the schoolhouse windows, and also the school desks.

To keep the maps straightened out for the children, we set our schoolhouse north and south, with the blackboard at the north end.

The public schools will open Sept. 1, but it will probably be a week later before we are ready to open our schoolhouse doors.

With many different kinds of material, we can build a schoolhouse, but our biggest problem was to find school teachers. We had a girl for some time for the lower grades, but we were unable to find one for the four upper grades.

Now a young man by the name of William Schmucker has accepted the job of teaching for us, for about the same wages as two girls would get. We realize this is very disappointing for the girl, after she had her plans all made, but we school board members must do the best we can.

Is it not because we are concerned about the younger generation that we are starting our own school? Is it not worth the effort? And this is surely something we will have to grow into.

Let's not forget the important subject discussed in last year's December issue, to have good books and religious matter for our children to read. Without doubt it will have a big influence in bringing them up in better moral standards.

In all this we need the help of people who are concerned, who are not looking for the easier way, which is to just float along with the tide. Pray for us.

-Levi J. Lambright

NEW SCHOOLS

No. 1 - LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA. A new school is being built on Cherry Lane Road, near Route 30, about seven miles east of Lancaster. This school is to serve the four upper elementary grades that were pushed out of Fairview School, the only remaining one-room public school of the township. Af few neighboring families will also send their children there, to relieve the over-crowded conditions of our other parochial schools.

There will be approximately 25 pupils, and Mary H. Fisher of Ronks, Pennsylvania will be the teacher. The new school is to open its doors on Sept. 7, 1964.

No. 2 - SOUTH BUNKER HILL SCHOOL, near Berlin, Ohio. Enrollment: 32 pupils. Teacher : Raymond S. Weaver, Millersburg, Ohio. Date of opening, Labor Day, Sept. 7.

No. 3 - KNOB VIEW SCHOOL, Baltic, Ohio. It is a new cement block structure, 24' x 36'. The teacher is Jonas Nisley, Baltic, Ohio, and the enrollment is 32. It opened for classes on August 31.

No. 4 - MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO. This new school is located 5 miles east, 1 mile north of Middlefield, just off County Line Road, on north side of road. Bishop Harvey Weaver lives across the road from it.

Enrollment will be around 45. Ida Detweiler will teach lower grades, but no teacher hired for upper grades at time of writing, (Aug. 27). Opening date is set for Sept. 7.

It is a cement block building with basement, and a small entrance. A furnace will be installed.

School board members are Noah Detweiler, William J. Byler, Dan J. Byler, Andy L. Miller, and the clerk is Andy N. Wengerd.

No. 5 - LITTLE ACORN SCHOOL, located 1 mile N., 5 miles west of LaGrange, Indiana, in Clay Twp. LaGrange County. Size of building is 28' x 40'. There is also a wood shed and horse stable, 16' x 24'. The shed is just wood material, and the school is built of clay tile blocks 4 x 12 x 5½". A double wall was built, making 8" wide wood windows.

Enrollment is 28, in seven grades. The teacher is Katie Yoder, daughter of Tobe Yoders. This is her first year as teacher.

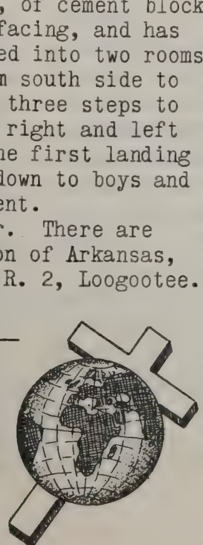
No. 6 - WOODSIDE SCHOOL, LaGrange, Indiana; of clay tile construction. Board members: William Schmucker, Harley Hostetler, and Levi J. Lambright. Teacher: William Schmucker. (For further details and information, read "Woodside News" by Levi J. Lambright, elsewhere in this issue.

No. 7 - LOOGOOTEE, INDIANA. A new two-room school is located six miles northwest of Loogootee, in Van Buren Township, Daviess County.

The building is 30' x 40', of cement block construction with used brick facing, and has a full basement. It is divided into two rooms each 20' x 30'. Entrance from south side to landing, then one stairway up three steps to another landing that leads to right and left doors to school rooms; from the first landing are right and left stairways down to boys and girls indoor toilets in basement.

Enrollment is 36 this year. There are two teachers, Margie Billington of Arkansas, and Barbara Graber. Address: R. 2, Loogootee.

> "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding" (Prov. 3:5).



BOOKS...

By David Wagler

MAKING A GOOD IMPRESSION

First of all, what is meant by a good impression? It can have a dozen different meanings, depending on who is using it.

To the printer, it means making a plain copy. To the school child, it can mean the approval of the teacher. To the young person seeking a life companion, it can mean winning the favor of a member of the opposite sex. To the actor, it may mean imitating a certain person. To the auctioneer, it may mean emphasizing the good points of the merchandise.

But what we have in mind is an altogether different matter. Most of us can recall things we read, heard, or saw many years ago which we will probably never forget. When the mind is young, it is soft and pliable and in ideal condition for receiving impressions. As we grow older we become weather-worn and hardened, and our mind is not so open to impressions. We can read or hear or see things which are worth remembering, but in a short time they are forgotten. The exception seems to be those periods of time when we are softened by sickness, sorrow, or other emotions.

For this reason our parents, teachers, and ministers ought to realize that the training of our youth is an all-important matter. The Bible tells us to train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

The young mind is highly impressionable, but unfortunately, it is not selective. It will receive a harmful impression just as easily as a worthwhile one, and gives it up just as stubbornly.

Give the child a worthwhile book, tell him a good story, or set a conscientious example for him and his young mind will absorb good impressions. But let him get hold of a trashy book, allow someone to tell him filthy stories, or set a bad example, and his young mind will soak these up just as quickly as the good ones. True enough, afterward he may wish to get rid of such memories, but where is the man who can tread on hot coals and not be burnt. And burns, though they may heal, will leave scars.

Once upon a time many years ago, there was a flood, and the waters rose and covered many fields and destroyed many crops. Among other things, the water picked up a little book which may have been carelessly discarded by someone, but should have been burnt.

Several boys found the book, and being curious, as boys are, they took it home and dried it. Had they built a fire in the cookstove with it, all would have been well. But they didn't. They began to read it. The more they read, the more they learned. Had it been

(Continued Page 22)

The Cost of Neglecting One Boy

Ex-governor Dickinson, of the state of Michigan, told the following story.

A young lad, the son of a businessman, walked up to his busy father and said, "Dad, if you do not send me off to a state institution today, I am going to commit suicide tonight." This was startling to a father who had been making money, looking after public interests, but neglecting his own offspring. The young lad went on to relate that he was socially diseased. And it is appalling when we learn that millions of our American youth are in the same condition today.

Mr. Dickinson said that the businessman's son was sent off to a state institution for treatment. In a year he came back home thinking he was cured. But God says that the sins of the fathers are visited unto the children of the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him. Whatever a boy sows in his early life, he shall reap in later years.

The lad married a beautiful young girl. Their first and only child was a son. The mother died in childbirth. Thy young diseased father went over and looked at a half-blind idiotic baby. He exclaimed, "It is more than I can bear." He picked up a revolver, went outside the bedroom and took his own life.

The baby lived. In later years he stood in a long line in Buffalo, New York, to shake the hand of President William McKinley. When his turn came, he stretched out one hand to the President, drew a revolver with the other hand, and out went the life of William McKinley.

It was not long until this young man was brought to justice. He was sentenced to die. And one of the saddest sights on earth is to see a young man awaiting his day of execution!

The ex-governor said that five tragedies resulted from the failure of the church and state to save one boy.

First, there was the premature death of a young mother. She paid the penalty of the sins of another by losing her life.

Second, there was the birth of a baby, born with inherited criminal tendencies.

Third, there was the suicide of the young father.

Fourth, there was the tragic death of President William McKinley.

Fifth, there was the execution of a young man who had been neglected in his formative years, and who knew nothing but a life of crime and degradation and shame.

It was costly business to fail to save Leon Czolgosz. Five tragedies came out of this one lad's sin. And it may be that the boy at your door, or just around the corner from your home or church, will commit a crime which will shock the state and nation if he is not won to the Sunday school and to Christ.

Are there boys and girls in our own homes which, because of our "other interests", are being neglected and, for want of parental companionship, are being lost to the church?

Herald of Truth

I Accuse My Parents

Millions of lost souls will stand in the judgment day before the Great White Throne and, hearing their condemnation, will hysterically scream, "I accuse my parents."

There are thousands of parents who have given their children everything but God. They have provided them with nourishing food, warm clothing and liberal educations...but with no Saviour. They have showered them with gifts and protected them from harm...but have not provided a family altar.

They have read to them Dick Tracy and Superman, but not the Bible. They have taken them to the movies, but not to Sunday School. They have cursed their children, but never prayed. Thus thousands of children have lived to curse their parents for bringing them into the world and raising them without Christ.

One of America's great moral problems today is juvenile delinquency. The majority of criminal offenses are being committed by teen-agers. They have no reverence for God and thus no respect for authority. Public schools have instilled their anti-Bible philosophy of "behaviorism" in their heads and they are expressing themselves to the utter consternation of educators, statesmen, clergymen and police.

Juvenile delinquency is but the outgrowth of adult delinquency. The son will be no better than his father, the daughter no better than her mother. A God-less, Bible-less, drunken father will produce an equally worthless son. A smoking, beer-drinking, gadabout mother will produce a loose-living and pleasure-loving daughter.

God will hold parents accountable for sending their children to hell. Judge Healy of the Junevile court of Detroit, addressing a young People's Rally said: "Eighty percent of the youngsters arraigned in my court came from homes in which there has been no religious training." Bible-less homes produce potential criminals.

Dr. Bob Jones, Sr., while president of Bob Jones College in Greenville, S. C., addressing a mass meeting in Pontiac, Michigan, said: "One child out of every eight born in America is illegitimate."

The breakdown of morals among our youth is the direct result of throwing the Bible out of America. Boys and girls who are already reaping the disastrous results of their sinful orgies, are already crying, "I accuse my parents; they never told me about God, Christ, the Bible, sin and sex."

To be responsible for the demoralization of a youngster is a crime of colossal proportions. If your child goes to hell, it will be, to a great extent, your fault. If you are on your way to the lake of fire, your child is following in your footsteps.

Friend, you can lead your children to heaven or to hell. The sole solution is for you to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. *"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners"* (I Tim. 1:15). Believe God's Word and receive His Son now—and you will be saved.

Then you must begin living for your Lord in your home by immediately establishing a time each day when you gather your family together for prayer and the reading of the Bible. Then, by God's help, endeavor to lead your children to the Saviour, Who in turn will keep them from the pollutions of this world. *"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord"* (Rom. 6:23). *—David Allen.*

The Fellowship Messenger

Give Attendance to Reading

What is on your reading table?

In this modern day of education and shorter Bible knowledge, and with the increase of daily papers, weeklies, bi-weeklies, monthly and semi-monthly journals, magazines, and the like, and with a large percentage of these entering Christian homes we find a problem that makes many parents an absolute failure in bringing up their children, *"in the nurture and admonition of the Lord"* (Eph. 6:4), or *"in the way it should go"* (Prov. 22:6).

It is altogether unfair to boys and girls in Christian homes to find upon the library table such questionable magazines of the baser sort, poisoning the minds of many innocent young people, (older ones as well) which makes it doubly difficult to plant within that tender heart the mind of God.

We have observed that of many magazines and daily papers which enter our homes, and even those designated as Christian, even some parents are not able to detect the evil in them. Practically all such magazines are filled with photographs, many of them not fit for even parents to cast their eyes upon, much less the youth and smaller children, at which time such young minds are impressionable either for good or bad. This is the time when the devil gets the opportunity to present his cunning methods to place bad and immoral literature before their eyes and minds, and thereby wreck multitudes of souls. Since we cannot serve two masters it is a settled fact that by allowing such magazines as *The Woman's World, The Country Gentleman, Life, Look, Post, News Week, The Christian Herald,* etc. to freely enter our homes we do an injustice to our youth. And when they go astray, we wonder why.

Let us examine a few of these magazines. Even daily and weekly papers are in this field of non-Christian literature. The many near-nude figures of the opposite sex, which only the carnal mind and eye is looking upon, the cigarette ads, with their deadly lies and usually a false beauty (?) in it, exposing much of her merchandise, the beer and liquor ads, with the same near nudists in their most devilish style—all these only create a passion to lust after them. The religious magazines for the most part offer only a partial Gospel.

Any mind that is feeding on this kind of literature is not, neither indeed can be, acceptable in God's plan. The Prophet Hosea, in 4:11 places before us the plain facts as they exist today: *"Whoredom and wine and new wine take away the heart."* Yea, many a boy and girl is *"sold for wine"* Joel.3:3.

In homes where T.V. is not accepted these poisonous magazines nicely fill the place and do similiar damage to the mind and eyes. I have visited homes where youth are growing up, and observed from four to ten such trash magazines entering the home monthly and these are called, *Christian Homes.* Mennonite homes which claim to have the full Gospel are among such heresies. How can such homes be a part of the pure Church of Jesus Christ? How can they produce pure virtuous young people for the kingdom of God? Let's heed Paul's admonition: *"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus"* Phil. 2:5. *"And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he* (Jesus) *is pure"* I John 3:3.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things... are pure... think on these things" Phil. 4:8.

What is on your reading table?

LEVI BONTRAGER.

worthwhile information, all would have been well, but it wasn't. The subject matter of the book, love and sex, was good and proper, but the manner in which it was handled was all wrong. While these boys should have been reading a good book with a Christian emphasis, they were devouring this sludge from the gutter.

The book made a good impression, that is, a lasting impression. But it was a bad one. No one will ever know how much heartache might have been avoided had it been a good clean Christian book, treating the subject as it should have been treated.

Over a hundred years ago there lived a little woman by the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe. From her youth she had liked to read and write, and several of her articles had been accepted for publication in a magazine. She had even won a fifty dollar prize for a short story she had written. But she was the wife of a teacher, and most of her time was spent in caring for their six children, one of them an infant.

But one thing troubled her, and she could not get it off her mind -- the slave trade. Human beings were being sold and used like cattle, with but little more consideration. This humble housewife saw it and knew of it and heard many tales of suffering and heartbreak.

What could she do about it? She was powerless. Then one day she received a sympathetic letter from a friend, and it proved to be a turning point in her life.

"If I could use a pen like you can," said the letter, "I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is."

When Harriet read the letter she was deeply moved. With the face and gesture of a prophetess, she exclaimed, "I WILL write something! I WILL, if I live."

And she did. Slowly the story came to her as she meditated upon the terrible occurrences of which she knew. One Sunday at church, the scenes flashed so vividly upon her mind that she hurried home to write them down. One of the last chapters of the book, "The Death of Uncle Tom", was written first.

When the book appeared in print, there was such a demand that the printers worked day and night in a futile attempt to meet the demand. Millions of copies were printed and sold, and are still being sold today.

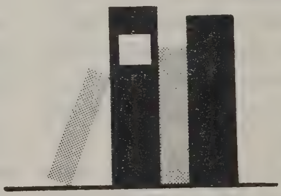
It made a deep impression, and changed the course of history. It was through the eyes of Harriet Beecher Stowe in the pages of Uncle Tom's Cabin, that millions awoke to see the awful evil of the slave trade. A masterpiece in its field, it is a tale of humor and pathos, of tears and laughter, but it invariably furnishes an understanding of the life of the Negro slave. Generation upon generation have read it and profited from it, and it is still going strong today.

Chances are that none of our readers will ever write anything that will be as widely read as Uncle Tom's Cabin. But whatever we write, do, or say, we are going to make an impression.

Today there are too many good bad impressions (A lasting impression of a bad point). Also of the bad good ones (A weak impression of a good point.) What we need is a good, good impression. May any impressions we make be good ones in the full sense of the word.

BULLETIN

Book Shelf



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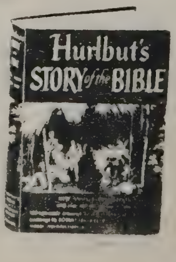

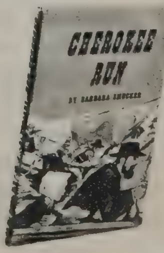

REPORT on NAPPANEE MEETING

- By Ex-teachers, Mrs. Alvin Burkholder, nee Ruth Ann Schwartz, and Mrs. Everett Yoder, nee Mary Coblentz; Nappanee, Ind.

The morning of Aug. 13, 1964 dawned cool and rainy, as teachers, ex-teachers, board members, ministers, and other interested and curious people gathered at the Bishop Joe C. Kauffman home near Nappanee, Indiana. There were a total of forty-six teachers present, seven of them beginning teachers.

The forenoon was spent visiting, getting acqainted, and trying to get warm. It soon stopped raining and warmed up a little. Friends and neighbors prepared dinner. It sounded as if the B.B.B.'s

(Continued on next page)

LOOKING BACK

Two weeks have now gone past, since we were to the teachers' meeting, Over west of Nappanee. So again to all a friendly greeting. Meeting old and new acquaintances, the day was well enjoyed; the meals were very bountiful, thanks to every one employed. The day was well-planned, and at the schoolhouse carried through; The high spot to me were the short talks by the bishops two. A few were present in hopes teacher prospects to uncover, but to their dismay they did not one discover. Now to all that would be eligible, know that you are badly needed as teachers in our Amish schools, and that I with you have pleaded, to accept the challenge great, give all the honor to God; teach readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic to the tune of the hickory rod. But be reminded that our ways some are bound to accept, for we leave our influence by example and precept.

A very small incident I would now like to relate, of a little baby born to us in 1948. When she was just a toddler, she squeezed under the barnyard gate. She was found at the end of the lane, after nearly an hour's wait. We searched for her in anxiety, in every nook and corner did spy. Imagine my thrill in finding her, tho' she did forlornly cry.

In anxiety we once again bid the help of God to come, and help us guide her feet as she takes examples from form-fitting dresses and fancy hairdo's, thin flesh-covered stockings and silly peaked shoes. I'm writing this in love and not to criticize, am just doing as I would have others do likewise. And now, since I know we are reaping what we sowed, I'll try anew to pull the beam, and let you pull the mote.

-By

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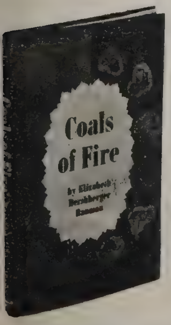

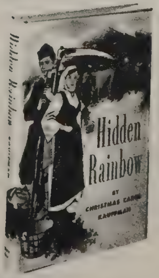

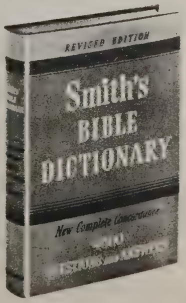

(the Busy Buzzing Bees) had gathered, with no one listening and everyone talking.

Soon dinner was ready, so we had prayer and food was served to 235 people. After plates were emptied and appetites satisfied, we assembled in a group, where short talks were given by Bishop Chris E. Otto, Arthur, Illinois, Bishop Joe C. Kauffman, and Deacon Willis I. Yoder, Nappanee, Indiana. They stressed the importance of parochial schools, encouraging and admonishing the teachers of their responsibility and privilege in teaching school.

After this we journeyed a half-mile to No. 1 Borkholder Parochial School. The seats were filled and quite a few had to stand. Here the Indiana teachers had a program planned, so as to act out a day at school. Each teacher had been given a numbered tag, and when that number was called, he or she was asked to take part in the activities.

The program started out with a song, then arithmetic races, art, telling of some amusing happening at school, telling how history classes are conducted, correcting mixed-up sentences, pointing out adverbs and adjectives, quoting a Bible verse, translating from German to English, relating problems experienced at school, and telling how they were solved.

Following are a few incidents that were related:

Question: What is the definition of break? Pupil's answer: Glass does it.

Parents had taught their new first-grader to answer the question, "How old are you?" On the first day he came to school bright and early, waving his lunch pail as he came. The teacher greeted him with, "Good morning, Lester." Came Lester's answer, "Six."

Mrs. Allen A. Bontrager (Fanny Mae Nissley, ex-teacher) related an incident that happened in school one day, which resulted in her deciding to quit teaching. She had company at school one day that made her quite nervous. By the end of the term she was ready to stop teaching. Her company included Allen.

Before leaving the schoolhouse, we sang "Gott ist die Liebe", then we went back to the Kauffman residence for supper. After supper a singing was held for all who wished to attend. Wonderful words of praise to our Saviour were sung. Lodging for the night was arranged with neighbors and friends.

The next morning bright and early, the teachers and other interested persons gathered at the school house, all ready to strike out for Indiana State Dunes near Michigan City. Even though most of the group had had only a short night's rest, everyone seemed to be eagerly looking forward to the day's excursion.

We arrived at the Dunes after several hours of enjoyable singing and visiting on the two buses. After waiting a while on the guide, who

(Continued on next page)

A LIST OF TEACHERS WHO ATTENDED THE 1964
TEACHERS' GATHERING AT NAPPANEE.

Pennsylvania

Lydia F. Beiler	Box 16, Ronks
Saloma Lapp	R. 1, Ronks
Hannah Stoltzfus	Kirkwood
Catherine Swarey	Belleville
Rebecca Stoltzfus	Kirkwood
Katie Stoltzfus	Leola
Mary Huyard	New Holland

Ohio

Fannie Nisley	Millersburg
Lizzie Ann Nisley	Millersburg
Fannie Troyer	Baltic
Elizabeth Raber	Apple Creek
Melvin Kurtz	Millersburg
Amanda Yoder	Apple Creek
Elizabeth Miller	Millersburg
Mary Yoder	Apple Creek
Dan Mast	Dundee
Clarence Miller	Middlefield
Mose Yoder	Sugarcreek
Eli Weaver	Beach City
Elmer Hochstetler	Middlefield
Uria R. Byler	Middlefield
Kathryn A. Miller	Middlefield
Amanda N. Hershberger	Burton
Emma J. Miller	Hartville
Mr./Mrs. Elmer Troyer	Holmesville
*Mary Swartzentruber	Millersburg
*Mrs. Dan Swartzentruber	Millersburg

Indiana

Anna Lehman	Topeka
Anna Borkholder	Topeka
Margaret Schwartz	Berne
Fannie Schwartz	Berne
Martha Farmwald	Bremen
Martha Helmuth	Nappanee
Ida Schmucker	Etna Green
Alma Schmucker	Topeka
Andy Gingerich	Nappanee
Edwin Kuhns	Bremen
*Mrs. Sylvia Raber	Montgomery
*Simon Borkholder	Nappanee
*Alice Yoder	Middlebury

Illinois

Anna Mae Gingerich	Arthur
Viola Schrock	Tampico

Iowa

Lovina Hershberger	Hazelton

Wisconsin

*Martha Schmucker	Medford

Michigan

*Katie Bontrager	Sturgis

* Beginning Teachers

shores of Lake Michigan. The beach was of sand and the hills in the background were also of sand. The view was refreshing and the lake so inviting. Many shed their shoes and waded in.

Many had maps of the park, so different groups started on different hikes -- climbing the sand hills. Huge hills of sand they were, covered with small trees and vegetation. Climbing the sandy trails was both interesting and tiring, but worth the effort it took, we thought. Lunch was almost ready when we returned, each one with a hearty appetite, created by the hike.

After lunch we gathered around a circle of picnic tables for the afternoon discussion -- the most important part of the meeting. Here the teachers can bring up problems and experiences, and others can offer solutions.

The setting of the discussion was very pleasant, shade trees all around, a squirrel scampering down a tree, and children's happy voices in the background. Children's happy voices, a perfect background for teachers. Isn't that what we enjoy hearing at school, the children happy?

Willis Yoder presented his problem. He just doesn't know what to do with his hands when he talks.

There were many experiences and problems discussed, but we'll only mention a few here.

Should students be allowed to see the arithmetic answers? There are a few exceptions to any rule, but the general opinion was that they shouldn't. We have tried both ways in our school, and the students admitted that they tried harder to think for themselves without the answers. One teacher said he sometimes gives a choice of three answers to story problems, all of them near the correct answer.

Workbooks -- to have or not to have? Many said they would not do without them. It gives the student extra exercise in many things.

How can I get my students to put more pep into their singing? The most effective method is to teach them new songs regularly. Children tire of the same ones over and over.

How can I keep my first graders busy? One teacher suggested making a face in each letter of the alphabet, or making a picture out of each one. Another suggested giving them outlines of stars, rings, or squares, letting them trace these designs, then putting letters or numbers inside them. There are probably many more ideas, if some of the teachers would let us know of them.

There were some discipline problems brought up. These seemed to stem from disrespect. Respect must be taught at home or it can not be carried on in school.

The parting hymn, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" was sung, and our friends slowly parted, hoping to meet again in heaven if not on earth.

We thoroughly enjoyed the two days and we hope the others did, too. Thanks to all who helped to make the gathering pleasant and worthwhile.

May the Lord richly bless and keep you all. We hope and pray this will be your best school term yet!

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NAPPANEE MEETING

-By Lydia F. Beiler, Ronks, Penna.

The eleventh Annual School Teachers' Meeting is now history. It was well worth the time and money spent to attend it. Those who planned and conducted it can sit back and relax, for they did a fine job.

We thank every one for the effort put forth to make it a successful meeting; also for the fine hospitality shown to everyone, but most of all we are grateful to the Giver of all good things, for the blessings He bestowed. There seemed to be nothing lacking except time. For that reason, it seems beneficial and almost necessary to have a paper like the Blackboard Bulletin, where we can exchange thoughts and ideas.

I presume the Nappanee folks will give a detailed description of the meeting. At Joe's request, I will try to pass along a few of the highlights, for different people often see the same things differently.

The get-acqainted meeting and dinner was served at the home of Bishop Joe C. Kauffman near Nappanee. After the meal a few short talks were given, then most of the crowd went to Borkholder School for the afternoon, where an interesting program was held. While there were fewer teachers this year, (I suppose distance had something to do with it.) there were more others than ever before, which shows an interest and an awakening in having our own church schools.

In the afternoon program, nearly every teacher had to do or say something. Some of the highlights were the different groups singing, especially the Schwartz family. Other tasks assigned the teachers were arithmetic races, art, and talks on geography, history, reading, and spelling. Some had to make corrections in English, translate German to English, and discuss discipline and cleanliness problems. Eating habits were also talked about.

(To me, eating habits are very essential. I believe a child will do better work if he is given a nourishing and unhurried breakfast, and a lunch without unnecessary sweets and luxuries. And please omit the chewing gum; you can save the teacher a lot of trouble by doing this.)

A very important question that was brought up was, "What do you think is the greatest reward of teaching?"

The girl who got this question was so surprized she did not know what to say. I was almost glad, for then I knew she didn't think it was money. It is a touching question, and could have many answers.

One reward is when you're about ready to give up in despair with a slow learner, all at once he pops up like magic and knows it. Another one is to get a thank-you from a child or a parent, in appreciation for your efforts. Even a smile goes a long way in rewarding a teacher. Willingness to obey orders is very rewarding; also the interest shown by non-teachers , anyone, parents, board members, ministers, friends, and so forth.

Supper was served and a singing was held at the Kauffman home.

The next day two buses carried over seventy people to Indiana Dunes State Park at Lake Michigan, where we had the privilege to sit on the beach, wade in the water, or take a hike through the park of sand dunes. We ate lunch at the picnic area, then made a ring of picnic tables to hold our teachers' discussion. This was conducted by Willis I. Yoder, Edwin Kuhns, and Uria Byler.

For the benefit of those who weren't there, I might submit a few of the questions and answers that were discussed. Further discussion on these problems would be welcome in future issues of the Bulletin.

Question No. 1: Should a teacher give the children answers to arithmetic problems? One suggestion was to give a choice of answers, only one being correct.

Question No. 2: How do we get rid of sing-song reading? Starting off with a good reader often helps, or reading a line or paragraph yourself, and let them imitate you. Or, after one has read, ask the next one to try to do a little better.

Question No. 3: How do we keep some children from feeling unwelcome to play with others? This is a hard one, once the spirit gets into a school. The help of parents is required to overcome it.

Question No. 4: How can we get children to read louder? Have a contest to see who can yell loudest. This way you will at least find out who has a voice and who doesn't.

Question No. 5: How long should printing be taught? Here ideas differ. Some said for a half year, others one year. As for myself, I try to teach both as I go, alternatively.

Question No. 6: How can we get more pep into singing? Group them occasionally, and see who can sing best. Keep teaching new songs to create interest.

Question No. 7: How can we keep the pupils from whispering in class? If you have your class up front, and are ready to dismiss, try saying, "Now, those who were whispering remain standing, and the others are dismissed." Use your own judgement as to what to do with those who remain standing.

Question No. 8: Are prizes a nuisance, or are they sometimes good? If the pupils work for a good grade, they deserve a prize. If they work for the prize, then it's time to do something else.

Question No. 9: What should be done with those who are not done with lessons on time? A certain teacher told a pupil if he was done the next day, she would give him something. After that he was usually done. But the teacher learned later that the parents had found out about it, and had said, "If teacher gives you something if you get done, we'll give you something if you're not done." Hence the good results, which shows once more how much we teachers depend on parent co-operation.

Question No. 10: How should we answer the pupils' question, "Why must we study English?" One answer was, to promote interest in English, put all the parts of speech on the board, and a list of words under each part. Have pupils make sentences from these words, using each word only once. This will show them how necessary each part is.

Question No. 11: Should pupils help each other? I would appreciate hearing answers to this one. My answer is, not without the permission of the teacher. If the blind lead the blind, both may fall into the ditch, which may be the case if they are allowed to help each other without restraint.

About four o'clock the buses started back on the sixty mile drive to Borkholder School, where we parted for various places for the night.

Such was the beginning, duration, and ending of our Nappanee school meeting, which, I believe, everyone enjoyed. Now it's up to us to go back to our own school rooms and put to use what we gleaned. May the Lord richly reward all those who put their faith and trust in Him.

THE SIMILARITIES OF HIKING AND TEACHING

-By Rachel Petersheim, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

After arriving at Indiana Dunes State Park some of our group walked to Lake Michigan, close by. After wading in the water, the group scattered, and followed different trails

Now, for the comparison of hiking the sand dunes and teaching school.

Before I started, different thoughts popped into my mind. Do I want to go along? Do I have the ability to do it? If others can, I can give it a try. I ventured to take the hike and didn't get far until I thought, "Oh, why did I ever undertake it?" The traveling was difficult. But struggling through the deep white sand at times came to be a pleasant task. Thoughts then came to my mind, such as: "I wouldn't have missed this!" "Why did I almost deny myself this pleasure?"

I hadn't more than thought the "sailing" was easy before there was another struggle of some kind. This is the same as in teaching. We know not what a day will bring.

Finally, with much huffing, puffing, and perspiring, we reached the top of the rugged sand dune. There was a flat table-top opening above all the other surroundings, and we could look over the country side. In amazement, we beheld the view, and thought of the Creator, the Almighty One, who had formed these wonders

Our group was happy to have reached the highest point, and we looked forward to easier traveling. To our great surprize, when we came to the edge of the table-top surface, we found a very steep slope ahead of us. The first thought was, "It's impossible to get down there." But some talked of trying it. So we made an attempt. Some started out boldly, as if they had done it before. Others needed coaxing. We soon realized that it was a lot like wading deep snow, and not nearly as "impossible" as it had seemed. Teachers compared it with the task of teaching.

From then on we had easier traveling, and prepared.

I haven't heard of anyone who was along on that trail that was sorry for having gone along. Those who were 't there, can't realize what they missed.

Because I took that hike once does not say I would be able to do it again. This also applies to school teaching. Even though I struggle through the other years of teaching with the help of a Higher Hand, I cannot say whether I will be able to successfully get through the 1964-65 term. I opened the door on August 31 to thirty-nine innocent, trustworthy, sweet little faces. Remember me in your daily prayers, that I may lead my little flock in the ways that are pleasing to the Lord.

HOLMESVILLE, OHIO
Sunnyslope Parochial School

Dear Bulletin Readers,

It was suggested at the beginning of our first year, 1963-64, that we write to the Blackboard Bulletin, telling our friends how we are getting along.

I kept putting it off from month to month, though I did make some notes, until finally it was the end of the year. I found myself in a race with time to make the May 2 deadline. I need not tell you I lost the race.

Then at the Teachers' Meeting in August, Lydia F. Beiler told the folks about the extra issue they were getting out this year, and how the editor was in need of material.

She didn't point her finger at anyone, but her glance swept the whole crowd. My thoughts flew back to the race I had lost, to the notes that were safely tucked in the record book. I resolved once more to get that letter off.

We've learned in the past year, our first in teaching, that nothing is as hard as it looks, if we rely on Him from whom all our help cometh. It's a very humbling experience to stand before a group of children, and know you will be responsible for what they learn and also for what they don't learn.

After our routine was established, we marveled at the swift passage of time. Bright sunny days there were, when recesses and noon were spent in the absorbing business of playing ball. In between came the not-so-absorbing issue of getting used to the lessons and schedule of a country school. All our pupils, except the first graders, came from a consolidated school. This was quite a transition, especially for the older ones. But the days flew by.

Thanksgiving came and went. Christmas met us halfway with a blanket of snow. A few days vacation, and we paused to look back. Then the New Year was treading on our heels.

The days marched on, February, March, April. The final day of school came on Apr. 22. A picnic was held, with the families of pupils as guests.

We closed the day with singing. Good-byes were said. The doors closed on the last ones, and a silence settled over the schoolhouse, different somehow, because you knew the children wouldn't be coming back next week.

In thinking back, we do not regret the time and effort spent. There was some sadness as well as joy. But trials and troubles can be overcome if we ask God to join us and guide us daily, so that all our efforts will be in His name and to His honor.

In a few more days we will start our second year of teaching. It seems the summer has gone even faster than the winter.

In summing up our thoughts of the past year, I believe we can best express ourselves by quoting from an editorial written by J.S. in a 1962 issue of the Blackboard Bulletin.

I quote in part, "The School Environment: ...We dare not neglect the moral and religious side of teaching, or our efforts may be in vain. In church schools we control the environment. Just how do we go about it to bring the school environment to a desirable level?

"The teacher can not do it alone. He must have the help of three parties: 1. The parents; 2. the school board; and 3. our Heavenly Father. If any one of the three are not with the venture, expect only failure from the ablest of teachers.

"Parents have a greater voice in the success or failure of a school than do the board members, or even the teachers. For they are providing the raw material. If the parents send pupils who are not taught respect and obedience at home, right there they are blotting out the chance of that teacher and school." -End of quote.

I can only add a fervent Amen to that. In closing we join in extending our sincere best wishes and heartfelt prayers to each and every one of you.

-Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Troyer

CAN WORRY BECOME SIN ?

I wish to encourage all teachers and directors of parochial schools, especially the beginners, as there are quite a few beginners this year. I would like to discuss some of the advantages and hinderances that make a teacher's career a success or otherwise.

Worry is an important factor to consider. I have heard of teachers who confess they try not to worry, but still they do and can't help it. I've heard the remark that worry can become sin. In my opinion worry cannot become sin, because it is sin from its very onset, from beginning to end. But we must distinguish worry from such things as wishful thinking, strong desires, anxiety, or being ardently concerned.

Worry is nothing less than a despairing feeling void of all hope or confidence. So as long as there is the slightest hope of solving a problem, this is not worry, because worry and hope don't mix. One must be extinguished before the other can begin. Worry is a crime if for no other reason than that it

TIPS TO TEACHERS

(We invite teachers to contribute material to this department.)

Show appreciation to pupils who keep their books clean and unmarked.

To pep up your reading classes, and to get the pupils to put more expression into their reading, try it yourself. Set them a good example.

To obtain better co-operation from the children, be a co-operative teacher.

-Rachel Petersheim
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 27)

makes void the great sufferings of a crucified Saviour, who suffered to the utmost just to take on Himself our cares and worries.

Clear thinking is a great asset, inspired only by the Holy Spirit. God is not mocked. His gifts are not given to the haughty, but only to the humble. To feel insulted is a great hinderance to clear thinking, because that is pride and selfishness. Humility is like a deflated football which is not tempting to kick around, and if it is kicked it soon drops to the ground and is left undisturbed, whereas pride is like an inflated football which is tempting to kick around, and if kicked flies all the farther the harder it is puffed up.

I wish everyone the satisfied feeling of successful accomplishment.

A humble reader,

-Elias Shirk, Narvon, Pa.

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THE CHALLENGES OF SEPTEMBER

His sixth September had come. Tomorrow he must walk a mile down the road by himself, turn in at the red brick building, and "start school". He lay awake in bed, kicking the covers aside with the strong young legs that had carried him to all sorts of farm adventures the sunny summer past. Now those legs would carry him to new adventures, adventures in learning and living and loving. To a six-year-old the thought was a thrilling one, yet at the same time a chilling one. What would the teacher be like? He knew most of the children, but the teacher ..... would she be stern and bossy? Would she have a big stick? Or would she be nice, like Mom? He tossed in bed, and suddenly was asleep.

Several miles away another person lay wide awake in bed, thinking. What would the morrow be like? In the morning she must pack a quick lunch, gather her notes, papers, and books, and walk a mile down the road to the little red school she had promised to teach. Tomorrow would begin a new adventure ... teaching, leading, caring for thirty children. What would they be like? Would she have a well-behaved disciplined group, children who had been taught to listen at home? Or would they try to make things difficult for her, perhaps get the best of her? She wondered. And planned. And wondered some more, till at last sleep blurred, then blotted out, her thoughts.

The morrow has come. Today in the classroom that child and that teacher have become acquainted. They no longer need to wonder what school life will be like. The child and his teacher have learned to know and love each other as the days have come and gone. The child is learning from the teacher and the teacher from the child. School life has become a rewarding and enriching experience for both of them.

Have you recognized them? That child may be your child, and the teacher his teacher. Pray for them, will you, as they journey together these few short years?

- by Joseph Stoll, in the introduction to Unit Two of the book The Challenge of the Child. This book is available from the Blackboard Bulletin, R.R. # 4, Aylmer, Ontario, at $2.00 per copy; 6 copies for $10.00.

The Blackboard Bulletin

An opportunity and a challenge...

Children
and
Youth

OCTOBER, 1964 Aylmer, Ontario, Can. VOL. 8; NUMBER 3

(Authorized as 2nd.-class mail by Post Office Dept., Ottawa; and for payment of postage in cash)

The Teacher-Builder

A builder builded a temple
He wrought it with grace and skill,
Pillars and groins and arches,
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said as they saw its beauty,
It shall never know decay,
Great is thy skill, O builder!
Thy fame shall endure for aye!

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts,
None knew of her wondrous plan,
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is the child's immortal soul.

—Author Unknown

"HOW READEST THOU?"

It is one thing to read the Bible through.
Another thing to read to learn, and do.
Some read it with design to learn to read,
But to the subject pay little heed.
Some read it as their duty once a week,
But no instruction from the Bible seek;
While others read it with but little care,
With no regard to how they read, nor where.
Some read to bring themselves into repute,
By showing others how they can dispute.
While others read because their neighbors do,
To see how long it will take to read it through
Some read it for the wonders that are there, --
How David killed a lion and a bear.
While others read it with uncommon care,
Hoping to find some contradictions there;
For every passage in the Book they bend
To make it suit that all-important end.
Some people read, as I have often thought,
To teach the Book instead of being taught;
And some there are who read it out of spite,
I fear there are but few who read it right.
Some read as if it did not speak to them,
But to the people at Jerusalem.
But read it prayerfully, and you will see,
Although men contradict, God's words agree;
For what the early Bible prophets wrote,
We find that Christ and His apostles quote.
So trust no creed that trembles to recall,
What has been penned by one and verified by all.

-Selected by Margaret Gabor, Bright, Ontario

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A STORY TO READ TO YOUR PUPILS:

THE BEST FUN

"Now, boys, I'll tell you how we can have some fun," said Freddie to his companions, who had assembled on a beautiful moonlight evening, for sliding, snow-balling, and fun in general.

"How?" "Where?" "What is it?" asked several eager voices all at once.

"I heard Widow McKay tell a man a little while ago," replied Freddie, "that she would go over and sit up with a sick child tonight. She said she would be over about eight o'clock. Now as soon as she is gone, let us go and make a big snowman on her door step, so that when she comes back in the morning, she cannot get into her house without first knocking it out of the way."

"Capital," "First-rate," "Hurrah," some of the boys shouted.

"See here," said Charlie, "I'll tell you the best fun."

"What is it?" again inquired several voices at once.

"Wait a while," said Charlie. "Who has a wood saw?"

"I have," "So have I." "And I." answered three of the boys. "But what in the world do you want a wood saw for?"

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "It is almost eight o'clock now, so go and get your saws. You, Freddie and Nathan, get each an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let us all be back here in fifteen minutes, and then I'll show you the fun."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering what the fun would be, and what possible use could be made of wood saws and axes in their play. But Charlie was not only a great favorite with them all, but also a leader, and they fully believe in him and in his promise. They all ran quickly, and they were soon again assembled.

"Now," said Charlie, "Mrs. McKay is gone, for I met her when I was coming back, so let us be off at once."

"But what are you going to do?" inquired several impatient members of the party.

"You shall see directly," replied the leader, as they approached the humble home of Mrs. McKay.

"Now, boys," said Charlie, "You see that pile of wood; a man hauled it here this afternoon, and I heard Mrs. McKay tell him that unless she got some one to saw it tonight, she would have hardly anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now we can saw and split that pile of wood just about as easily as we could build a great snow man, and when Mrs. McKay comes home from her watching, she will be fully as much surprised to find her wood sawed as she would to find a snow man on her door step, and a great deal more pleasantly surprised, too. What say you? Will you do it?"

One or two of the boys rather objected at first. They did not like to saw wood, they said. But the majority were in favor of Charlie's plan, so all finally joined in and went to work with a will.

"I'll go round to the back of the shed," said Charlie, "and crawl through the window and unfasten the door. Then we will take turns in sawing, splitting, and carrying in the wood. And I want to pile it up nicely, and to shovel all the snow away from the door; and a good wide path, too, from the door to the street. Won't it be fun, when she comes home and sees it?"

The boys began to enjoy the fun, for they felt that they were doing a good deed, and each one felt that pleasure and joy which always result from well-doing.

It was not a long or a wearisome job for seven robust and healthy boys to saw, split, and pile up the poor widow's half cord of wood and to shovel a good path. And when it was done, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction, that one of the boys who had objected to the work at first, proposed that they should go to a neighboring carpenter's shop, where plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away, and each bring an armful of kindling wood. The other boys agreed, and this done, they went home, all of them more satisfied with the "fun" of the evening than they would have thought possible.

And next morning, when the weary widow returned from watching by the sick-bed, and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprized; and when afterwards a neighbor, who had, unobserved, witnessed the labors of the boys, told how it was done, her fervent prayer, "God bless the boys," was of itself, if they could have but heard it, an abundant reward for their labors.

- Selected from an old reader, the Second Golden Rule Book.

NEW WILMINGTON, PENNSYLVANI
September 18, 1964.

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Another term has started. The summer has gone by altogether too fast. But if the truth is told, we are glad to be back among the pupils again. How we miss our eighth graders of last year, though, when we start singing in the mornings. With practice, we hope the others will soon let their voices be heard.

The older children are playing baseball whil the younger ones are busy with other games.

I have six little beginners this year. How their eyes sparkle at the thought of going to school! One little girl made the remark, "Oh, if Monday morning would only get here faster!" The first grade is the most rewarding grade of all to teach. You can see how much is accomplished from one week to the next. In the other grades, you sometimes have to stop and ask yourself, "Am I really getting anything across to them?"

One of the biggest problems in our school is discipline. If we can only get children to realize how much smoother everything goes when all do their part and obey the rules, half of the battle is won.

We enjoy the Blackboard Bulletin very much. There are so many interesting articles in it. I especially like the Tips to Teachers, but there should be more of them. (Let's have them. Ed.) I always reach the back page before I'm satisfied.

I have two pupils who cannot come to school this term. One seventh grader has kidney trouble. The other, a sixth grader, had rheumatic fever this summer. I wish they could come to school. I often wonder why it is that when pupils are sick they wish they could go to school. Then, the ones that can go, feel the sick ones are lucky because they can stay at home.

There are often amusing incidents at school. A second-grade boy came in at noon, boasting, "Ich hab ein vesch bol (wasp) dote gmacht mit mei hand."

One third grader had his spelling pad inside his desk, and was going around the framework with his pencil, drawing the pattern on the cover. He was so engrossed in what he was doing, he never heard me come up beside him. I stood watching awhile, then asked him if he was busy. Believe me, he really jumped, and we all had a good laugh.

Wishing the editor and all the teachers a successful year, I remain,

- Amanda Byler

EDITORIAL

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN is a monthly published at Aylmer, Ontario, Canada, in the interests of Amish schools and homes. Rates: $1.25 per yr.; $2.00 - 2 yrs.; Editor: Joseph Stoll, R. 4, Aylmer, Ont. Secretary-Treasurer: Lydia F. Beiler, Ronks, Penna.

DREAM OF THE PERFECT SCHOOL

It was only a daydream, only wishful thinking. The pupils were outside romping and screaming on the playground. The teacher sat at her desk checking papers. But her mind wandered. With elbows on her desk and with her chin in her hands, she mused. Her eyes took on a faraway look. She was teaching the "perfect" school.

The children were models of behaviour, quiet and attentive, just watching for opportunities to please her. When the bell rang, they would come in single-file, shoes clean, shoulders back, hands at their sides, a smile on every face. There was no pushing, no hurrying, no stomping of feet, as each pupil walked to his seat, quietly sat down, and at once was busy at his work.

A glance around the room showed everything neatly in its place. There was no paper on the floor, no books upside down or backward in the library, no hats or coats falling off the hooks, no cluttered desk tops. The busy rows of children had clean faces, combed hair, and neat clothes.

As her wistful daydream continued, the teacher called a class for arithmetic. Each member of the class had his book ready and his paper finished, and in a moment the class was standing at attention. The usual "I can't find my paper", and "Teacher, I'm not done", were missing.

Not all had 100%, but they had all done their best work, and the grades were good. The papers were as neat as any teacher could desire. The lines were not crowded; there were no sentences bent up at the margins, no crossed-out untidy problems.

While the class was in session, the remaining pupils of the school kept quiet and busy. There was no whispering, no shuffling of feet, or creaking of desks.

When the arithmetic class was finished, the teacher got up and walked around the room. There were only a few hands raised for help, and these were questions needing the teacher's attention, not problems that the pupils could solve themselves. As she glanced at the open books, and watched her pupils busily studying and writing, the teacher rejoiced. The textbooks were clean and unmarked. The notebooks were neat and not dog-eared at all. Surely, it was a rewarding task, and a satisfying one, to teach this school, this "perfect" school.

But even so, as the teacher continued her daydream, there was one disquieting note. Something was out of tune. It kept nagging her subconscious mind. "What was wrong?" she asked herself. In the "perfect" school of her dream, there was still one thing that didn't fit in, one imperfection to spoil the effect. She sensed it, but she could not at first identify it.

Then it dawned upon her, full and stark and overwhelming! The "perfect school" had an imperfect teacher! Too often she failed to do her best. Too often she made mistakes. She was out of place in the perfect school she had envisioned!

Humbly she bowed her head upon her desk. "Forgive me, Lord, for being impatient with my pupils," she prayed. "Help me to forgive them so that you may forgive me."

She rang the bell. She was no longer daydreaming, for the door was jerked open, and the pupils filed noisily in, eyes sparkling, full of life and full of mischief.

- J.S.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

In this issue we are starting a new series on "The Teacher I Remember Best". We would like to have one essay per month on this topic. We have one for November by Levi M. Miller, Stoneboro, Pennsylvania.

Which teacher do you remember best? This does not necessarily have to be about your good teachers. Some bad teachers are also remembered. Let's hear from you.

Our secretary-treasurer says more people would write if a subject were suggested to them. All right, here's one, "The Teacher I Remember Best".

Winner of the Subscription Sales Contest was Paul R. Weaver, son of teacher and minister, Raymond S. Weaver, Millersburg, Ohio. Paul started selling only after the September Bulletin arrived, and sold 35 subscriptions worth $52.00.

The Parson's Amish School, Montgomery, Ind. working as a group, did even better, but did not qualify for the highest sales' award. They sold 51 subscriptions, worth $85.50. However, the award for sales of $25 and $50 will be sent them.

There were a good many entries in the $10-$15 range, but very few over $20. We consider the sale to have been a success, and hope our new subscribers enjoy the paper.

These subscriptions have given our finances a boost, but lest the readers think the Bulletin's coffers are overflowing, let us mention that the September issue cost around $125. Even at that, some of the labor was donated, as the young people of the Aylmer community helped in folding and stapling.

The directory of teachers this year is not as complete as we would like. We were in a rush when we mailed out the requests for information, and somehow overlooked several communities.

A letter from Harvey W. Taves, director of M.C.C. in Canada, includes the following:

"A good project for Amish school children might be the collection of "Dimes for Medicines" for children overseas. I find that my own little children are very much interested in thinking of the poor who live far away and who, through no fault of their own, are not able to enjoy either full stomachs or good health. With the increased number of Amish schools, it would seem to me that the children should be encouraged to think, not only of themselves and their own communities, but to remember those others for whom the Lord also died."

Any teachers or schools who are interested in this project should write to Mennonite Central Committee, Akron, Pennsylvania, or Kitchener, Ontario, asking for dime cards and further information.

At the teachers' meeting at Nappanee in August, one of the selections read was a humorous essay on gum chewing. Several teachers have requested copies of it. Mimeographed copies are available from Edwin L. Kuhns,R. 1, Box 218, Bremen, Indiana.

We forgot one announcement last month. Born to the editor and his wife on Aug. 19, their fifth child, and second daughter,Naomi. She is doing fine.

TRUE COURAGE IS LIKE A KITE,
A CONTRARY WIND RAISES IT HIGHER.

CLARK, MISSOURI
Sept. 21, 1964

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of Christian love.

I have a new school this year again, so things seem a little different from last year. It seems I have a hard time struggling and trudging up this first hill, trying to get all those coaches up on the rails.

Every now and then we come to a wash-out, or to stumps, so that it's hard to see the way through. I'm trying to get the path cleared, so as to get on the track before we should be at the next station. As we have such a rough road to travel, we come to a halt again and again. The motor needs another few gallons of patience to make the grade. This patience is a little hard to find just anywhere at any time.

But I want to gather up as much as possible and make use of it. Because my pupils were behind schedule on their last trip, it is very hard to get them rolling more smoothly and coasting up the line.

I have some things a little different from last year. They had no geography in the lower grades. But they seem to enjoy it all right since we have started it. I have also started them on writing the meaning of each spelling word, and then writing a sentence with each one.

And now the question that bothers me is, "What shall we do with the slow learners?" They want to ask the teacher every problem, even though she thoroughly explained it in class.

I reread U.R. Byler's letter in the May, 1964 issue. Some of the advice given there fits some of our shoes; I do hope I can make them wear all right. Let's have some more good suggestions on this problem.

Wishing all teachers a prosperous and enjoyable school term.

- Lydia Borntreger

HAZLETON, IOWA
Sept. 30, 1964

Dear Readers:

Buchanan County, Iowa is having a wonderful fall, with welcome showers after a rather dry summer. I do think it was God's will, so we would appreciate it more, and think of where it comes from.

I am no teacher, though I have taught a few months and have substituted some. I thought I could put in a letter now while the teachers are busy getting lined up for the term.

I well agree with the letter "Health Hints for Your Child". We also have the book, Back to Eden, and would not like to be without one. I also have a herbalist book from the Indiana Botanic Gardens. We can gather many of our herbs ourselves; we live near a creek which floods quite a bit at times and brings new herbs, weeds, thistles, and burrs of different kinds.

My grandmother on Father's side had faith in boneset, mullein, catnip, slippery elm bark, saffron, and common garden herbs. She raised her own saffron. She passed away in the year 1945, and we still raise saffron as she used to do. We sow it in the spring and gather herbs from the flowers and again gather seeds in the fall for next year. The slippery elm is used also for poulticing and bathing old sores.

We have learned that if we get rid of a cold by drinking plenty of water and tea, there is rarely a setback as with drugs.

I can not say that I remember my first day of school as well as some of the writers in the August and September issues. I feel I was sent too young. I would not advise anyone to go as young as I did. The mind is not well enough developed. I do not blame my parents for sending me, as there were hardly enough scholars to keep our school open, with prospects of more in a few years, so I was sent in the fall and the spring just long enough to keep the school open. I took the first grade again in my second year. When I was in the upper grades we had fifteen pupils, and since I am out of school there have been as many as thirty.

But one thing I do remember about my first year. We had pupils coming to our school by the name of Wolfe. One big boy was mean enough to tell my sister, who was a year older than I, that there was a nest of wolves by the bridge. Of course, we were so innocent, we didn't realize he meant the human ones.

One morning early in the spring we ran as fast as we could over the frozen ground, which was marked up by horses' hoofs and the vehicles of the day before when there had been a thaw. I stumbled and threw my dinner bucket, hitting my shin and my hand. Oh, but I felt like crying but my sister said, "Don't you dare cry, or the wolves will be sure to get us."

She gathered up my lunch, and we didn't waste any time getting to school. And the way my shin hurt! I do think if I had met my mother at the schoolhouse door, I would have burst out crying. But I didn't want anybody to call me a crybaby, so I bore it patiently.

I still remember how far in the first reader I read that first year, so I suppose my little mind did accumulate something.

I would like to submit the following poem:

"IF"

If folks would sit on their sitting bones,
They'd have straighter backs and fewer groans.
If they wouldn't slouch in big soft chairs,
And twist their spines like winding stairs,
Disease wouldn't take them unawares.

If folks would eat the proper food,
They'd live in less depressive mood.
If they would take fewer shots and drugs
And avoid the stuff that comes in jugs,
They'd win more compliments and hugs.

If they'd walk much more, and ride much less,
Breathe deeper, pray, and sins confess,
If they'd learn to work, relax, and play,
And from bad companions stay away,
There'd come for them a brighter day.

** ** ** ** ** **

I try to live each day so that
I like to live with myself.
-Polly D. Borntreger

In any worrisome situation it pays to look up, not down. -Selected.

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

Dear Readers,

The Blackboard Bulletin is an interesting and helpful paper, not only for teachers, but for parents, also. I would not want to miss any issues.

On account of illness, I have done much reading. I have read quite a few child training books, some of them obtained from the government office at Washington 25, D.C. "Teenagers and You" is a worthwhile book, and there are many others. After all the reading I have done, I still feel I have much to learn. No book can tell us parents, school teachers, or ministers, just what thing to do at the right time. One solution is good for one child, but it may not be the thing for another.

I copied the following from a booklet: "How convenient it would be if parents could be handed blue-prints of the individual abilities and differences inherent in their children, along with birth certificates! Lacking any such helps, they have to rely on close observation, on listening more than talking."

All Christian parents will pray and trust in the Lord for their true guide, but we have to do our part. We must teach our children what is right and what is wrong, and explain the difference. I have seen children being punished when it appeared to me the child did not know just why he was being disciplined.

Is this as it should be? Should we not explain to the child where he has done wrong, and tell him what would have been right for him to do?

John M. Gordon writes, "If you want your child to listen to your ideas during his turbulent teens, you will do well to start listening to his a few years earlier!"

Dr. Barbour writes that we must give our children the following five essentials:

1. Consistent love from the day of birth. They must feel your abiding love and support. A soul-deep security results.
2. Consistent guidance and discipline. They need to see clearly the difference between right and wrong. Always use the mildest discipline that will work. Try not to be too changeable.
3. Growing independence. Give each one all the freedom he can handle safely, at each stage of development.
4. A reasonably good neighborhood in which to live. Don't stay in a high delinquency area.
5. A good religious background. Help each child to have faith in God. Give each one the inspiration of church fellowship, frequently.

It's easy for me to tell you what to do. It is hard to do it. I know. I'm a parent, too. But we can try."

"Substitution of a 'do' for a 'don't' is all that is needed to bring many parents' methods of child guidance up-to-date," according to Dr. Margaret Wylie of the New York State College of Home Economics.

A few weeks ago I was impressed by what I saw in town. Two young teen-agers were walking the street with a sign, "Help us get the Bible back to school!"

Let us co-operate with the school teachers and ministers, that we may hold fast to the right, and help each other to salvation. "In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof is no death." Proverbs 12:28.

I feel we have God-fearing teachers who want what is right. They would have a hard time of it if their work would always have to be perfect to suit everyone.

Sometime ago a mother said, "Why should the slow learners be pushed so fast? Does the teacher think that if one child can master the lesson, the others must do the same? It is hard on the child who worries about his lessons. Sometimes it is difficult to know what is the best way to help such a child.

When I went to school our teacher sometimes gave us poems to learn, and long ones at that. We would learn as many verses as we could, and would be rewarded according to our efforts. The slower ones weren't pushed, but the easy-learners were kept busy, all the same.

The above-mentioned mother said they also had this type of work. She would like to co-operate with the teacher, but she says it is hard not to pity the child when he has such a hard time of it.

Then I had a talk with a retired public-school teacher. She said she never gave much memory work, but used work books instead, and let them do what they could, rewarding them accordingly. She had a table with puzzles and clay for the ones that were finished with their work. Also library books.

I believe it helps to reward children with kind words, or with such things as stars and seals. This is better than to give so much candy, money, and big gifts. Also, should the teacher not mark report cards truthfully, good or bad, the way she thinks they should be? This, instead of thinking, "I can't mark this child's report as bad as it really is, or the parents will be hurt." The child will know if the teacher is true to her work, if it is explained to him. And why should Christian parents be hurt? When we make mistakes we should tell the children we are sorry, the same as we want them to do when they make a mistake.

"Treat your child as an equal, be as polite to him as you expect him to be to you." Anon.

We should not tell the young child the dislikes we had in school. It's more helpful for him to know how much we liked school.

About a year ago I had a conversation with a neighbor lady. Their children go to a Christian Day School in Lancaster. She talked about their program at school. I asked, "Do you have plays at Christmas?"

She answered, "No, we do not have plays. The children have Bible verses, poems, a lot of singing, and some very nice recitations and exercises."

I was glad she did not ask if we have plays. I would have been ashamed to tell her we do. Ever since we have children going to school, I have noticed that when December comes, they at times get rude. I have learned it is in imitation of a play they have at school.

For example, one evening while two boys were playing a game, the one who was losing piped up, "I feel like shooting you." He was quick to explain that their play at school has an act about shooting. What do other parents say?

I have heard mothers say they are glad when the programs are over. One mother said she does nothing but help her children with their parts morning and evening. She likes to help the children and co-operate with the teacher, but she asked, "Can't it go a little too far?"

We should encourage our children to learn all they can while going to school, and to be respectful to the teacher and others around them, whoever it may be. They will never be sorry for the kind things they do for others.

I went to a two-room public school. The children of three Amish families attended this school, and there were about one hundred other children. I liked school, but there were some heartaches. We missed many days of school because there was a rule that the whole family must stay at home when one of them had measles or some other disease.

I got mostly passing marks, and often wonder how I managed. I had to study hard, and keep at it. I didn't have much time to read library books, or play. However, I would have enjoyed doing so very much.

We had God-fearing teachers. But I feel our own private schools are becoming more and more necessary. Surely, we as Christians do not want to send our children to a school where they have T.V. and Gymnasium classes.

Someone said, the way things go by our youth it might have been better if they had gone to a public school. But I do not feel it is the private school's fault. We should not think that by sending our children to a church school, they will get all the training they need there.

We should always be interested in what they are doing. And we can learn along with our children. We learn as long as we live, if we let ourselves be taught.

An elderly aunt of mine said she would like it if school children would come and sing for her. She had heard they sang for a blind girl. Wouldn't it be nice if young folks would go singing for old folks, instead of spending their time in worldly places?

A college teacher said, "It would be good for some Amish parents to have more teaching on child training."

Let us all be readers of the Bible, and good books. And let us pray for each other.

As I read this letter over before sending it in, I feel almost too inferior to do so. I do not mean to criticize anyone.

Wishing you all God's blessings.

-Only a Mother, Mrs. C. S. Zook

STEPPING STONES TO A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL YEAR

-Selected by Mary A. Stoltzfus

BEGIN the day with a bright "Good morning". It will oil your motors for the day.

NEVER say, "I can't," "(We) can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth (us)."

BE completely honest. We can all get "A's" in honesty and effort.

STUDY hard and do your best! Then, if you still just get an F, you have at least done your best. That is all any of us can do.

SQUARE your shoulders, look the world in the face, and keep right on trying. The only real failures are those who quit trying.

STRIVE to like your lessons, and to finish them promptly. It will make them easier, and you will enjoy your playtime more.

MAKE it a habit to return whatever you use to its proper place when you are finished using it. If you see anything out of place, put it where it belongs. Keeping things tidy is one stepping stone to success in school. Make orderliness a habit.

WHATsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Ecclesiastes 9:10. Put your whole self into all you do, then you are using the talents God gave to you.

DO not speak unkindly of others unless you are perfect. Jesus loves us in spite of our shortcomings. Let us do so to others.

DO NOT complain! If you can change the situation, change it! If you can't change it, bear it pleasantly. The real man can smile in spite of trouble.

BE courteous. If you would be respected, respect others first. Courtesy oils our friendships and takes the friction out of our daily lives.

KEEP that smile cheerful and friendly. It is the key that unlocks the hearts of all you meet. How often a teacher's heart is lifted, and her work made easier, by a sincere, pleasant smile from one of her students. Your smile is one thing about you that your teacher will never forget. Give her that pleasant remembrance of you.

"FINALLY, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Phil. 4:8.

Are All The Children In?

I think ofttimes as the night draws nigh,
Of an old house on the hill,
Of a yard all wide, and blossom-starred,
Where the children played at will
And when the light at last came down,
Hushing the merry din,
Mother would look around and ask,
"Are all the children in?"

'Tis many and many a year since then,
And the old house on the hill,
No longer echoes to childish feet,
And the yard is still, so—still.
But I see it all as the shadows creep,
And though many the years have been
Since then, I can hear the mother ask,
"Are all the children in?"

I wonder if, when the shadows fall,
On the last short earthly day.
When we say goodby to the world outside
All tired with our childish play,
When we meet the Lover of boys and girls,
Who died to save them from sin,
Will we hear Him ask, as mother did,
"Are all the children in?"

—Sel.

Prayer of a teacher

Into my hands, Oh God, You have placed the rarest of all things, the mind of man.

To me You have entrusted Thine own image—man's soul and spirit.

To me You have given the power to fashion and perfect this Divine gift.

To be the guardian of Your most sublime creation is an awesome task.

Give me the grace to be aware of Thy unfathomed gift, that I may touch nothing I do not adorn.

Let the shallowness of my soul grow deep in the wonder of Your entrusted task.

Let all who know me, know Thee, and be ennobled by mutual love.

Make me worthy, Oh God, of this great call.

—David Guy Powers

TO ALL PARENTS

- Author Unknown

"I'll lend you for a little time a child of mine," He said,
"For you to love the while he lives and mourn for when he's dead.
It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two or three,
But will you, till I call him back, take care of him for me?

"He'll bring his charms to gladden you, and should his stay be brief,
You'll have his lovely memories as solace for your grief.
I cannot promise he will stay, since all from earth return,
But there are lessons taught down there I want this child to learn.

"I've looked the wide world over in My search for teachers true,
And from the throngs that crowd life's lane I have selected you.
Now will you give him all your love, nor think the labor vain,
Nor hate Me when I come to take him back again?"

I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord, Thy will be done.
For all the joy the child will bring, the risk of grief we'll run.
We'll shelter him with tenderness, we'll love him while we may,
And for all the happiness we've known, forever grateful stay;
But should the angels call for him much sooner than we've planned,
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes, and try to understand."
-Selected by Mrs. Rudy Wickey, St. Joe, Ark.

DIRECTORY OF AMISH SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS

1964-1965

ARKANSAS

WALNUT RIDGE SCHOOL, Everton, Ark.; Enrollment, 7; Teacher, Amos Stoll.

DELAWARE

APPLE GROVE SCHOOL, Dover, Delaware; Enrollment, 39; Teacher, Lydia Mae Detweiler, R. 2, Dover.

GREEN HILL SCHOOL, Dover, Delaware; Enrollment, 26; Teacher, Rhoda Bontrager, R. 2, Dover.

INDIANA

ALLEN COUNTY PAROCHIAL, NO. 1, teacher - Paul Lutzenhiser. Enrollment: 32 in grades 6-8; 11 in grade nine. Grabill, Indiana.

BORKHOLDER SCHOOL, Nappanee, Indiana; 51 pupils; Teachers: Edwin L. Kuhns, Grades 4-9; Simon A. Burkholder, Grades 1-3.

COTTONWOOD GROVE SCHOOL, Topeka, Indiana; enroll- 26; teachers: Anna Lehman; Anna Burkholder.

COUNTY LINE SCHOOL, Topeka, Indiana; enrollment: 35; teachers: Mary U. Miller; Tillie J. Eash.

LITTLE ACORN SCHOOL, LaGrange, Indiana; teacher, Katie Yoder. Enrollment: 28.

MAPLE GROVE SCHOOL, LaGrange, Indiana. Enrollment: 30. Teacher, Alma Schmucker.

MILAN CENTER SCHOOL, New Haven, Indiana .

PARSONS AMISH SCHOOL, Montgomery, Ind.; enrollment: 56. Teachers: Sylvia Marie Raber, grades 5-9; Eunice Kyle, Kalona, Iowa, grades 1-4, and part of 9.

PLAINVIEW CHRISTIAN DAY SCHOOL, Middlebury, Ind. Enrollment: 44; Teachers: Martha Helmuth, Grades 5-8; Martha Farmwald, Grs. 1-4.

PLEASANT RIDGE SCHOOL, Shipshewana, Ind.; Enrollment, 38; Teachers, Fannie Mae Mast, Hutchinson, Kansas; Anna Mae Gingerich, Arthur, Illinois. Vocational class- John M. Bontrager, Shipshewana, Ind.

WOODSIDE SCHOOL, LaGrange, Ind.; Teacher: William Schmucker.

VAN BUREN TOWNSHIP SCHOOL, Loogootee, Ind.; Enrollment: 36; Teachers, Margie Billington; Barbara Graber.

IOWA

PRIVATE NO. 1, Independence, Iowa; Teacher: Katie Miller, Independence, Iowa.

PRIVATE NO. 2, Fairbank, Iowa; Teacher: Lavina Hershberger, Fairbank, Iowa.

MICHIGAN

AMISH SCHOOL NO. 1, Camden, Michigan. Enrollment, 20; Teacher, Ruth Graber, R. 2, Camden, Michigan.

AMISH SCHOOL NO. 2, Camden, Mich.; Enrollment, 29; Teacher, Martha Wagler, R. 1, Camden.

MISSOURI

ASH GROVE SCHOOL, Clark, Mo.; Lydia C. Borntreger, teacher. Enrollment, 22.

HAVEN HILL SCHOOL, Clark, Mo.; Enrollment, 22. Teacher, Elva B. Borntreger, Clark.

JUDY FLAT SCHOOL, Clark, Mo.; Enrollment, 21. Teacher, Eva D. Beachy.

MACEDONIA SCHOOL, Clark, Mo.; Enrollment, 22. Teacher, Sarah Gingerich, R. 1, Clark.

MT. PLAIN SCHOOL, Clark, Mo.; Enrollment, 24. Teacher, Anna E. Miller.

PLEASANT RIDGE SCHOOL, Clark, Mo.; Enrollment- 24; Teacher, Lizzie J. Mast.

NEW YORK

AXVILLE SCHOOL, Conewango Valley, N.Y.; Enrollment, 42. Teacher: Miss Ada Y. Miller, c/o Yost Miller, Cattaraugus, N.Y.

FLAT IRON SCHOOL, Conewango Valley, N.Y.; Enrollment, 46; Teacher, Joe A. Byler, Conewango Valley, N.Y.

GARDNER SCHOOL, Conewango Valley, N.Y.; Enrollment, 34; Teacher, Henry A. Hershberger.

SEAGER HILL SCHOOL, Conewango Valley, N.Y.; enrollment, 38; Teacher, Miss Mattie J. Shetler, c/o J.B. Shetler, Conewango Valley, N.Y

WEST ROAD SCHOOL, Conewango Valley, N.Y.; enrollment, 24; Teacher, Miss Mary H. Miller, c/o Harvey E. Miller, Conewango Valley, N.Y.

OHIO

ANDERSON SCHOOL, R. 2, Orrville, O.; enrollmen 30; Teacher, Fannie Nisley.

BARRS MILL PRIVATE SCHOOL, R. 2, Sugarcreek, O Enrollment, 47; Teacher, Mose L. Yoder.

BEECH GROVE SCHOOL, R. 1, Apple Creek, O.; enrollment, 35; Teacher, Amanda J. Yoder.

BOONTOWN SCHOOL, R. 2, Fredericksburg, O.; enrollment, 36; Teacher, Mary J. Miller.

BREEZE WAY SCHOOL, R. 2, Fredericksburg, O.; enrollment, 16; Teacher, Rachel M. Miller.

BROWN SCHOOL, R. 1, Fredericksburg, O.; enrollment, 33; Teacher, Fannie Schwartz

BRUSH RUN SCHOOL, R. 1, Sugarcreek, Ohio; Enrollment, 34; Teacher, Mary Ann Beachy.

BUCKEYE SCHOOL, R. 1, Baltic, O.; Enrollment,30. Teacher, Susie Yoder

BUNDYSBURG SCHOOL, Middlefield, Ohio; Grades 1-8; Enrollment, 39; Teacher, Emma J.Byler, R. 1, Middlefield; Milo Detweiler, Gr. 1-3.

CHERRY RIDGE SCHOOL, R. 2, Dalton, O.; Enrollment, 40; Teacher, Nora N. Yoder.

CUNNINGHAM SCHOOL, R. 2, Apple Creek, O.; Enrollment, 43; Teachers, Katie Y. Hershberger and Blanche Stutzman.

DARBY VIEW SCHOOL, R. 1, Plain City, O.; enrollment, 23; Teacher, Susie Kurtz, R. 1, Plain City, Ohio.

DIVIDING RIDGE SCHOOL, R. 1, Ashland, O.; Enrollment, 48. Teachers, Judith Troyer and Sarah Troyer.

DUBLIN SCHOOL, R. 2, Fredericksburg, O.; Enrollment, 37; Teacher, Mary W. Weaver.

ELM GROVE SCHOOL, R. 2, Fredericksburg, O.; Enrollment, 22; Teacher, Anna S. Bowman.

FAIRVIEW SCHOOL, Star Rt., Millersburg, O.; Enrollment, 51; Teachers, Mrs. Ada Swartzentruber and Mary Swartzentruber.

FOUNTAIN NOOK SCHOOL, R. 2, Apple Creek, O.; Enrollment, 32; Teacher, Elizabeth L. Raber.

FREASE SCHOOL, R. 2, Apple Creek, O.; Enrollment, 24; Teacher, Abe J. Miller.

GREEN RIDGE SCHOOL, R. 1,Baltic, Ohio; Enrollment, 38; Teacher, Jonathan Raber.

GREEN VALLEY SCHOOL, R. 2, Apple Creek, O.; Enrollment, 30; Teacher, Fannie Shetler

HOSMER ROAD SCHOOL, Middlefield, O.; Enrollment, 39; Teacher, Kathryn A. Miller;Helper, Katie J. Troyer, R. 3, Middlefield.

JOHNSON SCHOOL, R. 2, Apple Creek, O.; Enrollment, 40; Teacher, Lizzie Ann Nisley.

KIMMEL CHRISTIAN DAY SCHOOL, Hartville, Ohio; Enrollment, 15; Teacher, Lydian Yoder, Nappanee, Indiana.

KNOB VIEW SCHOOL, R. 1, Baltic, Ohio; Enrollment, 32; Teacher, Jonas Nisley

LAKEVILLE PRIVATE SCHOOL, R. 1, Big Prairie,O. Enrollment, 34; Teacher, Ella J. Yoder

LEEPERS SCHOOL, R. 2, Fredericksburg, Ohio; Enrollment, 38; Teacher, Mary E. Yoder

MAPLE GROVE SCHOOL, R. 1, Baltic, O.; Enrollment, 43; Teacher, Gertie Yoder.

MAPLE GROVE SCHOOL, R. 1, Apple Creek, O.; Enrollment, 48; Teacher, Dan Mast

MEADOW BROOK SCHOOL, R. 1, Ashland, Ohio; Enrollment, 30; Teacher, Melvin E. Shrock

MEADOWLARK SCHOOL, Middlefield, Ohio; Enrollment, 28; Teacher, Kathryn L. Miller, R. 1, Box 96, Middlefield.

MEADOW VALLEY SCHOOL, R. 3 , Navarre, O.; Enrollment, 48; Teacher, Eli P. Yoder

NAUVOO COUNTRY SCHOOL, Middlefield, O.; Enrollment, 30; Teacher, Katie Weaver, R. 1, Box 260 B., Middlefield, Ohio

NEW BUNKER HILL SCHOOL, R. 5, Millersburg, O. Louise Kaser, Teacher. Enrollment, 31.

NEWCOMB ROAD SCHOOL, Middlefield, O.; Enrollment, 47; Teachers, Clarence M. Miller, Grades 5-8; Wilma A. Gingerich, Grades 1-4. R. 3, Middlefield.

NORTH BUNKER HILL SCHOOL, R. 5, Millersburg; Enrollment, 30; Teacher, Melvin Kurtz.

NORTHEAST MIDDLEFIELD PRIVATE SCHOOL (Fox Run), Middlefield, Ohio; Enroolment, 51; Teachers, Enos J. Shrock, R. 2, Box 65, Middlefield, Grades 4-8; Katie Fisher, R. 2, Box 103,Middlefield, O., Grades 1-3.

NORTH SIDLING HILL SCHOOL, R. 3, Navarre, Ohio. Enrollment, 35; Teacher, Dan J. Hershberger

OAK GROVE SCHOOL, R. 2, Apple Creek, O.; Enrollment, 29; Teacher, Dan D. Shetler

OAK GROVE SCHOOL, R. 1, Plain City, Ohio; Enrollment, 24; Teacher, Emma Yoder.

OAK RIDGE SCHOOL, R. 1, Baltic, Ohio; Enrollment, 13; Teacher, Amanda R. Miller

PARKMAN PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, Middlefield, O.; Enrollment, 67; Teachers, Melvin M. Hershberger, R. 3, Middlefield, Grades 5-8; Malinda A. Troyer, R. 3, Middlefield, Gr.1-4.

PINE GROVE SCHOOL, Danville, O.; Enrollment, 8. Teacher, Katie J. Miller.

PLAINVIEW CHRISTIAN DAY SCHOOL, R. 1, Plain City Enrollment, 89; Teachers, Adin Gingerich, Mary Lou Gingerich, Mary Troyer, Laura Yutzy.

PLEASANT VALLEY SCHOOL, Middlefield, Ohio; Enrollment, 64; Teachers, Uria R. Byler and Anna M. Burkholder, R. 1, Middlefield.

PLEASANT VIEW SCHOOL, R. 2, Fredericksburg, O. Enrollment, 34; Teacher, Jacob Shetler.

PLEASANT VIEW PRIVATE SCHOOL, R.2, Fredericksburg, O.; Enrollment, 29; Teacher, Esther S. Weaver.

ROCK RIDGE SCHOOL, R. 1, Baltic, O.; Enrollment, 45; Teachers, Amanda Nisley; Fannie Troyer.

SOUTH BUNKER HILL SCHOOL, R. 5, Millersburg, O. Enrollment, 30; Teacher, Raymond S. Weaver

SOUTH HAYES PRIVATE SCHOOL, Middlefield, Ohio. Enrollment, 46; Teacher, Emma J. Miller, R. 2, Box 117, Middlefield.

SOUTH SALTCREEK SCHOOL, R. 5, Millersburg; enrollment, 40; Teacher, Malinda Beachy

SOUTH SIDLING HILL SCHOOL, R. 5, Millersburg, Ohio; Enrollment, 33; Teacher, John S. Weaver.

SPRING BROOK, R. 1, Dundee, O.; Enrollment,41. Teacher, Eli E. Weaver.

STONY POINT SCHOOL, R. 2, Sugarcreek, Ohio; Enrollment, 19; Teacher, Levi M. Yoder

SUNNY SLOPE SCHOOL, R. 1, Shreve, Ohio; Enrollment, 44; Teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer M . Troyer, Holmesville, Ohio

SUNNYVIEW SCHOOL, R. 2, Apple Creek, O.; enrollmenment, 33; Teacher, Anna J. Miller

TROY CHURCH PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, Burton, Ohio; enrollment, 79; Teachers, Levi S. Yoder, R. 2 Box 143, Burton, Ohio, Grades 5-8; Amanda N. Hershberger, R. 2, Box 147, Burton,Gr. 1-4.

VALLEY VIEW SCHOOL, Middlefield, O.; Enrollment 53; Teachers, Ida N. Detweiler, R. 1, Box 198, Middlefield, Grades 5-8; Mary Ann A. Byler, R. 1, Box 203, Middlefield, Gr. 1-4.

WALNUT GROVE SCHOOL, Uniontown, O.; Enrollment, 26; Teacher, Magdalena Otto, Nappanee, Ind.

WEAVER RIDGE SCHOOL, R. 5, Millersburg, O.; Enrollment, 28; Teacher, Elizabeth N. Miller

WOODLAND SCHOOL, R. 1, Fredericksburg, O.; Enrollment, 31; Teacher, Margaret Swartz.

ONTARIO, CANADA

MILLER'S SCHOOL, R. 1, Norwich; Teacher, Daniel L. Stutzman, R. 1, Norwich, Ontario

AYLMER AMISH-MENNONITE, R. 4, Aylmer, Ont.; enrollment, 34; Teachers, Rosemary Wagler; Joseph Stoll, R.R. # 4, Aylmer, Ont., Can.

PENNSYLVANIA

ATLANTIC AMISH SCHOOL, Atlantic, Penna.; Enrollment, 37; Teacher, Miss Ella A. Byler, R. 1, Atlantic, Penna. 16111
BELMONTE SCHOOL, Ronks, Penna.; Enrollment, 45 Teacher, Sarah Beiler, R. 1, Ronks
BLACK ROCK SCHOOL, Mifflintown, Penna. Enrollment, 13; Teacher, Valentine . Petersheim, Mifflintown.
BRICK PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, Christiana, Penna.; Enrollment, 41; teacher, Mary King, R. 1, Christiana, Penna.
CHERRY LANE SCHOOL, R. 1, Lebanon, Penna.; Enrollment, 33; Teacher, Fannie King
CHERRY LANE SCHOOL, R. 1, Ronks, Penna.; Enrollment, 25; Teacher, Mary H. Fisher
CLEAR VIEW SCHOOL,Belleville, Penna.; Enrollment, 36; Teacher, Lydia S. Wengerd
CLEARVIEW SCHOOL, R. 1, Ronks, Penna.; Enrollment, 48; Teacher, Saloma Lapp, R. 1, Ronks Helper, Ida Beiler, R. 1, Ronks, Penna.
FAIRVIEW SCHOOL, (Adams Co.); Enrollment, 36; Teacher, John F. Esh, Littlestown, Penna.
FAR VIEW SCHOOL, R. 4, Lancaster, Penna.; Enrollment, 39; Teacher, Rachel Petersheim
FISHERS' PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, R. 1, Kirkwood, Pa. Enrollment, 38; Teacher, Hannah Stoltzfus.
GOODS SCHOOL, New Holland, Penna.; Enrollment, 33; Teacher, Emma Stoltzfus, R. 1, New Holland, Penna.
GREEN TREE SCHOOL, R. 3, Quarryville, Penna. Enrollment, 38; Teacher, Rebecca K. Fisher
HARRISTOWN SCHOOL, Gordonville, Penna.; Enrollment, 41; Teacher, Sarah Kauffman, R.1, Paradise, Penna.
HAWKESVILLE SCHOOL, R. 5, Lancaster; Enrollment, 41; Teacher, Nancy Esch, R. 5, Lancaster.
HONEYBROOK SCHOOL, Honeybrook; Enrollment,19; Grades 7-8; Teacher, Lydia Fisher, R. 1, Honeybrook, Penna.
INDIAN RUN SCHOOL, New Wilmington, Penna.;Enrollment, 11; Teacher, Miss Anna J. Byler, R. 2, New Wilmington, Penna.
IVA SCHOOL, Ronks, Penna.; Enrollment, 40; Teacher, Rebecca B. Fisher, R. 1, Ronks.
KROUSES SCHOOL,Middleburg, Penna.; Enrollment, 16; Teacher, Isaac J. Yoder, R. 2, Middleburg.
KURTZ VALLEY SCHOOL, Mifflintown, Penna. Enrollment, 22; Teacher, Mollie Renno.
LAUREL RUN SCHOOL, Mifflintown, Penna.; enrollment, 19; Teacher, Lizzie Yoder
MT. VIEW SCHOOL, Belleville, Penna.; Enrollment, 40; Teacher, Rebecca L. Wengerd
NEWPORT SCHOOL, Gordonville; Enrollment, 30; Teacher, Lydia Kinsinger, R. 1, Gordonvlle
NICKEL MINES SCHOOL, Paradise; Enrollment,34; Teacher, Lydia Esh, R. 1, Paradise, Penna.
NORTH PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, Stoneboro, Penna.;Enrollment, 39; Teacher, Mattie E. Byler; Levi M. Miller, Stoneboro, Penna.

OAK GROVE SCHOOL, New Holland, Penna.; Enrollment, 36; Teacher, Mary F. Huyard, R. 1, New Holland
OAK GROVE SCHOOL, Smicksburg, Penna.; Enrollment, 26; Teacher, Martha Byler, R.1, Smicksburg, Penna.
PERRY TOWNSHIP SCHOOL, Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pa. Enrollment, ; Teacher, Rachel J. Troyer.
PLEASANT VIEW SCHOOL, Ronks, Penna.; Enrollment 40; Teacher, Lydia F. Beiler, Box 16, Ronks.
SOUTH PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, Jackson Center, Penna. Enrollment, 44; Teachers, Emma E. Coblentz and Betty J. Byler, Jackson Center, Penna.
SPANGLERS SCHOOL, Myerstown, Penna.; Enrollment, 20; Teacher, Mary Stoltzfus, R. 1, Myerstown.
UNION SCHOOL, Oxford; Enrollment, 36; Teacher, Rebecca Stoltzfus, R. 1, Oxford , Pa.
VALLEY ROAD SCHOOL, Christiana, Penna.; Enrollment, 27; Teacher, Lydia Zook, R. 1, Christiana, Penna.
WAYNESBURG SCHOOL, Belleville, Penna/ Enrollment, 49; Teacher, Catherine Swarey
WHITE HALL SCHOOL, Belleville, Penna.; Enrollment, 37; Teacher, Annie Y. Peachey
ZUVER (No. 8) SCHOOL, New Wilmington, Penna. Enrollment, 51; Teacher, Mrs. Amanda Byler R. 2, New Wilmington

WISCONSIN

GOLDEN WILLOW SCHOOL, Medford, Wisc.; Enrollment, 41; Teachers, Amanda Otto, Gr. 5-8; Katie Borntreger, Gr. 1-4.
HILLSIDE SCHOOL, Medford, Wisc.; Enrollment,31. Teacher, Martha Schmucker
POPLAR GROVE SCHOOL, Medford, Wisc.; Enrollment, 30; Teachers, Emma I. Yoder, Gr. 5-8 Mrs. Fannie Miller, Gr. 1-4.

THE VOYAGE

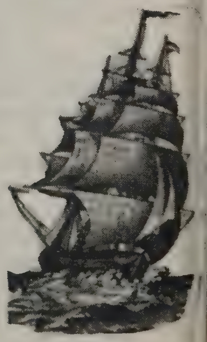
I've never been to sea,
So I don't know much;
But I've wondered long and hard
About sailing ships and such.

I can't understand
How the captains do it,
When the west wind blows,
To sail on through it.

They say the set of the sails
And the man at the rudder
Keep a ship on its course
In any weather.

My sails toward heaven are set
On Life's broad sea;
My Captain once stilled the storm
On Galilee.

- J. S.



THAT DREADFUL BOY

I'm looking for a dreadful boy,
(Does anybody know him?)
Who's leading all the other boys
The way they shouldn't go in.
I think if I could find that boy,
I'd stop what he's a doing ---
A-bringing all the other boys
To certain moral ruin.

There's Tommy Green, a growin' lad,
His mother does inform me,
The way that he is getting bad
Would certainly alarm me.
She feels the blame should rest upon
John Brown -- a recent comer --
For Tommy was a lovely lad
A year ago this summer.

But when I spoke to Mrs. Brown
Her inmost soul was shaken,
To think that Mrs. Green should be
So very much mistaken.
She did assure me Johnny was
As good a child as any,
Except for learning naughty things
From Mrs. Whiting's Benny.

And Mrs. Whiting frets because
Of Mrs. Blackham's Freddy;
She fears he's taught young Benjamin
Some naughty tricks already.
Yet Fred is such an innocent
(I have it from his mother),
He wouldn't think of doing wrong
Untempted by another.

Oh! when I think I've found the boy
Whose ways are so disgracin',
I always find he's someone else,
And lives some other place in.
And if we cannot search him out
He will (most dreadful pity!)
Spoil all the boys who otherwise
Would ornament our city.
- Selected by E.S.

"The Teacher I Remember Best"

- By Susie Hostetler

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series
f essays under this heading. We invite our
eaders to keep the ball rolling by sending in
rticles about the teacher they remember best.
e feel these should be a help to present teach-
rs, as they will thus be able to compare their
ood and bad traits with these remembered
eachers'.)

I was asked to write about one of my teachers.
his sounded like a big order to me, for I would
ay that most of them were of the best. Finally,
fter pondering over it for some time, one seem-
d to stand out more vividly than all the rest.

She was built to be a teacher: of average
eight, stout but not fat, and she carried her
eight well. Her clothes were not fussy, neat-
y pressed, and in good taste. Her snowy hair
espoke her years; although, as we shall see
ater, she was still young in spirit.

The word that best fitted her was broad. She
as broad-minded in many ways; but I am think-
ng more of her broad back, both in the physical
ense and also in the mental. There was some-
hing about the broadness of her back that made
bully cringe in his shoes. In fact, she was
ne teacher who could turn her back to her
harges and still command order. Mentally, her
ack was broad enough to carry all the petty
rievances that students, patrons, and fellow-
orkers loaded upon her.

She was a firm teacher, but very human. Her
ord was the law, and once something was said
we knew it would be carried out. Because we knew this, she did not often need to use severe punishments.

There was one boy in our room who didn't seem to realize this. After some warnings and several sessions of staying in at recesses, one day the teacher drew out of her desk a good-sized paddle. She didn't embarass him by taking him to the superintendent, or make an example of him at the front of the room. She laid him across the desk behind us. We couldn't see what happened, but we heard plenty! He was big, and about fifteen, and this brought him down from his pedestal. After that, there was order.

She was capable of drawing the best out of a child. One time she wanted to enter three of our handwritings in the State Fair for an exhibit. Would she accept our first try? No, I am sure that I must have been asked to do it over at least six times; each time being reminded of a letter or a line that could be improved. My paper won a ribbon, and I know now that the credit belonged as much to her as to me.

She helped us to help ourselves. Her policy was not to isolate us from temptation; rather, to train us to resist it. We were all skeptical the day she moved our desks in groups of three, side by side. Could we keep from glancing on our neighbor's papers? What about whispering? As usual, her idea was proven successful and I am sure most of us gained some self-control as a result of that experiment.

Her interest was ours. She knew how anxious a pupil is to know how he or she has done on a test. In my mind's eye, I can still see her hurriedly checking four of our achievement tests one recess to see which one had the best score.

Above all, she was interesting. Whatever the lesson, the extra thoughts she always added put life into it. It wasn't what we read in the book that we enjoyed. It was the real-life facts she added in class. And then there was no end to the art projects, hobbies, and other activities she was always thinking up. We even took a trip one evening to Perkins Observatory, which has one of the largest telescopes in the world. The lecture they gave and the privilege of looking through the telescope were interesting, and going in the evening was "big stuff" for a sixth grader. She added the spice that made school something to be enjoyed, and remembered. - Plain City, Ohio

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HOME LIFE AND SCHOOL

-By Vernon J. Troyer, Baltic, Ohio

After a busy season of plowing and planting and harvesting the wonderful crops with which we have been blessed in this region, the weather has turned cooler and signs of fall are here.

We received our first issue of the Bulletin the other week, and found it interesting reading. I thought I would write a few lines, although I don't class myself as a writer.

School started a week ago, and things are in order again. But that first morning is always exciting around here. When milking is done, and Father comes walking in to the porch, the first part of the excitement begins. Mother is inside trying to get breakfast, fill five dinner buckets, and answer questions for five scholars, all at the same time.

Some of the remarks that are heard:

"Can we go barefoot?"
"Do we have to feed the calves yet?"
"Where are my shoes?"
"I'm not very hungry."
"We have to watch for the Yoder boys as they want to come early to pick seats."
"I'm so glad we don't have a new teacher."
"Will we have to change clothes this evening?"
"I want to have the big tablet."
"The Yoder boys are coming!"
"Wartet uf mich. Ich kann my hute net finna."

Now they are off, talking and walking as fast as they can, except Eli the first grader. He has to run ten steps, then walk three, then repeat the pattern.

My thoughts go back twenty-eight years ago when I walked that same first mile to the same school house where our dear children are now going. It seems almost like yesterday. It was named "Meadow Valley" at that time. Now, through the efforts of the community, it is "Maple Grove Parochial!" Miss Gertie Yoder is teaching her fourth year there now. There are 42 pupils.

Many things have happened since I walked that first mile. I often think of my schoolmates, and what they did and are now doing after the school years. Some have already passed on to the hereafter. One is leading a drunkard's life.

Let us all try and teach our children the Christian life.

"So wie der Baum fällt, so bleibt es."
- Baltic, Ohio

PARADISE, PENNA.
September 7, 1964.

Greetings,

The pressure is too great; it can not be held any longer. What pressure? The guilty feeling, the urge from friends, that we get so much good from the Blackboard Bulletin, yet do not share our humble talents. We feel it is a worthwhile venture, and a benefit to all who read it, who have a sincere attitude and are minded to have love for the truth. Opportunity knocks daily at the door.

I think the editor does a good job, and would not know where or how to change the set-up. We have in mind to visit in that locality some time.

If we think back how our forefathers were persecuted, and what they endured; how they crossed the mighty waters, and the hardships they had with the Indians; how they worshiped God as they thought right; how William Penn later signed a treaty with the Indians, and still later, how the founding Fathers of our country came up with the Constitution, and how they added an amendment to the Constitution, named the Bill of Rights, providing for free enterprise, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of religion ---- When we consider these things, do we appreciate them to the full extent we should, or do we take too much for granted?

And now we have the privilege of our own church meetings, and vocational and parochial schools. Again, opportunity knocks at the door.

As I sit here and write, we are with the fourteen-yr.-old vocational class here at our old farm house, which had been vacant this summer. We agreed to have them all at one place instead of at the different schools, and have a teacher especially for this class. Christian G. Esh is here to start them off, with the father of each child attending, taking turns according to their age, which also is a privilege unspeakable.

Again opportunity knocks at the door.

Do we give thanks to God for these privileges we have? I often think that if we made a list of what we pray for, and what we give thanks and praise for, which would be the greater? Here is where I fall short, and often wish it would be better. Here again opportunity knocks at the door.

Some may think it is all right to go along with public schools and their activities, but in our estimation it is far better to sacrifice than to compromise with the worldly activities and the modern trend of the world.

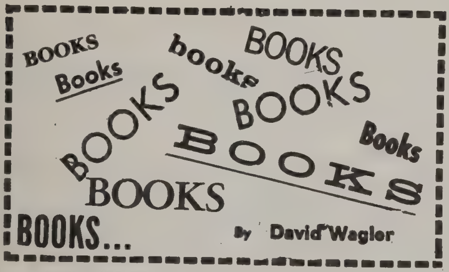
Praise the Lord that four sisters of our faith have opened their hearts to teach our innocent children. They are Mary Fisher, R. 1, Ronks, daughter of the late Noah and Rebecca Fisher, at the recently-built Cherry Lane School; Rebecca Fisher, daughter of Samuel M. Fisher, R. 1, Ronks, at Iva School; Lydia Esh, daughter of Jacob Esh, at Nickle Mines; and Emma Stoltzfus, daughter of Ammon Stoltzfus, R. 1, Bareville, at the recently-purchased Good's School.

Here again opportunity knocks, especially for girls. One young girl remarked that when she grows to womanhood, she wishes to do something worthwhile, something more than to clean other people's dirt away. I wish the blessings of God to these teachers in their undertaking, and hope they make a success of it. What it takes to run a parochial school successfully is the co-operation of the bishops, ministers, church members, committee men, directors, parents, and children.

What would be more pleasing to God than that we could all be of one mind, and work in peace and harmony? Here, once more, opportunity knocks at our door.

Wishing all readers the grace of God, and a better life hereafter.

- John F. Beiler



By David Wagler

ATERIAL FOR THE STORY HOUR

One of the problems of the school teacher is o see that the children have a desire and intrest in attending school. A pupil who goes to chool only because he must, is like a child ho goes to the table without an appetite. You an set before him all kinds of nourishing oods, but chances are they will do him little ood. Such a child is likely to nibble around nd eat the cake for the frosting, but never ouch the meat and solid foods his body needs.

One way to increase interest in school is to ave daily story reading. In many of our parchial schools, ten or fifteen minutes are spent ach morning reading from a Bible Story Book. n the afternoon, a chapter is read from a torybook suitable for children.

There is probably no better way to start the ay than with a Bible story. And again, after he noon hour, a selection from a good story ook can help to get the mind in shape for the fternoon studies.

We would like to suggest a number of books hich we feel are especially suited for school eading. They are starred according to their ating.

Bambi,* a touching deer story, showing man as seen through the eyes of wildlife. 60¢

But Not Forsaken,** a moving story of Russian Mennonite refugees who escaped from oppression to freedom. 85¢

Coals of Fire,** stories of non-resistance. $ 1.75

Heidi, (60¢); Heidi Grows Up, ($2.00); and Heidi's Children, ($2.00) -- adventures of a little girl in the Alps of Switzerland.

Henry's Red Sea,* Hair-raising escape of refugees from the Russian zone of German to South America. $ 1.75

Hidden Rainbow,** the Catholic family Olesh find a new life and a new land in America. A true story. Paperback, $1.20 ; cloth, $2.75

Hive of Busy Bees, ** a collection of stories illustrating how little children ought to bee. 45¢

Lantern in the Window,* of slaves and Quakers and the underground railroad. $2.50

Lassie Come Home, a favorite dog story. paper, 60¢; cloth, $3.25.

Lost in the Big Timber, a collection of stories. 35¢

MAN IN BEARSKIN, *** the mysterious stranger who spoke to no one. A good clean story. Paper, $1.25 ; cloth, $2.50 .

Martyrs of the Catacombs, ** early Christianity. 55¢

Other Side of the Mountain, a little girl in India. 75¢

(over)

Dear Readers, WOLCOTTVILLE, INDIANA

I would like to give some LaGrange County news, and write about our new County Line School. After four weeks of co-operation from many friends, we completed the 28 x 40 one-room building in time for the opening of the school term. It is built of clay tile blocks, and is located 1 mile south and 3½ miles east of Topeka, Indiana. The board members are Henry J. Eash, Perry W. Yoder, and Jacob Mullet.

School opened on September 7, with 28 pupils in grades one to eight, and 6 vocational pupils. Tillie Eash and Mary U. Miller are teaching the flock. It is something new for parents, pupils, and teachers, but if we let God guide us, I think there will be a way through.

We as parents have learned that it is a great task to start our own school, and much Bekümmernis, but with the trend of the world in education advancing so fast, we felt we could no longer go along with it.

I feel the school cannot raise our children alone. We parents have to do our part, too. Then, the school and the church must help. Even then, the best is not too good. So let us pray for each other, and not faint by the way.

In weakness,

- David Petersheim

BULLETIN

Book Shelf

Rosa's Quest, a little girl and her struggles. 35¢

Story Time,* A collection of pointed stories. 45¢

Sunny Hour Stories,* another story-hour book. 45¢

Taught by a Tiger, missionary story of Sumatra. $1.75

Touching Incidents, * answers to prayer. 75¢

Twig the Collie, a dog story. $1.75

Black Beauty,* the horse story. 60¢

Wolf Dog,** a crippled boy and his dog. $1.75

WORTH DYING FOR****, coming before Christmas. Watch the Bulletin for the date when it will be released. A Pathway book.

(The above books may be ordered from the Bookshelf, % the Blackboard Bulletin, R.R. # 4, Aylmer, Ontario, at the above prices prepaid.)

Specials for October

HIDDEN RAINBOW, by Christmas Carol Kauffman. paperback, $1.20; cloth, $2.75. (Special: five copies paperback for $ 5.00.)

DOCTRINES OF THE BIBLE, Kauffman. $3.00 (to Oct 25, only)

FLASH CARDS, 3½ x 6½, heavy. Alphabet, primer words, or phonics. Close-out price, 80¢ box.

WORK BOOKS, Whitman's, "Fun With Words", "Read-Color-Play", "Beginning Arithmetic", or "Fun With Writing" - Close-out price, 30¢ each. "Next Steps in Arithmetic"- 40¢ ea.

Books Not Listed Previously

BACK TO EDEN, hints of all kinds on health.$6.0

AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA, a best-seller. $ 5.50.

MATHEW HENRY'S COMMENTARY of the Four Gospels, $ 6.00.

ROMANS FOR THE FAMILY HOUR, Taylor, 85¢

CHRIST IN ALL THE SCRIPTURES, $2.50.

Price Increases Will Affect the Following Books: (We will sell what we have on hand at the old price listed below.)

THE WOLF DOG, $1.75

MARION'S FAVORITE BIBLE STORIES, $1.50

A HIVE OF BUSY BEES (Out of print at present, but we have secured a good supply, and are selling them at the low price of 45¢ ea.; or 5 for $2.00.)

Order From: THE BOOKSHELF, c/o The Bulletin.

NOTICE: WATCH THE NOVEMBER ISSUE FOR A VERY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT REGARDING THE NEW BOOK, WORTH DYING FOR.

We plan to have a new 1965 catalog ready by the middle of November, listing a large assortment of books. Ask for a free copy, and it will be sent to you as soon as it is ready.

HEALTH HINTS

- By Jonas Nisley
Baltic, Ohio

(Continued from the September issue)

To continue our little story on water, and the good it can do for us in our everyday lives, I will write a few more paragraphs on it.

I well recall that when I was a school boy, the greatest benefit we derived from water was to wash off the dirt from hands and faces. On many a morning, we children got orders to take a washcloth, and soap and water, and really give our necks and ears a scrubbing.

This seems more of a necessity now than it did when I was a boy. The appearance of clean children in clean clothes, all taking their seats when the morning bell rings for classes, gives the teacher an appreciative feeling toward the children and their parents.

Some years ago an Englishman told me they get their water supply from a fairly cold spring near their home. It was fixed up so that the water flowed from a pipe. He said that here there was a nice place for a person to hold a cut or bruised hand or foot under the continual flow of water. This has been the method they have used in treating most of their injuries in the family for many years. If one cut his finger, or stepped on a nail, he would sit by the spring for up to half an hour, and hold the injured member under the flow of water.

It is only natural for the heart to hurriedly start pumping blood to this chilled part of the body, made cold by the steady flow of spring water. This blood would carry the impurities away from the wound, and the process of healing would be quickly started.

Another friend fromI Indiana told much the same story. He said that applying cold water to a sore or wound, then rubbing it briskly, if it is a sore that is not open, as in a case where a ball thrown by a child hits your finger harder than intended, (which happened to me yesterday). He related how his neighbor somehow cut his hand while working in the woods by himself. Snow was at once applied to the injury, until the blood had warmed his hand, and it healed nicely.

Another man, whom I do not know too well, has the following experience to relate. His one small toe had an ingrown toenail, and this was festering. It gave him some pain during the night, and he awoke at three o'clock in the morning, unable to sleep because of the pain.

First, he got up and applied some salve to the sore, but this gave him no relief. He tossed about for an hour, then thought of the spring water cure we mentioned at the beginning of this letter.

He gathered up several carpets from the floor and a few good blankets and pillows, and made himself a cozy bed in the bathtub. He placed his sore left foot under the spigot, turned it open and pulled the plug from the tub drain.

He lay back and pulled the covers well over himself. In less than ten minutes he was sound asleep.

As the clock struck six, he awoke. The foot was still in position, and the water was still running. His toe felt warm and comfortable, as did the rest of his body. The soreness was gone, and with a little further care, it was healed in a few days.

There were two results from this incident. The first was a good result -- a very simple cure for a sore foot. The second was a bad one. This happened on a Saturday night, and he awoke so late, he was not in time for church.

HOW HONEST ARE YOU?

Honesty of heart implies refusal to lie, steal, cheat, or deceive in any other way. A Christian is to be such a person. In Acts 5 we read of the dishonesty of Ananias and Saphira and how the Lord punished them. Genesis chapter 41, records Joseph's rewards for his faithfulness. Daniel, chapters one and two, record that Daniel purposed in his heart not to defile himself and how he was, therefore, greatly rewarded.

A druggist, while filling a prescription, watched his customer put an article that had hung on a display rack into his pocket. Instead of charging a dollar and a half, as he had originally planned, he asked four dollars. Without a complaint the man paid the money, and walked out. A year or so later he returned to the same store and began, "I came in here a year or so ago to have a prescription filled. When I got home I found this article in my pocket. This was the only place I could have picked it up by mistake. I live in the other end of the city and this is the first time I have been able to be back."

With that the man dug into his pocket to pay for what he had taken. The question is: Did he really intend to steal and when he got home suffer a twinge of conscience that after a year's time got the best of him? What about the druggist? He did not hand back the $2.50 overcharge. How honest was he?

Representatives of bonding companies say that more than half the people are dishonest, and would steal if they thought they would not get caught. True honesty is a disposition of soul to deal justly under all circumstances because this is right.

There's a lesson in a certain young fellow's answer when the teacher asked another boy, "Would you tell a lie for three cents?"

"No, ma'm,"replied the youngster.

"Would you tell a lie for ten cents?"

"No ma'am," said the boy.

"Would you tell a lie for a dollar?"

"No, ma'am," was the reply.

"Would you tell a lie for one thousand dollars?"

"My!" he thought to himself. "What couldn't I do with a thousand dollars?"

While he hesitated this certain young fellow behind him said, "No ma'am."

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because the lie sticks. When the one thousand dollars are all gone, and the good things they bought are gone, the LIE is still there just the same."

The inconsistency of man has always wearied God. Jesus said of some in His day, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me." Matt. 15:8. To bring lips and heart together is a constant battle for the Christian. A schoolteacher was a crusader for punctuality in her secular work, but thought nothing of being late or missing from Sunday School where she taught a class, until her eyes were opened. We are stewards of our time, our money, everything we have or do. "... How is it that I hear this of thee? Give an account of thy stewardship..." Jesus demands. Luke 16:2

Many a man has attained to a position of trust because he practiced honesty. When a cowboy that worked for President Roosevelt showed him some cattle he had taken from another man, Roosevelt roared, "You're fired! Any man that will steal for me will steal from me."

The Canadian Pacific Railway reports that out of 8000 inquiries they get from people who have lost things only a half dozen calls come in from people who have found something and want to return it. One of the larger hotels on this continent claims it loses $25,000 a year by the disappearance of towels, wash cloths, vacuum bottles, and pictures off the walls.

Business men appreciate dealing with people that are honest. Honesty in all your dealings builds up your credit rating and promotes other people's confidence in you. Christians need to set an example of being honest. "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." Romans 13:13. "..In all things willing to live honestly." Hebrews 13:18.

You say you are honest: a professing Christian woman who sold her house was also so considered. Later she asked the sister of the purchaser, "Wouldn't you like to become a Christian?"

She replied, "You sold a house with many things wrong with it to my sister. You did not speak the truth."

The woman was deeply convicted and made immediate amends. But her testimony for Christ wasn't very strong because of her dishonesty.

Dishonesty is not confined to buying and selling. Are you guilty of any of the following? Chiseling on your income tax? Not telling the bank when it has overcredited your account? Not paying promptly when your note becomes due? Not making new arrangements in time when you cannot pay? Buying too much on the installment plan? Not telling the storekeeper when he undercharges you for a purchase (thinking the price too high in the first place)? Not trying to trace the owner of an article you have found? As a farm owner, charge exorbitant rent? As an employee, do you steal a minute here, a minute there, of your employer's time? As an employer do you give a fair wage and fair working conditions? Have you made restitution where you have damaged someone else's property? As a businessman, do you charge an exorbitant price, and still remain Christian in your practice; do you know the boundary line between honest earnings and unjust gains?

Do you say you are in the light of God while at the same time doing works of darkness such as: Hating your brother? Not telling the truth on every occasion? Not making amends where you have wronged someone? Being a talebearer, who is seldom strictly honest, distorting the truth? Fond of exaggerating the truth, thereby hewing a crooked line? Saying one thing to one person and another thing to someone else? Breaking a promise? Having robbed God of tithes and offerings?

Do you pay the Most High your vows made to Him on bended knees? Honesty is a test of character. If we fail here our character does not ring true. Our motives, our attitudes, need to be submitted to the HONESTY TEST. If we are not strictly straight in all our dealings with God and man, we need an inward change, for outward things portray the inward man. Again, are you an HONEST Christian? God demands it -- the world expects it -- the rest is up to you.

"..Ye should do that which is honest..." 2 Corinthians 13:7.

-Selected by Joe J. Miller

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CANADA

TIPS TO TEACHERS

For an added boost in singing, try changing the schedule occasionally. Pupils like a chang in routine, and prefer singing just before recess, or right after the lunch period.

- Edwin L. Kuhns

I AM A PUPIL, TOO

I am a teacher -- yet in life's school
I'm but a scholar learning to be
One who follows the Golden Rule
And to live more piously.

You call me "teacher" -- I'm but a child,
Sincerely trying to understand
How to be patient, meek and mild
While giving my commands.

I am a teacher -- yet I must learn
To bend, to love, to pray,
To grow in grace and never spurn
The lesson God gives each day.

-By a Reader, Wilmot, Ohio

The Blackboard Bulletin

An opportunity and a challenge ...

Children and Youth

DECEMBER, 1964 Aylmer, Ontario, Canada VOL. 8; NUMBER 5

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.

THE LESSON I DIDN'T FORGET

Sometimes my father had to resort to stronger measures, but once I remember how he taught me a lesson without saying a word to me.

It must have been when I was about eleven years old. At this age any kind of ideas will pop into a boy's head. I was busy playing near the barn when a cattle buyer, a good friend of my father's, pulled into the lane.

Thinking to make an impression on him, I took a deep breath and said in a dignified way, "________(using my father's first name) is in the barn."

The man frowned at me, and growled, "Do you mean your Dad?"

If ever I wished to do a disappearing act, it was then. But soon my father appeared from inside the barn, and they were busy talking.

"Oh, well," I consoled myself, "anyway I'm glad Father didn't hear it."

A few months later a boy of about my own age who lived several miles away, came to our house one morning with a message from his dad.

"______ sent me over," he said, using his father's first name, "to see if we could borrow your wagon."

After he had left, Mother exclaimed, "Did you ever hear anything so rude? Just imagine, a boy that age using his dad's first name!"

But father was not dismayed. Without as much as a glance at me, he answered, "I suppose it's not so bad. Our children have done the same thing already."

Then I knew. He had overheard me! But he had seen that I was sorry. Needless to say, it never happened again.

- David Wagler, Aylmer, Ontario

Glory to God
in the highest,
and on earth
peace,
goodwill toward men.

A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY

- By Jerome Raber, Montgomery, Indiana

After reading the editor's note in the November issue that someone had intended to write on the topic of youth, I must admit I am guilty.

I think the writers did very well on the subject, so I am still glad I had written to the editor about it, but to keep my promise, I will, (as the Lord leads), write on the subject.

First of all, I feel with one of the writers in the November issue that we can use advice better than give it. Just recently I had a concerned friend of mine remind me that we are at an age of great responsibility. Our second child will soon be out of school, and eight others are following. I fear we can hardly realize the responsibility into which we are growing, but we trust the One who has blessed and intrusted us with children is also willing to lend His helping hand if we seek it.

Wouldn't the Lord be very much grieved with us after having set us as watchers over these living souls, if we then do not do our part in leading them to Him? "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Ezekiel 33:11.

The question has come up at times if it is worth the effort to have our own schools, when at times pupils who attended them turn out bad in later years. How would it be if we would select good clean seed for seeding, then in years to come would mix it with weed seeds?

I have heard a story of two men who each had a parrot. The one had been taught to sing and speak good words; the other had been taught to curse. The man who had the cursing parrot asked to borrow the parrot that sang, so his parrot might also learn to sing. The result was that both parrots cursed.

True, children must sometimes be taught to stand against the evils of this world, but why do we expect them to stand alone? I fear many youths are left too much on their own at about the age of 16 when they need help the most.

The youth get-togethers in many of the larger Amish communities are not what they should be. It seems we have become accustomed to such meetings and think little about it. One youth begins where the other left off and so gradually the situation gets worse. The gap between youth and parents seems to be getting wider. Isn't there any way we could get nearer to our youth?

What would we expect of a school without a teacher? Or of a school where the teacher did not have discipline support from parents? Have we ever heard of parents that would rather believe their youth who try to lie out of an evil, than the truth from a witness?

Those who have had experience in parochial schools know that it takes co-operation from all to make a successful school. How much disturbance one person can cause!

With co-operation there would also be success in getting our youth to better standards. Perhaps the words of Hebrews 10 would help us, if we took them into consideration,

"Let us consider and give attentive, continous care to watching over one another, studying how we may stir up (stimulate and incite) to love and helpful deeds and noble activities! Not forsaking or neglecting to assemble together (as believers) as is the habit of some people, but admonishing -- warning, urging, and encouraging -- one another, and all the more faithfully as you see the day approaching." Verses 24, 25 - Amplified Version.

DEEP IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE

Let us sympathize with those who are deep in the struggle of life, especially those who have chosen to yield all other interests and turn their efforts to teaching school.

Who can stand by dry-eyed, and without a breath of prayer while our teachers are struggling with lessons and discipline problems? In my job of knock-about substituting, I have the privilege of seeing some of their daily problems first-hand. Three different schools in three weeks have provided me with much food for thought.

At the first one I noticed a book the teacher was reading to the pupils in story hour. Knowing some of their former discipline problems, I said, "If you behave real well, I'll read the few chapters that are left to you right after dinner. With behaviour above expectation, story hour soon came.

So the substitute teacher started reading, and read and read, paged back through the book and with a sinking heart, realized his mistake He eyed the clock and read some more, till he was hoarse. It took till recess to fulfil the promise.

MORAL: Be careful what you promise.

The second school was the good old home school, and how I enjoyed it! The third one was new to me, for I had never taught there. A little time was spent in introduction, and we had another enjoyable day. It ended with a peanut scramble for all the good pupils. Yes, they all participated.

But under the surface of these enjoyable days, there was evidence of many problems. How well I remember my own teaching days when problems arose that seemingly had no answers and darkness blotted the path. What was there left to do but creep to a dark and lonely corner and pour out the heart to Jesus? Oh, the strength in the healing balm the ministering angels bring so freely to comfort a bleeding heart! Don't wait too long to unload your burdens if you are deep in the struggle of life.

-- Des Herrn Engel leite und führe euch! --

- Christian G. Esh, Gordonville, Pennsylvania

TOPEKA, INDIANA

Dear Readers,

A greeting in Jesus holy name. I will try to write a few lines for the Bulletin, which I enjoy reading so much. I am not a teacher, but I often drive the "school hack" drawn by two horses, which I enjoy, especially when the children sing.

When a pupil comes home and complains abou the faults of other children, and the parents then ask him to tell his own faults and mistakes, the child will likely be quiet.

Which line describes you?

"Some go to church for just a walk;
Some go to stare, laugh, and talk;
Some go there to meet a friend;
Some their idle time to spend;
Some for general observation;
Some for private speculation.
Some go to sit, doze, and nod,
And some go to worship God."

"Have you made a Christmas list?
Yes, beyond a doubt.
Twill be Jesus' birthday, too;
Will you leave Him out?"

I wish you all a joyous Christmas and a happy New Year.

- Wilma Yoder

- WHAT LIES BEHIND US AND WHAT LIES BEFORE US ARE TINY MATTERS COMPARED TO WHAT LIES WITHIN US. - Selected.

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN is a monthly published at Aylmer, Ontario, Canada, in the interests of Amish schools and homes. Rates: $1.25 per yr.; $2.00 - 2 yrs.; Editor: Joseph Stoll, R. 4, Aylmer, Ont. Secretary-Treasurer: Lydia F. Beiler, Ronks, Penna.

EDITORIAL

CHANGES IN ONTARIO

Ontario is the richest of the ten provinces of Canada. Southern Ontario, with its fertile "black belt" is the heart of Canada's agriculture. Here farmers have a standard of living unsurpassed in Canada's rural areas.

Yet, strangely enough, it is here we find Canada's last stronghold of one-room country schools. The country-side is still dotted with "little red schoolhouses". Our own township has seventeen schools in operation this year, most of them one and two-roomed buildings.

But, the handwriting is on the wall. For years, leading educators have preached consolidation. Some areas have been consolidated, but in many communities there has been strong resistance. School board members have refused to budge.

At length, the officials became impatient with the slowness of the province's rural-dwellers to come around to their way of thinking. Recently, a new law was passed which will in time spell doom for the country schools. Effective Jan. 1, 1965, the smallest area to be allowed in the public school system is a township. Instead of seventeen school districts and seventeen school boards, our township will now have only one.

It is likely the new school board members will soon decide their task would be much simpler if they had only one or two schools instead of seventeen. And the Department of Education will find four or five men easier to persuade than sixty-five or seventy.

Plans for a large new school centrally-located in the township came up for a vote two years ago, and was strongly defeated. Yet everyone admits the issue was only postponed.

With our parochial school, these things affect us only indirectly. Even so, we do not like to see the changes that are coming.

Consolidated schools are the accepted rule in practically every other region of Canada and the U.S.A., and once they are established, the general public soon "looks down" on the one-room school. This can make it uncomfortable for our schools, which, because of their nature, are limited to one and two rooms.

There are advantages in larger schools and graded classrooms, and there are advantages in smaller schools. We do not care to go into detail here, but we are convinced that educators in their prejudice for central schools have greatly overplayed the advantages. In the same breath, they have had much to say of the disadvantages of the small school.

We need have no educational "inferiority complex" because we have only small schools. With dedicated teaching and willing pupils, we need not take a back seat to anyone.

Bur really, this is not our chief concern, nor our real reason for existing. Education is important, but the spiritual welfare of our children is much more important. Without neglecting the one, let us major in the other.

If consolidation makes our schools unpopular, let us remember we are not serving popularity, but the Lord.

- J.S.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS:

This issue has only 12 pages. There are two reasons for this. First, we were short of material. (The November issue was late, and this one is early, to beat the Christmas rush. This did not give the writers much time.)

Second, we've been crowding our budget a bit too closely. But , if material comes in, and more new subscriptions, we'll try to give you 16 pages for your money.

Writers! Let's hear from you. We invite further articles on the youth discussion which was started in November. And, our supply of letters on "The Teacher I Remember Best" is getting low.

Another interesting series could be, "The Lesson I Didn't Forget".

We must have your material by the first of the month in order to make that month's issue.

Because we were short in material, and to announce Pathway's new book, WORTH DYING FOR, we are running part of one chapter to give you an idea what the book is about. We think you will like it. Order now.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

We have come across a few things in past months that we have filed. It seems we don't get around to writing editorials on any of them, so in order to clean out our files before the end of the year, we'll unload them, with only a few brief comments.

A writer by the name of John Schmidt has the following to say in "The Educational Courier".

> " 'The Canadian Family' states that 'it's almost as easy to dissolve a family as it is to wind up a small business.' Working women no longer depend on their fathers or husbands for economic independence. So society pays the high price of

> broken homes, divorce, juvenile delinquency and general dissolution of the family unit."

****

We can't quite accept Horace Coon's reasoning in the introduction to his book, Speak Better Write Better, English.

> "Books and teachers have thrown road-blocks in the way of eager and inquiring minds. These mental blocks must be blasted away. Children should be natural and uninhibited. Let them follow their instincts. If their instincts get them in trouble, well, maybe they will learn something from the experience."

We agree that there may be too many roadblocks where there should be only guideposts. But as for instincts, The Bible says, "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."

Perhaps Mr. Coon knows better by now. Some psychologists, at least, have come to their senses. This is shown by the words of Richmond Barbour, guidance counselor, who says :

> "Psychologists once said we should let our little ones decide for themselves. They scolded us for saying, "No." Theypraised 'permissive parents'. Remember? The psychologists have changed their tune. They watched part of a whole generation of children grow up without discipline. They say the results are horrid!"

****

Here's a quotation from Chesterton that is worth some thought :

> "There are new things and true things, but the new things are not true, and the true things are not new."

****

And, an arithmetic problem that was new to us, stated in this way, but is ever so true:

GOOD — GOD = 0

-J.S.

****

December POETRY

THE SHEPHERDS SEE JESUS

-By Mattie Renno, Grade 6, Mifflintown,Pa.

Once on a time, one frosty night,
The stars were out, and gave their light;
All things were still, 'twas long till morn,
Then little Jesus Christ was born,
'Twas Christmas!

Out in the fields there were some sheep;
They all were still as if in sleep,
When suddenly, off in the night,
The heavens were filled with a bright light,
On Christmas!

Then from the lovely skies, behold,
Came angels from the Saviour's fold.
Their robes were whiter than pure snow,
Their glory made the heavens glow ,
On Christmas!

The shepherds were affrighted much
For, oh! , who would not be at such
A lovely sight off in the sky?
Those glorious angels from on high,
From Heaven!

An Angel said to these low men,
"You'll find in yonder Bethlehem,
A babe behind an inn in a stall,
The Baby is the King of all, --
'Twas Jesus!

The angels sang, then went back home
To worship God before His throne.
The shepherds went to see the Babe,
Who in a manger bed was laid.
'Twas Jesus!

WOULD WE LOVE JESUS MORE ?

If we could see where the Christ-child lay,
And feel the roughness of the hay,
See the shaggy donkey stand by the door,
Tell me, tell me, would we love Jesus more?

If we could hear the innkeeper say,
"My house is full, I must turn you away,"
And if we could see the clothes Jesus wore,
Tell me, tell me, would we love Jesus more?

The angels sang, O, if we could hear
Their voices ring through the night air clear,
Know the shepherd's joy when the song was o'er,
Tell me, tell me, would we love Jesus more?

If we could see the bright, shining Star,
That led the wise men from afar,
See the beams of light touch the Christ-child's door,
Tell me, tell me, would we love Jesus more?

Again we celebrate the Christ-child's birth
With goodies and toys and songs of mirth,
If we could have all the heart wishes for,
Tell me, tell me, would we love Jesus more?

The presents are opened -- the tree's shining bright,
The house is filled with joy and delight,
The toys are scattered all over the floor,
Tell me, tell me, do we love Jesus more?

EVENING THOUGHTS

- By Rebecca Stoltzfus

This evening I sit and think of the past,
Can it be that these years have gone so fast?
Can it be that I'm here at Union the fifth year,
Teaching these children who seem so very near.

How do I teach them? How do I mold them?
Some days it seems all I do is scold them.
These children have tried their respect to show,
As taught by their parents; this I well know.

Quite often it seems these children are mine,
For many I've known all their life time.
Some I have rocked when little babies wee,
Some are my nieces and nephews, you see.

Some are fatherless and some are motherless,
While some have lost a sister so dear.
One child lost a brother; he was taking a ride,
On the swing of a rope; that is how he died.

These children are full of action and glee.
For some their lessons seem easy to be,
While others have trouble with unfinished tasks.
They do over the lesson which they can't seem to grasp.

May the Master on high watch down from above
And give us courage to live in His love.
Awake, dear parents, and pray for us all,
Lest the faults of the teacher cause your child to fall.
- Oxford, Penna.

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EXCERPT FROM A TEACHERS' CIRCLE LETTER

"What a dull thing school would be some days if we couldn't see some progress made! Just when I was about at wits' end with the first grade, they suddenly found out they were in school to learn, and not as ornaments. By the same token, the fifth graders all at once got through their innocent little minds that you have to read geography before you know the answers, and that teacher will not tell them the answers." - U. B.

BOOKS books BOOKS Books BOOKS BOOKS Books BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS...

- By David Wagler

Now that the snow is flying and the evenings are long, this might be a good time to "raum up" the bookshelves. Over the years, it seems, they have a way of accumulating a good many items of little value. Perhaps some books were bought at an auction because they had impressive-looking covers, but we never did read them.

Maybe we borrowed some from a neighbor, and forgot to return them. Or possibly we purchased some from the bookstore which were supposed to be "very good", but they turned out to be rather trashy. The book clubs have a way of recommending sensational books which may actually be degrading instead of upbuilding.

Why not go through your bookshelf and sort out any book that should not be there. They are excellent for getting the fire going in the morning. If that is too painful, pack them in a box and tuck them away in the attic, but be sure they are safe from prying eyes.

Of course, this will leave a vacant space in the bookshelf. So we are offering a variety of books at money-saving prices to fill it again. Now that the fall work is all past, we can get down to business and catch up on the reading we have long wanted to do.

January is one of the biggest months here at the bookstore, and we have a good supply of books just waiting to be wrapped and sent.

The following specials are for readers of the BLACKBOARD BULLETIN only. They will not be good after January 20, 1965. The price in brackets is the American list price.

TRAIL OF THE BLACK WALNUT ($4.95 value)	$4.35
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Unger's Bible Dictionary ($8.95 value)	7.75
Henry and Scott Concise Commentary (5.95)	4.75
MATTHEW HENRY'S COMMENTARY OF THE WHOLE Bible, 1 Vol. ($9.95 value)	8.25
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No. 5 ($1.50)	1.30

One Set Only, Spurgeon's Sermons (Used), in good condition; complete set of 20 volumes, new price $59.00 set; our price only $5.00, plus $3.00 shipping charges.

1 Copy WORTH DYING FOR (Value -$3.00)
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1 new (or gift) subscription, 1 year, to the "Blackboard Bulletin" (value -$1.25)
-TOTAL VALUE - $6.25.

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FIFTY YEARS IN THE MENNONITE CHURCH, Kauffman, like new,	1.0
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Send for new catalog which includes 50 new books not listed in our previous catalog. Abo prices prepaid. Canadian customers, please ad 7%.

Concerning our new book, WORTH DYING FOR, it should be ready to send out on December 18. We believe this is one of the mos worthwhile books we have ever read, for children or adults. An interesting story of the life of the Waldensians, the trial they endured, what they believed, and why. A book you will not want to miss.

Clothbound with jacket - $ 3.00 each
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(Editor's Note: To give our readers a better idea what WORTH DYING FOR is about, we are printing pages 119-123 in the Bulletin. We have greatly reduced the size of the print in order to have the pages fit our columns. Actual page size of the book is something like 5½ by 8½ inches.)

NEW BOOK

Twenty-three

THE STORM BREAKS

Perry Fleming sat with his wife Nancy and the children, Gertrude and Hubert, at the supper table. Clyde, the baby, was sleeping contentedly on his wolfskin bed. Outside the cold wind blew in from the southwest, and there was snow in the air. The first of January had come, and with it winter, in earnest.

"Sounds like a blizzard outdoors," remarked Hubert, shivering as he heard the wind howling around the corners of the cabin.

"Yes," added his father, "I wonder if we appreciate it enough that we have a shelter in which to live, enough to eat, and warm clothes. I am afraid many people are cold and hungry tonight."

"That reminds me," said Nancy worriedly, "I was over to the neighbors this afternoon before it started snowing, and they had heard somewhere that there is a meeting at the lower end of the valley tonight, and the town is full of people."

"That sounds as if there may be trouble ahead for us," Perry said soberly.

"Do you think they will make up stop having meetings?" asked Gertrude.

Her father answered, "I heard last week that some of the clergymen were very much stirred up against our people. It may be that they will cause us serious trouble."

"Oh, Clyde Jeanviller will be there," ventured Gertrude, to reassure her family. "He wouldn't let them hurt us, would he?"

But her father shook his head gravely, "I think he will do all he can to defend us. But remember, he is just human, and there are many people who would rejoice if some accident befell him."

At bedtime the family knelt in prayer. Perry made a special petition for the government, that God would use them only to fulfil His will. After the others had retired and were sound asleep, Perry sat thinking. He had often spent hours praying to God while he was in the army camp, seeking to know His will. Many had been the trials he had faced.

Now, as he wondered what lay in the future, the past twen years of his lifetime seemed to parade past his eyes. How ma times persecution had threatened! Yet God had always inte vened. He could just as easily intervene this time. Did n Solomon say that the heart of the king is in the hands of G and He directs it where He wills? Surely God could prote His own from mere men.

But it occurred to Perry that perhaps it was not God's w this time to prevent a persecution. It seemed their group had b come more and more self-satisfied as the years passed, and t fervent love they previously had for one another had cool Years ago when persecution had been heavy, each one had tak his faith seriously, and was busy working in the Lord's vir yard. The church had grown in numbers and in zeal. B when persecution had lessened, they had begun to lose th things.

Perry thought of the church at Jerusalem. God had scatter it by sending a persecution. True, the church lost some of members, but others went everywhere preaching, and carri the Gospel to the whole land. As a result, the church w scattered, but many thousands received true salvation and w baptized. A few lives had been lost, but many souls had b saved. The words of Jesus came to Perry's mind, "He t loseth his life for my sake shall find it, but he that seeketh save his life shall lose it."

At noon the following day a lone soldier came riding to door of Perry's cabin. He summoned Perry outside, and grav read the edict which had been passed.

> "Be it hereby known that every member of that f sect known as the Waldensian is commanded to app before the burgomaster at ——, within three days of reading of this edict; and shall there solemnly swear un oath that he will from henceforth and for the remain of his life, regularly attend holy Mass; and will do within his power to have his children also in attenda
>
> "Any person who obstinately refuses to take this o of allegiance to the holy mother church, be it known

> his property, goods, and chattels will immediately be confiscated, and he and his house will be put to the sword, as is a fit death for all such heretics."

"Did you understand what I read?" asked the soldier.

"Yes," spoke Perry with bowed head, "I understood it."

Then the soldier was off, proceeding on his errand, stopping at possibly a dozen places, and instructing them to send the word around.

At first the Waldensians could scarcely believe what they had heard. Surely, there must be a mistake. The only course left to them would be to flee to the mountains. This, in the dead of winter, would be tragedy.

As soon as darkness fell, messengers were sent to Colonel Clyde Jeanviller, to see if the edict was authentic. When they arrived, both Clyde and his wife were in tears. Yes, it was true. He had tried to save them, but his own life was threatened. Certain of the agitators had discovered that Clyde was hiring one of the Waldensians and openly accused him of being a Waldensian himself.

"But I will keep trying," promised Clyde. "Maybe they will relent, or change their minds."

"Thanks for all you have done for us," spoke up Perry, who was one of the party. "We will leave it all in God's hands. May His will be done. If it is not His will to spare us this time, then all our efforts will be of small avail."

"I certainly dread to see you go," sympathized the Colonel. "Isn't it terrible that anyone should be so hard-hearted as to drive you away in the middle of winter?"

"We will let God be the judge," Perry said, gravely. "Each one of us must give account of his own deeds."

"Yes, I know. But it is not right that this should happen to people like you."

They turned to go. Then Perry stopped, and turned to Clyde, "Clyde, if you believe we are right, why don't you go with us?"

"That is a good question," answered Clyde, somewhat at a loss what more to say. "I will consider it further."

It was sad news they had for the little group which had gathered to await their return. There seemed to be no escape, no choice but to flee. Thoughts turned toward preparations for the departure. Tomorrow would be the second day. On the morning of the third day they must start.

The strong and healthy among them would stand a good chance of getting across the mountain, were they to go alone. But the strong must bear with the weak. There were old people among them and a few were sick.

However, most of them were healthy, as they had lived their lives in the fresh country air. Their food was simple and substantial. They were accustomed to hardship and labor. Even the women worked in the fields.

But common sense told them it would take a miracle to keep the weaker members from a snowy grave on the mountain. Strong men in summer might make the journey in four or five days. But this was winter, and the snow on the mountains was deep. With their infants and aged, their sick and their weak ones, they would require at least two or three weeks to make the crossing.

Like Israel of old, they decided that all should go, and no one be left behind. It would be better to die on the journey, than to deny the faith. If their faith were worth living for, it would be worth dying for.

Many were the problems that had to be faced, and the decisions that had to be made in so short a time. Take, for instance, the case of great-grandmother Putney, already in her eighties, and scarcely able to walk a mile when the walking was good. Because of her age she was often cold when others were warm. She had, in her lifetime, already endured two periods of persecution.

Sickness and death she had seen before, and suffering. She had helped to comfort the aged and infirm. Once when she had been but a young girl, she had seen one of the Waldensians mercilessly burned at the stake. She could never forget that touching incident, and it had led her on the search for the true light. Who would go now, and tell her that tomorrow they must leave and go over the mountain?

But great-grandmother Putney was far-sighted. Not in her natural eyesight, but in her spiritual insight she could see things afar. Hers had been a busy life in the service of her Master, and when she heard the news she rejoiced. Was not death the door to eternal glory, and now there would be only one more river to cross. Yes, great-grandmother Putney was ready to start on her journey.

But Grandfather Heinrich, not quite seventy, and muscular and strong above the average, presented an altogether different problem. Strong in body, but weak in mind due to a severe illness, he had been quite a problem to care for at home. Now, who would convince him that it was necessary to make such a trip, if he were unable to understand it? If he chose not to go, who would compel him?

Those who were strong in the faith could better endure their own misfortunes than the suffering of their loved ones. Especially heartrending would be the cries of the little ones when they became cold and hungry. Previously, the Waldensians had thought they had many problems, but now only one subject was on their minds.

What should be done with the two pneumonia cases? After several enquiries among sympathetic neighbors, one couple agreed to take care of them as long as they could. But the sick persons asked to be taken along, so it was decided to put them on sleds rather than leave them behind.

The second day was spent in counseling what should be done. Some favored going over the mountain to where the Dobberstens lived, but it was a higher mountain, and the majority favored going in a southwestern direction. Several suggested taking a roundabout way which would be around the mountains instead of over them. But this would be much farther and they would need to cross hostile Catholic territory. So it was not considered advisable.

Next was the problem of what supplies to take along. Goats would be taken along for their milk, and also a few sheep. Donkeys were needed to carry the supplies, and dogs would help pull the sleds. Axes and blankets, skins and a large quantity of food, and many other items would be loaded on the sleds, or on the donkeys. Chickens and lambs were dressed for meat. Wheat and barley were taken, for they could be chewed raw, but potatoes and vegetables were of no value, for they would freeze.

Several of the Waldensian leaders spent the day pleading with the authorities, trying to persuade them to withdraw their threats. But their efforts were fruitless, although they did consent to a public hearing on the afternoon of the third day. It was decided that three men would stay to negotiate further, while the remainder would take their departure early in the morning. Should the persecutors become more lenient, the travelers could easily be overtaken, and directed to return. Perry was one of those chosen to stay, as it was thought the house of Jeanviller would afford him some protection.

Early on the morning of the third day, the group gathered to depart. There would be about fifty families taking part in the exodus. Five families had decided on the roundabout route, but not without hope of reuniting.

Perry prepared his family for the journey, and fastened the provisions on the donkey. The parting was hard, but not without hope of reuniting.

"Let us be brave," he admonished his family, "remember, we are not our own, so let us serve Him who has bought us with a price. If we are true to Him, then nothing can separate us from the love of God. If we never meet again this side of heaven, then let us commit our souls into the hands of an all-knowing, all-powerful God, who is able to keep us and to present us spotless before the Throne."

Perry further instructed his family to take good care of themselves, and especially of little Clyde.

"If we live, and it is the Lord's will," he assured them, "we will overtake you within a few days. Goodbye until we see you again."

EXCERPTS FROM A TEACHERS' CIRCLE LETTER

"It seems everyone has the opinion that being a teacher is a most unpleasant job, because they don't like to have parents talking about them. That is one thing I often feel helps us. If we are criticized, then we can see our mistakes. Of course, I think it should be done in a friendly way, not behind our backs." - Amanda Byler

---

TRY, TRY AGAIN

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear;
Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we do not win the race.
What should we do in such a case?
Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again;
All that other folks can do,
Why with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view --
Try, try again.

-Selected by Ruth Anderson, Sunnyslope School, Holmesville, Ohio.

CHILDREN NEED GUIDANCE AND DISCIPLINE

-By Richmond Barbour,

DON'T be too easy with your children. Too soft, too forgiving. You can't let them have their way all the time. They lack judgement. They must have your guidance and discipline.

Psychologists once said we should let our little ones decide everything for themselves. They scolded us for saying, "No." They praised 'permissive parents'. Remember?

The psychologists have changed their tune. They watched part of a whole generation of children grow up without discipline. They say the results are horrid.

Be sure your children know what is right and what is wrong. Tell them clearly, over and over again. When they make mistakes, let them know you disapprove. When the mistakes are repeated deliberately, don't be afraid to punish them. Always use the mildest punishment that'll do the trick. Save your spanking for their few most serious offenses. When they behave well, praise them. For especially good performances give them reasonable rewards.

As your children grow older, give them more freedom. Let each one have all the independence he can use safely. Be fair, but don't try to treat them all alike. They're different. It's surprising what good judgement some children have. Others are the opposite. Guidance is an individual proposition.

Try to be consistent. Don't make the mistake of praising a smart-aleck stunt one day, and punishing it the next. What was bad last month should be bad next month, too.

Sometimes you'll disagree with your spouse about discipline. Try to talk things over privately. Work out compromises. You should stand together. Good luck!

-From the Lancaster, Penna. "Intelligencer-Journal"; Selected by Mrs. C. S. Zook.

THE CHURCH WALKING WITH THE WORLD

(This poem is so widely known that there are very few people who have not read it before. But it is worth reading again. Are public schools one way the world has succeeded in getting the church to walk with it hand in hand?)

"Can two walk together except they be agreed? Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." 1 Cor. 6:14.

1.

The church and the world walked far apart
On the changing shores of time.
The world was singing a giddy song,
And the church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," said the merry world
"And then walk with me this way."
But the good church hid her snowy hand,
And solemnly answered, "Nay."

2.

"I will not give my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you.
Your way is the way of eternal death,
And your words are all untrue."
"Nay, walk with me a little space,"
Said the world with a kindly air.
"The road I walk is a pleasant road
And the sun shines always there."

3.

"Your way is thorny, narrow, and rough,
While mine is flowery and smooth;
Your lot is sad with reproach and toil,
But in rounds of joy I move.
My way you can see is a broad fair one,
And my gate is high and wide.
There is room enough for you and me,
And we'll travel side by side."

4.

Half shyly the church approached the world
And gave him her hand of snow,
And the false world grasped it and walked along,
And whispered in accents low,
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste,
I have gold and pearls to wear;
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."

5.
The church looked down at her plain white robe
And then at the dazzling world,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lips
With a smile contemptuous curled.
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the church, with a smile of grace.
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the world gave in their place

6.
Beautiful satins, and fashionable silks,
And roses and gems and pearls,
And over her forehead her bright hair fell
And waved in a thousand curls.
"Your house is too plain," said the proud world,
"Let us build you one like mine.
With kitchens for feasting and parlors for play,
And furniture ever so fine."
So he built her a costly and beautiful house,
Splendid it was to behold.

7.
Her sons and daughters met frequently there,
Shining in purple and gold,
And fair and festival frolic untold
Were held in the place of prayer.
And maidens bewitching as sirens of old
With world-winning graces rare,
Bedecked with fair jewels and hair all curled,
Untrammeled by Gospel or law,
To beguile and amuse and win from the world
Some help for the righteous cause.
The Angel of mercy rebuked the church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin,"
Then the church looked sad, and anxiously longed
To gather the children in.

8.
But some were away at the midnight ball,
And others were at play.
And some were drinking in gay saloons,
So the angel went away.
And then said the world in soothing tones,
"Your much-loved ones mean no harm,
Merely indulging in innocent sports."
So she leaned still on his proffered arm;

9.
And smiled, chatted, and gathered flowers,
And walked along with the world,
While countless millions of precious souls
Were hungering for truth untold.
"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay world with a sneer.
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales,
Which I do not like to hear.
They talk of judgement and fire and pain
And the doom of darkest night,

10.
They warn of a place that should not be
Thus spoken to ears polite.
I will send you some of a better stamp,
More brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will show how men may live as they list,
And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful, great, and good,
Loving, tender, and kind;
Do you think He'd take one child to heaven
And leave another behind?"

11.
So she called for pleasing and gay divines,
Deemed gifted and great and learned,
And the plain old men that had preached her the cross,
Were out of her pulpits turned.
Then Mammon came in and supported the church,
And rented a prominent pew,
And preaching, singing, and floral display
Soon proclaimed a gospel new.
"You give too much to the poor," said the world,
"Far more than you ought to do.
Though the poor need shelter, food, and clothes,
Why thus need it trouble you?

12.
Go take your money and buy rich robes,
And houses and carriages fine,
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
The rarest and costliest wine.
My children they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in their way,
The flowery way they're in."

13.
Then the church her purse-strings tightly held
And gracefully lowered her head,
And whispered, "I've given too much away,
I will do, sir, as you have said."
So the poor were turned from her door in scorn;
She heard not the orphans' cry,
And drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows went weeping by.

14.
And they of the church, and they of the world,
Journeyed closely hand and heart,
And none but the Master who knoweth all
Could discern the two apart.
The church sat down at her ease and said,
"I'm rich and in goods increased,
I have need of nothing and naught to do,
But to laugh and dance and feast."
The sly world heard her and laughed within
And mockingly said aside,
"The church has fallen, the beautiful church,
Her shame is her boast and pride."

- Selected by Mrs. G.E.M.

PARENTS! GO VISITING! WHERE?

Friendly greetings at Christmas time.

As this little paper is published in the interests of our schools, many parents will readily realize with a glance at the title, what we intend to write.

Fathers, you will all agree with me; when a problem confronts us at home in the family, and we try to talk to the children, a few touching words from Mother will serve as a happy "Amen". All kinds of problems regularly confront us teachers, with our one large family of school-age children, representing six to twelve, and even more, separate families. If you come to school occasionally to visit our family, and enjoy the day with us, you will never fully realize what this is worth to the school.

When you parents tell us teachers that you want your child to behave in school, and we are to keep order as we see fit, you are helping us out wonderfully. Now, if you also decide to pack your own lunch, let's say once in every two months, and come along to school to help us sing, to look through the books and lessons, to show your interest in a game at recess, to help the children draw pictures on the blackboard, to do the many other little things that touch the heartstrings of young children, ---then you are helping us out even more. And as you try to keep pace with the children on the homeward trip, you will not realize how much your visit has been to the school.

While you are visiting school, try to let the children and the teacher know the things you appreciate. And also mention the things which you notice that could be improved.

In the evening, after your day's visit in school, tell the whole family at the supper table about it. Tell them how much you enjoyed yourself, and promise them that within a given length of time, you will again go with them to visit school. And keep the promise.

I had a letter from a friend in Indiana recently. He has children attending a parochial school. He wrote that one of the greatest shortcomings of our school system is that the parents do not visit the classrooms enough.

If you don't have time, don't worry about that. Just set a day and go. All of you fathers and mothers know that the Good Book says, "Trachtet am ersten nach dem Reich Gottes, und nach seiner Gerechtigkeit, so wird euch solches alles zufallen."

To my simple way of thinking, the above suggestions are worth much more than an armful of toys carried out of a shopping center, as so many parents are doing at this time of year. Before the year is past, most of these toys and gifts will be forgotten, but what yo do for your child in the way of the above suggestions will stay with them a lifetime.

We teachers realize you will be getting n pay in dollars and cents to come visit us in school. But the Bible reference given above will again nicely take care of that, I firmly believe.

All the teachers I have talked to thus fa have expressed their appreciation of visito in school, especially if they are parents. Several weeks ago an aged grandfather came t visit us in school. He was welcomed as a ve special guest, especially by his grandchildr as you may well suppose.

Years ago when our older children were i public school, I made them several visits. was humbled by the way they welcomed me. Ou pleasant conversations gladdened my heart, a as I sat there and listened to the children their classes, at least some idea of what a teachers carry was given me. Now, for the p thirteen weeks, I can more fully realize wha is like.

In conclusion, I will say this. If pare do these two things, suggesting that I keep er as I see fit, and then come to visit us i school, --- it is much easier to talk openly to the children as a father talks to his son I have had several occasions to do this.

We greatly feel the need of all your pra ers, and are like-minded in our weakness.

- Jonas Nisley, Baltic, Ohio

* * *

"The Teacher I Remember Best"

It was one of those sultry spring mornings. The sunbeams flooded the room with warmth. While bees hummed in the big oak by the schoolhouse, the birds flew twittering by. This was the type of morning that had special effect on our teacher, Mr. B.

There were 22 of us in our one-room school and reading classes were in progress. Fifth grade was called, and we took five seats. Each was asked to read in succession. Ernie's turn came; he began reading in his sing-song voice. He was a fast reader and thinking quickly was his way.

Several pages were read. We looked up expectantly to have our recitation ended. No response from Mr. B.

Silence throughout the room.

The teacher was sleeping with his head propped on his left arm!

Paper wads flew, whispers and giggles filled the room. Quick-witted Ernie leaned over to whisper his plan. He turned several pages and continued reading, faster than ever. Page after page he read, sneaking looks at Mr. B. now and then for his awakening. All the while he skipped more and more pages, reading snatches only here and there, yet t droning voice never ceased.

Mr. B. finally did wake, to be dumfound when he saw where Ernie was reading. We co barely contain ourselves when we saw Mr. B frustration. Meekly he asked, "Which page, please?" He never questioned our honesty.

This was not the first time Mr. B. had slept in class. During the winter months, stale schoolroom air overcame him almost da

Because of this and other incidents, th grew a feeling of resentment among the students.

Imagine our excitement when we learned following term would bring Mrs. W. to our school. We knew through others that she w interested in her work. One could just f the sparks of interest in the room as she gan lessons in creative arts, weaving, kni ting, crocheting, finally stencil painting

Lessons were done in a hurry when we k spare moments could be spent learning new things to do and make. There is a vague m ory that she offered audible prayer with us on several occasions, though not daily. It left us with a feeling that she had something more than ordinary.

-Mrs. Samuel (Ruby) Miller, LaGrange, Ind.

One of the teachers I remember well was John P. Elder, who taught about the year 1905 or 1906. He was a very kind and good-natured man, and had a fancy for writing. He had a neat and attractive handwriting, every letter in place and on the line.

I remember how he would sit in the seat with me, his arm around my shoulders, and say, "Hold your pencil like this, and make marks like this, some tall and some just half as tall, all nice and uniform."

I was only ten or eleven years old, and of course, mine were not even like his. I would give up, saying, "I can't."

He kept on till the end of the term. I kept on saying, "I can't," so I am still writing those uneven lines and letters.

The word CAN'T seems to make a failure out of anything. Nobody will ever know how many times in my life I have wished that gentle and good-natured teacher would have reinforced his words with a "board of education", and said to me, "Do not tell me again you can not, but sit up and take notice."

With our schools as we have them, I think we have a great opportunity and privilege to teach the important things of every day life. I still remember that teacher as a good and well-meaning teacher, willing to do his part; but I was the boy, not caring much for a good start. Too bad.

- Menno A. Diener, Arthur, Illinois

BALTIC , OHIO
NOV. 9, 1964.

Dear Friends,

In our school, fall is usually chosen as the season for a picnic. Not much coaxing was heard from pupils until one day a fourth grade girl asked, "Teacher, don't you think it would be nice to have a picnic while the leaves are still pretty and the weather is just right to play Gray Wolf? I listened closely while her classmate stood by her side, wondering what I would answer.

I told her I had thought of going the next Friday, but we would just eat our lunches instead of roasting wieners as at other times.

What a cheer was heard when the picnic was announced. In addition to our lunches, we had apples, pop corn, peanuts, and fresh cider. After we had eaten, we sang a few songs, and it was time for that wonderful game among the trees, Gray Wolf.

Yes, how carefree and vigorous all thirty-six are, some as sly as Indiana, doing their best in the game. What will they face in the future, I wondered.

We had visitors from three different schools this fall. I asked the pupils, "Would you be interested in visiting other schools one day soon?" The majority of the pupils shouted, "Sure, we'd like to go."

It was decided the sixth, seventh, and eighth graders would go, numbering fifteen. The morning finally came. I couldn't sleep very well the night before for fear of oversleeping. I lay awake from 4:00 O'clock. When I told them this, two eighth grade girls said, "So did I."

"You may take your mitts, two bats, and a ball. Maybe we'll stop by Anderson School and play ball at noon. They chose the two best bats, and raced about, asking questions, for this was the first time we had ever visited other schools.

"What do their schools look like?"

"Which school is first?"

"Where do we play ball?"

"Where do we eat?"

"Yes, there it is, South Bunker Hill School," First on our schedule, it is a very nice school. How many schools are there back here? It would take a week to visit them all.

Next was Anderson, but they had no time, so we substituted with Brown School. Their teacher asked the two eighth grades and the two seventh grades to compete in arithmetic on the blackboard.

After lunch, five innings of ball were played. Freezes School was next, where we saw some fine artwork, and a clean school. Where next? "We do not want to miss stopping at Miss Kaser's school, for they've been at our school twice this fall, and we want to play just a few innings of ball," was heard from many sides.

I gave in. Miss Kaser's school was reciting history when we arrived, so we listened. After class, they played ball for twenty minutes. Time to go now!

"Is this all of it? It's not late yet." I was wondering if the driver could keep up with us, when at that moment he handed me a book and asked me to write the names of the schools we had visited, the teachers' names, and the ball game scores and home runs at Brown School. It was then that I realized that he enjoyed it also.

The next morning bright and early, I could hear the pupils talking about the past day's events as they came into the schoolhouse. Questions were still being asked, but this is only natural for children.

I decided that while the news was still fresh, it would be a good time to ask the pupils to write a report on the day's happenings for English class. After a few words of encouragement, they nodded their heads. Usually, you are amazed at the work you find.

How about visiting schools, parents? This holds the rim tighter on the wheel as it revolves.

When teachers feel the hill is too steep and rugged, they can ask the parents to help them. We can be thankful for this opportunity.

When a slow learner hands in a fair paper, write a compliment on it before returning it. Chances are his next lesson will be better. (We have to know which are slow-learners and which are don't-care pupils, though.) Don't wait until the work is very good to let him know .

-A humble teacher, Mary Ann Beachy

BALTIC, OHIO
THANKSGIVING DAY, 1964

Dear B. B. Readers,

I have decided to write a few lines for the Bulletin while my mind is on the subject of thanksgiving. We see the world about us hardly giving any real thought to what true thanksgiving is. How do we as Christian people spend this day? Do we use part of the day in fasting and praying, and then the rest of the day in hunting, in sports, or the like? We have much indeed for which to be thankful.

Zu Albert Dueck: Ich bin einig wegen Männer für Lehrer. Aber die Frauen haben einen Kinder Liebe dasz die Männer nicht haben.

While reading an old story book about school, I came across a few paragraphs which might be of interest to the Bulletin readers:

"Now, boys,' he said in a quiet voice, 'a few words before we begin. I am here to teach, and you are here to learn. As your Master I expect prompt obedience. I shall look to see each of you to do your best to acquire the knowledge which your parents have sent you here to obtain. Above all, I shall expect that every boy here will be straightforward, honorable, and truthful.

"I shall not expect to find that all are capable of making equal progress; there are clever boys and stupid boys, just as there are clever men and stupid men, and it would be unjust to expect that one can keep up to the others; but I do look to each doing his best according to his ability. On my part, I shall do my best to advance you in your studies, to correct your faults, and to make useful men of you.

"One word as to punishment - I do not believe that knowledge is to be thrashed into boys, or that fear is the best teacher. I shall expect you to learn, partly because you feel that as your parents have paid for you to learn it is your duty to learn, partly because you wish to please me. I hope that the cane will seldom be used in this school. It will be used if any boy tells me a lie, if any boy does anything which is mean and dishonorable, if anybody is obstinately idle, and when it is used it will be used to a purpose, but I trust that the occasion for it will be rare."

Here is a tip from the teacher I remember best. We had a little trouble remembering what a verb is. So he drew a big V on the blackboard and said, "If you would slide down one side and climb up the other, that would be action." That made it clear.

"O, dasz ich könne ein Schlosz an meinen Mund legen und ein festes Siegel auf mein Maul drücken: dasz ich dadurch nicht zu Falle käme, und meine Zunge mich nicht verderbete." Sir. 22, 33.

- Melvin E. Hershberger

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THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN
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CANADA

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

Christmas means that thoughts should dwell
  On Christ, the Light, the Life,
How He came to dwell on earth
  That nations cease from strife.

It means to think of a manger low
  And a humble bed of hay,
For 'twas not in a mansion here
  Wherein the Christ-child lay.

It means to think of wise men
  Who traveled from afar,
To find our Lord and Saviour;
  They were guided by a star.

And there was Mary, His mother;
  Humble, submissive was she;
And Joseph, His earthly Father, --
  The Holy Nativity.

Close by upon the hillside,
  An angel in shining light
Descended to tell the shepherds
  That Christ was born that night.

And I think of the chorus of angels
  Who joined in the tidings sweet,
Of peace, and good-will to mankind
  (And such the believers meet).

Christmas means no earthly pleasure
  Which leaves the heart empty and cold,
But the Spirit -- that Christ is with us,
  Guiding, as His star of old.

-Sarah M. Weaver, Wilmot, Ohio

The Blackboard Bulletin

Children and Youth

An opportunity and a challenge . . .

JANUARY, 1965 Aylmer, Ontario VOL. 8; NUMBER 6

WHAT ETERNITY WILL BE WITH CHRIST

- HEAVEN -

Heaven, the home of mansions fair,
Here are some things that will not be there:
No sin can enter the portals fair,
The vile and unclean shall not be there;
No sickness, no death, suffering or pain,
No devil, no demons can entrance gain;
No darkness, no night, nor any despair,
No cares or heavy burdens to bear;
No disappointment in that fair land,
No tears or sighs on the Golden Strand;
No fear or evil our peace to annoy,
Nothing to hurt, mar, or destroy;
No heartache or grief, no, not a trace
Will ever be found in that Holy Place.
Yea, fairer than mortals here have known,
Are the things God hath prepared for His own.

Heaven, the place so wondrously fair,
Here are some things that will be there:
God's throne where the glorified prostrate fall,
Jesus, the Saviour, the fairest of all;
Saints of all ages, lovers of God,
All who have been washed in Jesus' Blood;
Loved ones and friends, dear to the heart,
Will meet in that land, nevermore to part;
Children of all kinds will be seen
Joyful and happy on swards of green,
Amid the flowers that never fade,
Gorgeous colors of every shade;
The River of Life, and streets of gold,
Oh, the beauties of Heaven can never be told;
Such music and singing on earth is not heard,
Nor can be described by pen or word;
The Tree of Life, with trees blooming fair,
All manner of fruit will be found there;
Perfect love and perfect rest,
Companionship with all the blest;
Perfect peace, freedom from strife,
Everlasting joy, eternal life;
Yea, more than mortals here have known,
Are the things God hath prepared for His own.

WHAT ETERNITY WILL BE WITHOUT CHRIST

- HELL -

Hell, the prison house of despair,
Here are some things that will not be there;
No flowers will bloom on the banks of hell,
No beauties of nature we love so well;
No comforts of home, music and song,
No friendship or joy will be found in that throng;
No children to brighten that long dreary night,
No love or peace, nor one ray of light;
No blood-washed souls with face beaming bright,
No loving smiles in that region of night.
No mercy, no pity, pardon nor grace,
No water, O God, what a terrible place;
The pangs of the lost no human can tell,
Not one moment's ease, there is no rest in hell.

Hell, the prison house of despair,
Here are some things that will be there:
Fire and brimstone are there, we know,
For God in His Word hath told us so;
Memory, remorse, suffering, and pain,
Weeping and wailing, but all in vain;
Blasphemers, swearers, haters of God,
Sinners who refused to be washed in the Blood.
Lovers of pleasure more than of God,
Christ-rejecters who here on earth trod;
Murderers, gamblers, drunkards, and liars,
Will have their part in the Lake of Fire;
The filthy, the vile, the cruel and mean;
What a horrible mob in hell will be seen!
Yea, more than humans on earth can tell,
Are the torments and woes of eternal hell.

(Our only Hope of escape is through the Blood of Jesus Christ)--- For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16.

- Author Unknown; Selected by Mrs. Sylvia Raber, Montgomery, Indiana.

THEY, TOO, ARE HUMAN

- By Ruth Williams,

So young, so sweet, so innocent, they leave their homes to face the cold and staring world. No more can Mother watch over them all day long, no longer will she hear and see all of their difficulties, for they are starting to school. They are entering a new and different life, the world of reading, arithmetic, and spelling.

They must learn the rules of the school and the consequences of misbehaving. They learn to be laughed at and to have good times at play. These, and a host of other things, their little brains must absorb. And teachers sometimes become discouraged because they aren't learning more!

Sometimes there is a reason for this discouraged feeling, but sometimes it would be helpful to sit down and take an honest inventory of what ythe young minds behind those innocent wondering eyes have remembered. When adults are adjusting to very different circumstances, they don't usually find learning as easy as it normally is. Can we expect more of children?

Most of us want children to learn all they can as fast as they can, but let's remember that they, too, are human. Here again, patience and courtesy are the keys to smoother learning operations.

- Myerstown, Pennsylvania

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS
Dec. 27, 1964.

Dear Readers,

A greeting in Jesus· holy name.

I have read with interest the Blackboard Bulletin for some time. I see the problems the teachers have in the classrooms are similar to the ones we have in the family and church, and also with youth. I have been asked to write on the topic of youth. As the Lord leads, I will, in my great weakness, write a few lines.

Our youth problems are much talked about and much written about, but let us ask ourselves, --- What have we done about it? First, we must pray for God's help. We as parents must realize he has entrusted them to us, not to someone else. Are we willing to do our share, or do we too much look for someone else to take care of our youth problems?

I have seen where parents were afraid to take care of their responsibilities, for fear their children would not be so well thought of. We must not forget, if we are ashamed to take care of our responsibilities our Saviour will also be ashamed of us. An old saying is all too true among us, "The parents are the last ones to find out what their children have done and are doing, and also, the last ones to believe it, when they do hear it."

There is just no group of people on this earth that doesn't need "discipline", be it in a home or church or elsewhere. How can we expect a child of 16 or so, without discipline, to not go wrong?

In our community, if one of our loved ones pass away, we have a "wake", where the young folks come together and sing hymns. We then have three or four men of the neighborhood to see that there is room, and that the young folks come in to sing. By God's great grace, we still have order.

But, when the youth want to have a singing, it is more or less up to them to find a home in which they are welcome. When they have found a home, it is all too much up to them whether they go in and sing or stay outside. Also, what they do outside.

Now, we would not think of sending our children of sixteen out to work on the farm without instructing them very carefully what to do or how to do it, and also, we would try to be with them as much as we could to help with the responsibility. Yet all that we do with our hands is earthly and will perish.

Now, let us think of our youth and their young souls. Are we not responsible to them to have a home where they are welcome, where they can gather to sing? Then, we as parents (and a few neighbors to help with the great responsibility; let us not forget, it is also a great opportunity) should guide and instruct as the Lord leads with His helping hand. We have a helping God, but let us keep in mind, He has plenty here for us to do, to help in His name, if we are only willing.

A question we might ask us all, are thes youths brought into this sinful world by the lust of the flesh, or are we by His grace born-again fathers and mothers, comforted by His great promise in John 14, "In my Father' house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

God had a great love and foresight when He made mankind. So we as Christian fathers and mothers should also have a foresight with the children He has entrusted to us. "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Do we start early enough in life with Christian training? We must not forget, our dear children will grow up to be children of God, or else they will grow up to be children of the devil.

We have much reason to be alarmed by the immorality there is among our youth, and also, style and fashions. These things cannot enter heaven. Let us wake up to facts. It may be later than we think.

I well agree with all the letters on youth. Let us join together and help one another to fill the gap that is between us and our youth. We can live a moral life without Christianity, but not a Christian life without morality.

I have much reason to ask you all to think of us in your prayers. Am likewise minded in weakness. Will close, with love and best wishes.

-Chris E. Otto

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

Thanks to all the writers who helped to make this issue. Keep the letters coming. How about more letters and articles from parents, perhaps describing the kind of teacher you want your child to have.

We are using a little larger print in this issue. How many of you noticed the difference?

We are still looking for a few more articles on youth. If you are concerned about our youth, do something --- set a good example, talk, write, pray. Be sure to read the booklet described below. - J. S.

THE PROBLEMS OF OUR YOUTH

This is the title of a 25-page booklet that will be ready for mailing by mid-January. It is being published by Pathway Publishing Corp., and is being distributed at cost. We hope it will be given wide distribution. We feel it is something every one of our young men and women should read.

The booklet is divided into five parts. PART ONE gives facts and figures to show that morality in the world is on the downgrade, and that this is affecting the morals of our youth, too.

PART TWO, by contrast, explains purity and morality as it is taught in the Bible. Here many Scriptures have been compiled to show God's standards of morality, both under the Law and under the Gospel.

PART THREE, "Conditions Among Our Youth", quotes many letters and writings of various sources to show that morality among our youth does not measure up to the standards set forth in PART TWO.

PART FOUR deals with courtship, and is largely quotations from Amish writers of the last century, who spoke out against a courtship practice which they felt was unchristian. Sources quoted are 1. An old Ordnungs-Brief of Somerset County, Penna., 1837; 2. Minister Georg Jutzi of Stark County, Ohio; 3. Bishop David Troyer of Holmes County, Ohio, and 4. Daniel Stutzman, an elderly Amishman at the time of writing, 1917, who lived near Millersburg, Ohio.

PART FIVE, "Is There a Solution?", tries to present a way to improve conditions.

Copies of the manuscript were sent to twenty-five Amish bishops, ministers, and brethren last fall. They read it over, and made suggestions for improvement. When the comments had been gathered together, they were used in revising the final manuscript.

This pamphlet is intended only for the Amish and related groups, as it deals with problems peculiar to their youth. Prices are : 15¢ ea.; ten for $1.00; $7.50 per hundred.

EDITORIAL

OUR SHRINKING WORLD

In many ways the world seems to be growing smaller. To travel abroad used to be quite an undertaking, and only the rich could afford it. Today a person who has business in Europe can leave after work on Friday, spend the weekend there, and be back on the job Monday morning. A round-trip ticket from Montreal to London, England costs barely $300 in the off-season months, making it financially possible for almost anyone to travel abroad.

The modern means of communication -- radio, telephone, television, and the press -- have become worldwide in their scope. Political boundaries are no barrier. People of differing races and nationalities are being brought into communication with each other. In a sense, world neighbors are ever moving closer and closer together. People at opposite ends of the earth dress nearer alike and have nearer the same interests than ever before.

Broadly speaking, this may seem to be a good thing for the world. As people learn to know each other, they understand each other better. Prejudice and hate lose their edge when an enemy becomes a neighbor.

But, when we take a closer look at the world, we see that there is more to peace than equality. The inmates of a prison are all on an equal footing, yet many a criminal would slit his cell-mate's throat, were it to give him freedom.

We find that the great levelers of society -- these modern means of communication -- do not raise the moral level of the world's people. Instead, just the opposite occurs. Radio and television have followed the movies in seeking the lowest common denominator in morality. The reason is apparent. The sponsors serve the public what they want. The minority that is interested in decency loses out.

(Continued on Page 80)

WHERE ARE THE ROSES?

- By Susie Hostetler, Plain City, Ohio

What makes a teacher's life worth living? What puts the frosting on the cake? Where are the roses that a teacher cherishes for years, that never lose their scent?

You often hear the remark, "Two persons I would not want to be are a doctor and a teacher!" Is it really that bad? Are these occupations such thankless jobs as others seem to think?

I have not found it so. There are rewards. There are the little tangible things, such as a special cooky wrapped in a napkin given with the comment, "Teacher, I brought this just for you.", notes and pictures placed on your desk by imaginative pupils, extra work done just to please you, a piece of candy wrapped in tablet paper (and also stuck to it) placed shyly in your hand, and a china closet full of knick-knacks given at Christmases and birthdays. There are the handkerchiefs you get out of your drawer each time you go away and the remembrance of the givers and occasions they mark, the boxes and boxes of stationery you did not need to buy (and could not have afforded,with their beautiful embossing and quality of paper), homemade gifts that must have taken many hours of careful work, large gifts given by the school group as a whole, and many others.

Then there are those things that you no longer have, but the fragrance still lingers with you. Imagine your mouth watering as you page through a magazine one evening, and come upon a picture of luscious-looking apple dumplings. And then, as you come to school the next day, to have a casserole handed to you with three apple dumplings, all ready to pop into the oven when you get home! Or to end a school day that has been unusually taxing, and have a parent walk into the school room with your supper all prepared, complete with hot rolls. And there are the ones who never forget teacher on butchering day, even sending her the most special cuts. And the cakes, pies, and cookies that sneak into your house while you are gone. The givers can never realize how many tired wrinkles have disappeared from the teacher's face because of these thoughtful deeds.

How about the many seats that were saved for you on the school bus, at the lunch table, or next to a little one at his desk? Also, the willing helpers at shoveling snow, carrying coal, and running errands mean much. You are almost tempted by the evil of pride when your pupils behave especially well and make a good impression while there is company in the schoolroom.

Let us probe deeper and recall the feeling of thankfulness we experienced when the light of understanding passed over a child's face after we had patiently explained a lesson. We no longer cared how many precious minutes had been taken for this one lesson; the thing that mattered was that the child had learned something. Or, if after a restless night of wondering whether you had done the right thing in the way you handled a discipline problem, you receive a note from the pupil's parents assuring you that they are standing behind you, and that children have to be corrected sometimes. This is the kind of note you don't mind getting! How light becomes the burden upon your heart when a student admits some wrong he's done, without your needing to ask him about it; and further, to say that he is willing to take whatever punishment you feel he deserves. This is a gift of the richest kind.

When, at the end of a hectic two weeks of final examinations and many last-minute jobs, one of your graduating class solemnly remarks, "This has been the most enjoyable of all my school years," you suddenly forget how tired you are. And, leave it to the young, an innocent first-grader can erase ten years from a dried-up old maid's face with the magic words, "Teacher, I would like to kiss you."

Yes, there are roses in a teacher's life and it is the remembrance of them that make you think back and say, "Surely it was worth it all."

P.S.

By the way, have you done something "special" for your teacher this term? Now is a good time.

MILLERSBURG, OHIO
(Weaver's School)

As I sat here with a pencil in my hand, wondering how I should begin, I thought of my pupils, who so often sit, seemingly puzzled with their assignment, waiting for some class to end so they can ask for more help. We, too, have a Teacher who will help us, if we place our trust in Him.

The November issue of the Bulletin was very interesting, as usual. Two items that were especially interesting to me were " I Was a Teacher's Pet" and "The Unpopular Child". My thoughts went back, as they ofte do, to my own school days, especially the latter years. I was in a class of 12 to 16 pupils in a public school. I vividly remember being torn between two instincts -- doin my best, and winning the teacher's praise, o keeping my grades average and being on the same "level" as my classmates. I think that often the Teacher's Pet is an unpopular chil among the rest of the pupils, because of jealousy.

I feel it is more important to praise th child for his efforts, rather than for his accomplishments. After all, some can do A work with less effort than another uses to get a C. Praise can often be used to "candy coat" criticism, to avoid discouragement.

We at Weaver's find time flying swiftly. Christmas will soon be here, and a count of days tells us that by the time the report cards are passed out again, we will have passed the half-way mark. Can this be? Ha we done half of our work? Thoughts like these almost make the teacher sit at the edge of the chair.

Our enrollment this year tallies 28. We have 19 boys and 9 girls. Three energetic young boys fill the first-grade seats. To me, the first grade is the most interesting grade to teach, yet the most difficult one. Though their lessons seem simple and unimportant, they are our most important grade.

One thing I have learned is that children want to help, and they feel important when asked to do something, even if the task is a small one. Often the teacher could do the work better and faster herself, but it creates a feeling of teamwork when we do things together. This is especially true in the lower grades. They like to help me put up pictures, and help decide where each picture should go, etc.

A quarrelsome group can be brought together like magic by asking, "Who wants to help me with some work?" But! Be prepared with a small job for everyone; no one likes to be left out.

Following is a problem which proves to be quite a puzzler. It was found in Milne's Inductive Series - Practical Arithmetic. The book was published by the American Book Company, and copyrighted in 1878. We bought the book recently at the disposal sale of the old Farmerstown Store. Try your hand at it, and send your answers to:

Moses J. A. Miller, R. 2, Dundee, Ohio

If 3 lbs. of tea are worth 14 lbs. of coffee, and 5 lbs. of coffee are worth 18 lbs. of sugar, and 21 lbs. of sugar are worth 60 lbs. of flour, how many pounds of flour are equal in value to 7 lbs. of tea?

- Elizabeth Miller

MONTGOMERY, INDIANA
(Parsons Amish School)
December 6, 1964

Dear Readers,

The teachers are back in school this morning after a quiet week-end. The ground is covered with a layer of snow.

As this is our first letter from the school, I ponder what I should write. Our school opened Aug. 21 with 56 pupils. We have grades 1-9.

Eunice Kyle of Kalona, Iowa teaches the first four grades, with 24. I have the upper grades with 26. We teach the ninth grade together.

The children are eager and willing to learn, which is such a help to the teachers. Spelling seems to be the best subject. There are several who haven't missed a word.

I did enjoy the teachers' meeting, and thought it was educational. We have had some visitors from other schools, which we enjoyed. Martha Farmwald, Anna Mae Gingerich, Fannie Mast, and Ida Schmucker were the teachers who came. Visitors are always welcome.

The eighth graders were asked to write about their most exciting moment. One boy told how he was coon hunting one night, and got into a field with some cattle. For his climax sentence, he said, "That coon had a ring in its nose instead of its tail." The boys lost no time getting across the fence.

Remember us in prayer.

- Mrs. Sylvia Raber

ST. JOE, ARKANSAS

Greetings from the Ozarks,

I have again read the B.B. It's such a long time since I have written, even though I have thought of it for some time. I had the privilege of visiting three schools this fall, the one at Aylmer, Ontario, and the two in Ohio that the Schwartz sisters from Berne, Indiana teach. I think it did me good, as a persons always learns new things.

I remember one of my outstanding teachers was an elderly lady. She was stern, and meant what she said, but kind.

I also remember that one of my teachers used to put a pan of water on the stove to heat whatever the pupils brought in jars. She sometimes laid whole potatoes on top of the stove, and put a pan upside down over them, and we brought a pat of butter and some salt along, and had baked potatoes. I was reminded of those days when I read the article by Jonas Nisley.

I'm not teaching the last few years, and I feel I'm missing a lot. It seems it makes teacher and pupils feel so close, just like one big family. I enjoy it, even though I feel I'm a poor one. But of ourselves we can do nothing, and we have to keep on praying to the Almighty to lead us. I feel a teacher leaves a greater influence on the tender minds than she many times realizes.

I wonder how other teachers feel about pupils reading story books after they have their lessons finished. I always felt that if a child took an interest in reading, and we keep him supplied with good material, he will teach himself. It is hard, though, to keep enough good reading material on hand. They will also learn to understand better what they read, and this will help them in arithmetic and other subjects, too.

I always had trouble teaching my pupils to stop at periods. I believe if they learn that, it is a big help to them to understand what they read.

Keep up the good work, teachers and parents all, so we may have an interesting B.B.

- Mrs. Rudy Wickey

FAIRBANK, IOWA
January 2, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of love and best wishes to one and all!

As I read the December issue, I felt rather guilty for not having written before, when I saw that our Editor is running low in material to print. At last I've convinced myself to try writing. The next time I'm asked if I've written for the Bulletin, I feel entitled to reply with a "Yes."

Another day, yes, another month has fled. It does seem impossible how rapidly time escapes. Half of the term has disappeared. Yes, the days to spring will now be swiftly counted off.

What have I accomplished so far? Have I been of any help to those dear innocent young souls who have kept coming to my school door each day? Has it been worth the time and effort required by the parents, pupils, and teacher? There is reason for deep and concerned thinking.

All has gone fairly well so far. Many thanks to the parents and board members, who have sought to co-operate.

This is my second term. Truly, I do feel the responsibility more each day.

I have been starting the first grade in writing this week, instead of printing. The results have been pleasing.

This term began with nearly half of the pupils classed as sing-song readers. I have discovered it takes a lot of courage and patience to overcome it. I am rejoicing to see the great improvement that has been shown.

I have found that to have each one read a sentence in turn helps a lot. Also, to have one read till he makes a mistake; then the next one following in the same manner, brings a noticeable improvement,

No two pupils are alike, nor are two days alike. Are any two teachers alike?

My discipline problems have been light so far. This is encouraging.

Our greatest struggle at present is to get the pupils to pronounce certain letters correctly. Nearly all of them pronounce th as d . Also, the j is pronounced ch . I find myself at the bottom of a deep hole trying to get them out of that rut. I can't help but wonder how much it would help if the parents would pronounce them correctly themselves. Isn't it of any importance to practice correct English. I'd appreciate suggestions on the above situation.

We gladly accepted letters from two different schools in Indiana, that were written for English lessons. One pack has been answered, and the pupils are patiently waiting to answer the other as soon as time permits.

The next two days will be six-weeks-test days. What will be the results? Will it be as usual, some doing much better than expected, while others slump down way below the level mark?

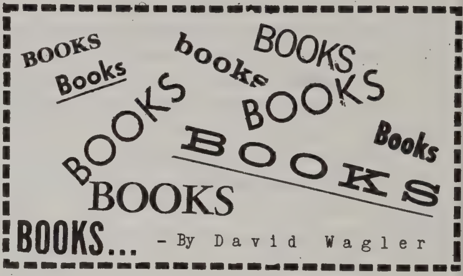
So far I haven't bought a piece of candy or gum for any of my pupils. Why? Because first of all, I do not feel it is of any value to their bodies. Second, what good does it do them? Wouldn't it be much better to give them something that is of value to them, that they can take home, instead of having it disappear with a gulp, and never a wrapper left to show Mother. Isn't it a waste of money?

I truly enjoyed the 1964 teachers' meeting at Nappanee, Indiana. The Bulletin and the circle letters have a deeper meaning since I had the privilege of meeting some of the writers. My hope is to meet the Bulletin editor in the near future.

Today, at long last, punishment was given an eighth grade boy who has been causing me considerable trouble lately. He ended up printing a certain page of the dictionary. Yes, it was the page that contained the word "mischief".

Here's wishing you all a good year ahead. May the Lord guide and strengthen each of us so that we may fulfil our assigned duties.

Sincerely,
Lovina Hershberger



- By David Wagler

SOME MODERN TRENDS

Over four hundred years ago there was a major division in the established church. This is known as the Reformation. Martin Luther was the leader of the group which dared to defy the authority of the Pope. The Catholics taught a religion of works. Their members were promised eternal salvation if they remained faithful in attending Mass, if they did good deeds to compensate for their evil deeds, and if they paid certain amounts of money to the priests for the forgiveness of their sins. The church of St. Peters in Rome was in dire need of repair, and a large sum of money was being collected through the selling of indulgences. Much of the money never reached Rome.

At the beginning Luther appears to have been sound in the faith, but later when he came into power, he enforced the claims of his state church with a sword. "Only Believe" became the popular motto; it was supposed to cover a multitude of sins just as effectively as the "Only Works" of the Catholics. A common song as they sat by their wine glasses was,

"Der Strick ist entzwei
Und wir sind frei."

Now they could live as they pleased. If they would profess to believe in Christ, this would take care of all their sins. One writer terms it "cheap grace" because it was supposed to be so easy to get, but was watered down and diluted.

Now, after four hundred years, we still find this Protestant line of thought. Evangelists preached to packed auditoriums, and "many are won for Christ". But later we learn that the evangelist himself is unsound in doctrine, and that among other things he advocates it is proper for women to wear powder and paints instead of the inward adorn ing of the heart.

On the market today we find a great number of books supporting these same ideas. Variations are many, but basically they are much alike. The story starts out with characters who are living in the ways of the world. Sooner or later they are converted and "accept Christ", and usually turn out to be missionaries or ministers who help others to make the "right decision". Usually there is falling back into sin, which is again remedied by a "new decision for Christ". A large part of the book is either about before they are converted, or of the falling back into sin. Usually there is a love story thrown in to help hold the interest.

The commonly accepted idea seems to be that all we need to do is to "accept Christ", and then we will forever have peace in our hearts. But our forefathers taught that even as a person is not born into this world except through great pain, so we can not be born into the Kingdom of God except through heartrending pain.

If we read Pilgrim's Progress, the great allegory, we see that even after Christian started on the journey to the Celestial City, he did not lose his burden immediately. He first meets many obstacles, sinks into the Slough of Despond, but always receives encouragement. At the cross his burdens roll off his back, but soon afterward he is confronted by lions (though they are chained), and he is again ready to turn back. Then he is engaged in a battle for his life with Apollyon, and afterwards finds himself going through the valley of the shadow of death.

When we read Grace Abounding , we see what terrible conflicts John Bunyan had for years before finding peace in his heart, and how he was afterwards assailed many times.

Our Anabaptist forefathers believed in forsaking all if necessary, and in a daily dying unto the desires of the flesh. They never reached the point where they could boast, "I can do anything I want to". They realized that "I" is desperately wicked at heart, and that even the righteous shall scarcely be saved. They were slow in accepting new members into the church, first seeking proof of the New Birth. Denying the faith, or falling into gross sins was considered a serious offense requiring prolonged restitution.

In the book Worth Dying For, we read how Hubert, the Waldensian boy, who was reared in a Christian home and never committed any gross sins, was still not accepted into the fellowship of believers until he was mature enough to realize the wickedness of his own heart and his need for a Saviour.

In the book Journey Toward the Morning, it is related how many of the travelers on the road to the city of Zion were detained on the outskirts of the Land of Morning for long periods of time. Here they were assailed by the Tempter until such time as they were delivered by being shown a way of escape through the Valley of Tears.

In the story Hidden Rainbow, by Christmas Carol Kauffman, the Olesh family were slow in accepting the new faith, but once they received it they remained steadfast.

We believe that the all-important thing is not how many people accept Christ, but how many He can accept. Only those who endure in the true faith unto the end shall be saved.

The books referred to in this writing may be obtained from THE BULLETIN BOOKSHELF or from PATHWAY BOOKSTORE.

Pilgrim's Progress	, paperback, 35¢ and 55¢. cloth, $1.00 and 1.75.
GRACE ABOUNDING,	paper - 35¢
WORTH DYING FOR,	paper - $2.00 cloth - $3.00
Journey Toward the	Morning, A Pathway Publication - Fall, 1965.
HIDDEN RAINBOW	paper, $1.25 clth, $3.00

NOTICE: The book, WORTH DYING FOR, was received from the printers on Dec. 22, and all the orders have been filled. The response has been very good. We feel this is an unusual book, and one which every one of our readers will want a copy of, sooner or later. The special offer of 4 copies, clothbound, for $ 10.00 is still good.

THINKING OUT LOUD

- By Lydia C. Borntreger

Here I sit, and what shall I write?
'Tis Christmas Eve, and the ground is not white,
The weather today was sleet and rain,
Traveling was slow, and time hard to gain.

So it is in the schools, on dark foggy days,
We pray for the sun to show its rays,
To brighten the sky, so the birds keep singing,
And the teacher to her scholars only loving words bringing.

To win those tender hearts that they may not go astray;
Please remember these lambs whenever you pray,
So the wolves and coyotes may be kept away,
And the fences built to last alway.

To recall the teacher I remember best,
She was always so active, and rarely took rest;
She was quite tall, with a friendly smile,
In discipline stern, yet she was liked all the while.

The lessons she taught are a lot on my mind;
A more popular teacher was then hard to find.
Of the eight years of schooling, and some things I've done,
Have been one long lesson, and not just for fun.

- R. 1, Clark, Missouri

"A young mother says she would like to teach school. She told me she doesn't believe it would make a difference whether there were many in the class or just a few, but I guess she hasn't tried it yet." - C. S.

(OUR SHRINKING WORLD, Continued from Page 75)

Thus we can foresee the effect "mass media" will eventually have on the world's popula Delinquency and lawlessness will become worldwide, as indeed, it already is. In short, as t Bible says, " .. evil men .. shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived." The is no doubt that the radio, the press, and the theatre have already had a major share in spreading immorality and crime, and in breaking down the standards of past centuries.

Often this has been made possible by a "soft sell" approach. Only by mixing truth with their wares, have the promoters been able to persuade the hesitant. The common recipe for a TV western is blood, bullets, and bodies, but the child may feed on this diet without harm, for he is being vividly taught that crime does not pay. Such is the reasoning used to justify these shows. How can anyone fall for such nonsense?

If a child views violence from cradle up, what can we expect from that child? Violence will be as commonplace to him as eating and sleeping. If a youth and his girl spend hours watching love-making in films or on TV, how can we expect them to remain pure in their thoughts and conduct?

Recently we were shocked upon reading a sample issue of a Mennonite youth paper, to see a short story with love and courtship as its theme, describing how a young couple, in an hour of trial, sought comfort in a forbidden experience. Of course, the reader was to read between the lines. The story went on to show what terrible problems and heartaches were caused by the act. In short, the formula could have been taken directly from a movie or a radio program. The moral that was supposed to have been taught, the worn-out " Crime (or sin) does not pay", was no more than a cover-up. The real appeal of the story was in its handling of sex, and the moral was necessary to make it acceptable.

Only by thus featuring lewdness, violence, or the sensational, is a story or program made popular enough to be profitable, financially. Or, where money is not so important, we suppose many an editor with the interests of youth truly at heart has felt with despair that he was not getting "through" to his readers. Desperately, he has added a touch of "Hollywood" in order to get his readers to read his material. What do readers with a "Hollywood appetite" then do? They sift the pages for the added chaff, and never touch the rest.

We have done well in the past to keep radio, and now television, far from us. Similarly, movie-going has not been permitted. But we have not always been so careful of our reading material. We have outlawed the film, but have sometimes read the book from which the film was made. Popular magazines and questionable paperbacks are found in some of our homes. Many of us are so accustomed to the daily newspaper that we seldom realize what it represents.

Do not misunderstand us. We are not saying the radio or television are evil in themselves. They cannot be, for they are "dead" objects. Man has designed them, and is operating them, and if there is anything sinful, it is man, not the mass of wires and tubes and steel.

But we do see it this way. Satan, the arch-deceiver, has almost monopolized these newer inventions, and we believe he is using them as instruments to bring about the apostasy (der Abfall) of the last days. He is using the press, too, undoubtedly, but the real breakthrough has been the radio and the TV set.

A German professor, Dr. Thieleke, has this to say, "I believe that the simple fact of the radio, the movies, and other factors in our modern life have had far more influence upon decision against God than anti-Christian ideologies and misguided philosophies.."

As these inventions spread into the poorer lands of the world, the masses of all the continents will be drawn closer and closer together, with a common low morality. The trend is toward a world government and a world church. Neither one will be Christian.

But what of the true members of the Church of Christ? How will the righteous few be preserved in these days of deceit? Jesus said that, in the last days, even the elect, if it were possible, would be deceived. But there is hope, providing we remain in God's will, and are alert to the dangers and pitfalls that are about us.

We know there is no time to rest and be idle. The battle is constant, especially so when we consider that one generation is passing and another rising. The scene is ever changing; and it is this very fact that gives Satan his greatest opportunities. It is not enough that the Lord's Army has noble spiritual warriors; new ones must be recruited as the older ones are called home. Children must be brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord, or the enemy will recruit them for his forces.

Sound Christian homes are the basis for this. Christian church schools are also needed. Sending our children to worldly schools can become our "Achilles' heel", our most vulnerable point, where the enemy will be able to gain a foothold.

In the days to come, when conformity and uniformity will be the rallying cry of the devil and his angels, let us pray for strength to stand "in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Ephesians 6:13-17.

- J. S.

TEACHER'S INVENTORY

At this time of year merchants are starting to take inventory, to see what they have to begin the new year. We, as teachers, also have one to take, of that which is exceedingly more important than financial matters.

Examining ourselves is the first step. As we go through life, we learn every day, especially when we work with children.

Where shall we start? Usually, when we investigate something, we start at the top. So much of our trouble begins in the "top story"!

Asking ourselves a few questions, could we answer them all with "yes", without a few pricks of conscience?

Are we always the way we want our children to be? Do we treat each child as an individual? Are we interested in their little joys and sorrows? Do we appreciate it when they show co-operation? Are we willing to admit a mistake when we know we're wrong? Is our frame of mind always the same, or are we happier one day than another?

If Johnnie can't see into his lesson as fast as Lonnie, do we go back and explain in a patient and pleasant voice? If we consider each question carefully and weigh it in our minds, we realize that we have authority and yet we are under authority.

On the other hand, there are occasions when the voice must be stern. Explaining is necessary, but suppose Johnnie was day-dreaming about his pet dog. What then?

Life is like a tight rope --- leaning too far one way or another causes us to fall. So for a safe journey, we must look up, and have an unseen hand clasped in ours, and listen to His commandment.

Wishing all of the teachers a happy New Year, and success in their work. Pray for us.

- Fannie Mast, Middlebury, Indiana

Household Harmony

By a Brother

We were making popcorn balls. But somehow the syrup had failed to come to the right thickness. The popcorn just would not form balls. Instead, it would fall loosely apart, individual kernels dropping off one by one until there was only a sticky group at the bottom of the pan.

How like some families this syrupy popcorn was! We all know of just such homes. The members seem to have little concern for the rest of the family, going each his own way, regardless of the welfare of the whole. Often the fault lies with the parents who perhaps do not agree with each other, and openly show it. What can be expected of the children in such a case?

At other times the parents get along all right, but they show no respect for the children's thinking, forcing them to either conform to their every petty wish, or to rebel. Oft-times, such rebellion, from fear of the parents' authority does not come out into the open, but is cultivated in secret behind the parents' backs.

In such cases the parents may be sincere but misunderstanding of their authority. They forget that love must always be the motivating factor when discipline is administered. They discipline but do not explain. Nor do they stress enough to the children that they are responsible to God, not just to them. Respect begets respect, and if the parents do not respect their children, it is unlikely that the children will respect them.

Yet it is very important that children do respect their parents, and feel near to them and to the other children in the family. If this feeling of love and unity is not present, the family will be like our popcorn, a number of kernels in one pan, but not a popcorn ball.

It is regrettable that such families exist. How thankful we should be if we have been privileged to grow up in, and be a member of, a family that was not that way. If the syrup of love is as it should be, there will be a bond that is almost inseparable. If one member suffers, all suffer. If one rejoices, all rejoice. Home is then love, joy, and happiness, and no other place will be so associated with pleasant memories. Here the children will be perfectly "at home". They will respect and show obedience to the wishes of the parents, for they know the parents desire their well-being. The parents will emphasize that the Head of the home is Jesus, and that they are only administrators.

- From "Herold der Wahrheit", selected by Mrs. Christian S. Zook, Lancaster, Penna.

HE SHALL SUPPLY THY NEED

- By Sarah M. Weaver, Wilmot, O.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God - Matt. 6:33.
And He shall supply thy need;
Thy wants may not be satisfied,
Thy dearest request may be denied,
But all thy needs will be supplied;
For so He has decreed.

Why fret about the things that pass?
Or grieve about the morrow?
There are many burdens to be borne;
To sunset from the early morn,
Let prayer and grace thy day adorn,
And light will be thy sorrow.

All things are His and He can give
The desires of our heart,
But we must bow unto His will,
So that His work He can fulfil - Romans 8:28
Within a life that's meek and still;
O, Lord, Thy grace impart.

THERE ARE TWO OCCASIONS WHEN A PERSON SHOULD KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT, WHILE SWIMMING AND WHEN ANGRY. - Selected.

WE MUST HAVE ORDER AND DISCIPLINE!

- By Paul Hollingshead

In this matter of discipline, if the teacher is capable, the decisive factor is the parents. If a teacher is told by parents to use the stick if necessary, he is not likely to have prolonged difficulty with the children. It is when the teacher must fear parental reaction that discipline is difficult. But I hasten to add that order is a must. Better have parental reaction to the extent that the school must fold up for the time, than to allow a disorder worse than state schools. With seeming sanction of poor conduct, we surely do more harm than good.

Parents ought to have a deep enough concern for their children to want to have them kept in order, even if it seems that some others are "getting away with things".

Teachers are to be impartial, yet they will not be able to catch everything. They need to deal with what they do see, and especially with those who may be instigators. Just because we missed one instance of misbehaviour is no reason to overlook another.

Our thoughts seem to turn to discipline often. But the atmosphere of order or disorder is a great factor in learning, even in the desire to learn. Children who are restrained from undesirable behaviour and exposed to material which is worthwhile, may obtain a great deal even under poor teaching methods. But disorder turns the child agains learning.

I often think of the principle which God gave the children of Israel with regards to the meting out of punishment, namely, not to pity the offender. "Neither shall thine eye pity him ..." are the words of Deut. 13:8. I have witnessed the change (in a short period of time) from what seemed to be a state worthy of some pity, to what was evidently a touch of defiance. This is not to advocate undue harshness. But when it is obvious what a fair punishment is, it needs to be administered without wincing for the feelings of the one who is sorry mainly because he is caught. The children must sense that the matter of order is steadfastly maintained according to principle, and not according to whim or fleeting feeling.

- Mt. Pleasant Mills, Penna.

"GIVE ATTENDANCE TO READING"

—— By Rob Schlabach

YOUTH, a word which should bring to mind a challenge, a responsibility, an opportunity, and, when dutiful efforts bring forth fruit, a fulfilling of joy.

Youth is a time when a foundation and a goal is laid for the future life. It is a time when high ideals should be encouraged, and the groundwork laid for a life of service to Him who created us and bought us again through the blood of His Son.

We need to teach our youth to keep pure, learn fair play, be honest, and have no "snobby" attitude toward older people, but think on that which is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report; and if there be any praise, any virtue, think on these things. Phil. 4:8.

"Sow a thought and reap an act" applies well to youth. If we would have more of the above kind of thinking in school, problems would be solved, and not only in school, but in church, home, and the neighborhood as well.

The world today is printing more books than ever before. And we fear that many are not books which stimulate youth to higher ideals, but to lower ones.

The imprint literature leaves on youth today is more far-reaching than we think. Its message plays a big role in our lives.

If we read a newspaper, magazine, or a book, it will leave a sub-conscious impression on our minds that will later determine, to a large extent, our line of thought.

There is a great need to provide youth with pure literature. which is free of violence, and will lead them to higher ideals.

Too often we see youth have access to these "Western books" and their cousins. These have a devastating effect on young and tender minds. For the Bible teaches, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." That law will not be revoked, no matter what man may think.

So we see, man becomes what he reads, for our God-given minds are never idle during our waking hours. Regardless of our thinking that we will forget it after having read it, the impression is there; somehow and sometime it will unconsciously cross into our consciou thinking. Let us beware of what we read, and provide for others to read.

If we read that which is tainted with sin, how can we expect holy thoughts? But if we give ourselves to uplifting reading, how much easier it is to think on that which leads us to higher, clearer, and holier level

It saddens the heart to see and hear whe youth miss joy and peace (which comes only through salvation), and in an attempt to satisfy, they yield to the desires of the eyes and flesh.

And so they drift deeper, deeper into the ocean of sin, sinking lower and lower, till, alas! they feel their bonds of sin, but are helpless beneath the onslaughts of Satan. The only escape is to harken to the Saviour's tender yet commanding call, "Come unto me.... and I will give you rest." Herein lies thei only hope.

Yes, youth should be a challenge to you, reader, to guide them safely through these perilous times. You need only direct them to Him who is the Way. He will take them in

His hand. Then will youth be of service to men, and well-pleasing to God. For what else should be the goal of a parent for his child? "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

May we then be careful in selecting literature for youth, for our schools, and for our homes.

"..Give attendance to reading ...Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all." 1 Timothy 4:13,15.

- Millersburg, Ohio

WHAT IS THE HURRY?

- By Jonas Nisley

Friendly greetings in the New Year.

In last month's issue, we tried to encourage parents to take a deeper interest in their children's school matters, and to spend a day every two months with the children in school. As we wrote before, do not even think about when you will have time to go along.

At the time of this writing, the date is Dec. 31, 1964. As the old year is closing, one deep thought comes to my mind. How much have I gained in the last year by hurrying along with the rest of the crowd, and where is this leading me? Are we gaining anything or are we losing out from year to year in the things that really matter? People are complaining of how busy they are, and there is no let up. In families, it is noticeable that the members are not together much, and there is very little home life.

Instead, our young people (and some of the older people) have their work away from home, and the table is filled with many store items.

We are told that 555 people lost their lives in traffic accidents over the recent Christmas holiday. Recently, too, I attended the funeral of a young man in his upper wenties who met with sudden death in a raffic accident. Five little children ave no father, and their mother is a widow.

A writer for a monthly farm paper has xpressed himself about his own high school hildren, thus: "All we see of Junior anymore is when he skips out the back door and peeds off hurriedly in the car."

Do we realize that in all the good that esus did when He was here on earth, He never seemed to be in a hurry? Do we realize, oo, that His means of travel were not what e are used to? And still He had time to ake the children up in His arms and bless hem; His disciples rebuked the mothers of he children, for bothering Jesus, because hey felt He had more important work to do. f the many things that are written in the ew Testament of Jesus and His work on earth, n St. John 21:25, we read that many more hings could have been written.

Now, parents, if we give this thought a ittle study, we think you will agree with s that the time we spend to love, appreciate, and enjoy our children is time well spent. A great deal is heard of how the children do not stick to their parents anymore. A question I have asked myself is, Do we parents stick to our children, or is time too limited for such lowly tasks?

So why not lay down the shovel and the hoe one day every two months, and come along with your children to school and enjoy the day with us?

-Baltic, Ohio

SHIPSHEWANA, INDIANA

After reading the November Bulletin, I had a desire to have a little chat with the readers. But every time I decide to write, I have to think of my own weak nature. Then it would be so easy to just drop it. And, as the editor pointed out, readers not knowing a writer will form too high an opinion of him. So remember my ideals and not my works. But what kind of works will we have if we have no ideals?

The editor gave encouragement in "Physician, Heal Thyself".

The November issue was indeed challenging and soul-searching. All who read to learn, can not have done so without getting a few crumbs that will nourish to everlasting life.

The change from childhood to adulthood could be likened to the change of seasons; when cold and warm air clash, wind and storminess result. Can we as parents be an example of patience, forbearance, sacrifice, and firmness in our faith, for them to see through the storm, unto the refuge of calm weather, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

As I talked with one of my boyhood friend about youth, he made this remark, "When we were in that age, our parents' advice wasn't as good (in our eyes) as what we now have for our children."

We must admit it looks quite different now that the shoe is on the other foot. We thought our parents were a bit old-fashioned Now we are the ones who are old-fashioned and way out-of-date.

How thankful we now are for our own Christian parents, who did their best to admonish us and keep us under the influence of the church. Indeed then, children, just take the advice of other Christian people, especially ministers.

The social standards of our Amish youth! Some of them are so worldly, I fear God will not leave us unpunished for them. Immoral courtship, immodest apparel, rioting, and drunkenness -- I fear the fault lies not all with youth. Are we like Eli the priest? See 1 Sam. 3:13. God said he restrained not his sons. Yet in the second chapter, verses 23-25, we read that Eli asked his sons why they did such sinful things, and it appears he rebuked them. We must conclude then, that this is not enough.

We can expect nothing good from unconverted youth, as the heart of man is "bösz von Jugend auf". Do we decide then to let them live worldly lives until they are born-again? And when will that be? Here, of course, we must rely on the power of God; it is His will more than ours, and we can only work for Him by admonishing and restraining. This, of course, sometimes causes "Zwietracht". I wonder if this is what Jesus was speaking about in Luke 12:51-53, "The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother."

About all I can do is ask questions. It is as one writer noted in the Bulletin, we have mixed feelings. Do we believe, as is often said by ministers, the time to start child training is one hundred years before they are born. And how do we do this? Like someone else said, "Just pray and pray and pray."

Dear children, do not sell your "birthright" of being born of Christian parents, for sin and fleshly desires. Here is a paragraph from a tract I have before me:

"Boys and girls, if you have Christian parents who are concerned about your spiritual welfare, thank God that He gave you such a blessing, and don't become impatient when they give advice and try to show you the way to righteousness."

The story is related here of a young boy who said he wants to have a last good time over the week end. Away he went laughing, drinking, and smoking. But on that Sunday he and some companions met misfortune, and in a week's time they were dead. He took the Lord's day for pleasure and had no extra time to repent. Would we be ready?

When we rightly consider death and the life hereafter, how short this earthly life looks, and how little these earthly things mean.

Youth like to enjoy themselves. But there is a difference between earthly pleasure and true joy. "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice. Phil. 4:4.

The children say, "We can't have any fun." There are earthly things we can enjoy, if done according to the Lord's will. Children, ask your parents about such things. I doubt if any are so unreasonable as not to discuss such things, and oh, how most of them would appreciate the opportunity, even if you don't think so.

One more thing I have on my mind. The editor wrote about "The Unpopular Child" , the two sides of over-praise and under-praise of honest effort. Another thing we should teach our children, and perhaps ourselves first. And that is, to not be too easily hurt or discouraged if we receive no praise.

It seems that if we do honestly try, but are not encouraged, or if we are reprimanded, or fail miserably, our pride is wounded. We are just a lump of clay, and pride cannot inherit eternal life; if we actually count others more than ourselves, we're content to be at the bottom of the pile. If we are in His will, He will not leave us despairing. He will always send encouragement if we are patient.

Let's not be "spott-conscious" (and those are another's words, too), not so easily hurt if we are made fun of, as long as we are not doing something wrong. The Canaanite woman was not discouraged when Jesus likened her unto a dog; she was content with a few crumbs.

- JMB -

"The Teacher I Remember Best"

A TEACHER OF MINE

The teacher I remember best is the one I had the last three years I attended school. There are probably many others who had more college education than she did, but I believe the fact that she was well-grounded in the Word of God, and that she had raised a family of her own more than compensated for her lack of the certificates usually required by the authorities. At any rate, I feel she was one of the best teachers I ever had, and that my three terms under her tutoring were years well spent.

As stated, she did not have quite the education that some do, but she had brains, without which any amount of education the colleges might offer would be futile.

Her teaching was of a Biblical nature; if there was anything in the textbooks that contradicted the Bible, she told us not to believe it.

She was a good singer, and constantly taught us new songs, so that for several years our school had the reputation of being the best-trained group of singers in the township.

She knew how to make geography interesting. Sometimes she would let us make papier-mache maps of posters on big sheets of wrapping paper, the whole class working together. Sometimes she got us to act out scenes from our history, such as Cortes's encounter with the Indians in Mexico.

She sometimes had a little trouble keeping the group disciplined, but instead of standing behind her as they should have, a number of the parents criticized her. Finally, some of the trouble-makers, and some of those from plain churches, went to the board and persuaded them to relieve her of her job, using as an excuse her lack of a diploma.

Well, now this teacher is in another kin of work, but she will live on in my memory as a great teacher. I still meet her once in a while and we talk about school days. She talks of going back to college when her children are all grown, so maybe some day she will be able to again sit in the teacher's chair.

Sincerely,
John B. Martin, Narvon,Penna.

Last evening, as I read with interest in this welcome Bulletin, I got an urge to try and write about the teacher that I remember best. She was a big stout woman in middle age, and a widow with a family. The school where I went was back in the hills on a very narrow road, and it was very hard to get in and out when it was muddy or snowy. Her daughter used to bring her with an old buggy and a beautiful sorrel horse. This was around twenty-four years ago.

When she made a rule, I don't think there was anybody who dared disobey. At recess or noons, when she heard bad language or quarreling, she hardly ever said a word until school was in session again. Then she made the ones who were involved get up in front of the school and take hold of hands. She told us what to say to each other to apologize, and she usually spent fifteen or twenty minutes doing it. By the time this was over, those pupils usually went to their seats with tears running down their cheeks. In my humble opinion, I think this was much better than scolding or having them stay in for recess. It was really embarassing to stand before the whole school with everybody quiet, seeing and hearing every word and move the pupils made.

As I am the mother of eight children with five in a parochial school, it saddens me to see and learn how in a few schools the children take so much advantage over the teacher and get by with it.

It takes both parents and the teacher to make a go of it; one can't do it alone. Wishing you all a happy and prosperous New Year.

- A Reader, Orrville, Ohio

BURTON, OHIO
Dec. 26, 1964.

Greetings in Christian love,

Those who dreamed of a "White Christmas" were no doubt greatly disappointed, as it was gray and rainy instead. The last five days have been very foggy and rainy, so perhaps God is weeping over us because we are so materialistic at the time we celebrate the birthday of His only begotten Son.

Here's hoping that those schools in which quiet, simple, and Scripture-centered Christmas programs were held will continue in the same, in years to come. Those who still adhere to Santa Claus, plays "for laughs", and such things, we hope will change to something more fitting to a Christian school.

I had considered writing articles on three separate subjects, but if the editor accepts this and the readers bear with me, I'll combine them into one.

First, we will reminisce a little, and perhaps give a few pointers helpful to parents, teachers, and pupils.

Having eagerly looked forward to the day when I could go to school, the thrill and wonderment of those first days are still very real. I remember how embarassed one boy was when his mother kissed him good-by as she left him with the teacher. My, but I was glad my mother didn't do that!

I have often wondered what others considered their greatest accomplishments at the time they attended school. Three things I thought , in my young mind, were big strides forward.

(1.) When I actually could read all by myself!

(2.) When I could write my first and last name alone.

(3.) When I mastered long division.

We had books about rabbits, foxes, sheep, and other animals in the first grade, and my elation at seeing the words with my mind and eyes, and hearing my voice say them, was almost more than I could contain. It opened vast fields of exploration and enjoyment which, sad to say, I didn't always direct in profitable ways. My passion for reading led me to a technique for doing lessons which left much to be desired.

I would read my lessons only once, and then go to the library for books. To actually study my lessons was an unknown thing, and I considered it a waste of time. The result was that my grades were not at all what I was capable of attaining.

A word of caution to teachers and par--ents: See that work comes first and then give them reading privileges. For those who never seem to get time to read, a program where Bible verses are learned, or worthwhile books are read by the teacher following recess or noon periods, will supplement their needs.

We attended a large consolidated school and therefore had a variety of teachers, whom I all remember vividly. I won't describe them all but will compare several.

Our fifth and sixth grade teacher was a young woman named Miss Ann Horvath. She was dedicated and sincere. There were some large sixth grade boys who were tempted to disobey and torment her at times. One day L______ did something naughty, and the teacher decided to send him to the principal. However, she thought it was R______ who was guilty, so she held the door open and ordered him forward. R______ stood up and said, "I'm sorry, Madam, but it wasn't me."

She felt sure he was the culprit, so she told him to march to the office. As he passed her, he again said he was innocent, but manfully went and took the punishment.

The next day Miss Horvath humbly and in a choked voice apologized to R______ for having him punished instead of L______. She had somehow learned the truth.

Three things stand out in my mind from this incident: The look of guilt and anguish on the guilty boy's face as he watched his innocent classmate being accused; the politeness of the innocent boy's defense; and the humility of a fine teacher admitting her mistake. This was often a great help to me in my years of teaching.

Our seventh grade math., science, and

gym teacher was a happy-go-lucky chap named Mr. F.______. He had some very unusual teaching methods.

Sometimes the whole class period was taken up by an informal discussion on anything from monkeys to biscuits. At other times he would strike terror to our hearts by announcing, "Well, today is the day of reckoning!" This meant a test, and woe to anyone who failed!

Another trait of his was to give nicknames to pupils. One extra-large, rather clumsy fellow was given the name of "Seabiscuit". At that time Seabiscuit was a famous race horse, who was very swift and graceful.

A few years ago I met this boy (now a family man) in our little town, and my astonishment at seeing him after all these years caused me to completely forget his rightful name. All I could think of was "Seabiscuit"! Consequently, I only spoke a few words and went on, lest I betray my stupidity.

The most unfortunate nick-name he attached to anyone was "Butch" -- to an Amish girl. This followed her after school, and I know she often suffered from unkind remarks made about her name.

So I hope we parents and teachers will b on the guard at all times for such things. How often have grown men and women suffered embarassment on account of nick-names given them by their parents because they thought it was cute.

In closing, I'll say Amen to the article in the Bulletin on various subjects, and a hearty "thank you" to the editor and all con tributors. Let's all do our part to keep th articles original as much as possible. To those of you who just never quite get up the nerve to write an article: Send one in and the next one will be easier. Remember that only a very few people are fluent writers, and so those of us who aren't have to put forth extra effort to get together something "printable".

Wishing everyone a blessed New Year...

Prove all things. Yours, merely, but sincerely, - Menno M. Hershberger

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"TURN BACK, TURN BACK, O TIME IN THY FLIGHT

- By Uria R. Byler, Middlefield, Ohio

This morning the writing bug suddenly invaded these premises. Long before daylight we were awakened by the wind howling around the corners with that eerie "OOOOOH", and it brought back, as it always does when I hear it, the memories of a poem we memorized over forty years ago. Clearly I remember standing in front of the room, facing a group of mischievous - looking little Johnnies and Marys, whose supreme delight it was to see your face turn a dark crimson as you stuttered and stammered out the words:

"Have you ever heard the wind go yoooooo
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear -------"

The song of the wind has not changed any during those years. It still "chills you through and through with a strange and speechless fear" as you think of the many people in the world who may be homeless or living in cold shacks. You also think of the little creatures of the outdoors; the rabbit behind the clump of sedge, the birds being blown about looking for something on which to feed. Meanwhile, you are sitting here by a roaring fire, feet propped up, clipboard on the arm rest, worrying about writing something readable.

Well, I've told myself already, don't write, then you won't have that worry. In the same sense, don't teach school, and you won't have any school worries. Let George do it.

True enough, but suppose no one would write. No Blackboard Bulletin. No Budget. No letters, circle or other. No books. That's right, if no one would ever have bothered to write we wouldn't have a Bible to read.

Old Mother Earth is covered with a blanket of snow this morning and everything is different. The trees are dark and bare and swaying dismally to and fro in the cold northwest wind. Looking out across the fiel to the woods beyond, you wonder, and marvel, at the great change in these last, short weeks.

It seems like only a few days ago that the trees were in their full blaze of autumn colors, and there is no more magnificent sight than this. Then, one by one, the leaves start falling, first only a few, then more and more, until the ground is covered deeply and nature has shed her raiment.

Life can be compared to the leaves. During the spring the buds come, and they are soft and tender. Then they burst out into full-grown leaves, each one serving some little purpose, insignificant as it may see

Fall comes, and a subtle change comes over the leaves. Gone is the freshness of early summer, and a drab color foretells th coming of a change. The stems weaken, th leaf begins to show the signs of the buffetings and vicissitudes endured during its summer of life. Then comes the inevitable day and hour and minute that its life ends, and down it comes, floating slowly, reluctantly, to join the others. It has now serv its time, fulfilled its duty as the Creator intended, and there is not a power on eart that can replace that humble, simple littl leaf.

This has been a busy fall, with not muc time for sitting around and moping. Time marches on, and duty calls us to march wit it. When the tide comes in, you move with it. It's better to go gracefully and stay on your feet than being swept along topsy-turvy, upside-down, helter-skelter, and be deposited face-first in the sand. It may be better, but not easier.

For instance, let's take the week of October 25th. In fact, it had all started a week before that, when a certain wedding was announced. Usually when such an announcement is made, you think only of a Thursday about ten days later. This one was slightly different.

The first four days of the first week I was at the school trying, without success, to keep my mind on my work. Friday was one of our teachers' meetings, and then on Saturday it broke loose. All the children and their spouses were here, the men setting up tables, the women baking pies and cakes, trying to dodge each other, again without total success.

After a lull on the Sabbath, it began all over on Monday. This time it was the chickens who were the center of attraction, along with more pies and puddings. Benches, dishes, silverware, had to be accumulated and marked, many small errands and details attended to, but when evening came, everything was ready.

It seems like a long time ago, that Tuesday of the wedding. Again we more or less were swept along with the tide, trying to keep on an even keel.

Wednesday: Clean up. Need more be said?

Thursday: Another wedding only a few steps down the road.

Friday: Back to school. Again, the less said the better. It didn't help matters to discover my helper sick with the measles, and I was alone. So I enlisted the eighth grade girls as helpers and they came through with flying colors. It's entirely possible that at one time or other during that Friday that the tide of the week's events caught up with me and the keel was very much uneven.

Saturday: Moving day for the newlyweds. The wagon was backed to the front door and loaded. Then away we went, with two buggies and a wagon load of furniture to the little three-room living quarters where they are starting up housekeeping.

After everything was put in place, Mom and I started homeward. It was a beautiful fall evening; one of those rare days in late October when everything seems peaceful and tranquil. A few solitary crows were cawing off in the woods, probably calling for a partner to start southward. The bright fall sunshine splashed over the brown-frosted fields to the dark, lonely, and bare woods beyond on the other ridge. There was very little conversation and the sound of iron on concrete was the only noise to break the silence.

Cloppity-clop. What is that tune saying? Suddenly, I understood it. It had taken a little while to penetrate, but when it did, it was clear as a bell. Cloppity-clop! Cloppity-clop! Getting older! Getting older!

Imagination? Probably. But the happenings of the past month had led to this moment. Otherwise, the sound of Jim's queer gait would not have produced the refrain that was driving into my soul. Today would mark another milestone in our lives. We had been thinking and talking about it for some time, but always it seemed a long ways off. Now it had rushed up, engulfed us, left us again, and it had taken the Clop! Clop! of a horse's feet to really bring it out in sharp focus. Tonight we were going home to be alone once more.

Now my thoughts went back to where it all started. It was a perfect evening for such memories with the peacefulness of the countryside blending with the aura of that golden past.

Where had the last thirty years gone? Come January and it would be that long that your parents had helped you get started, the same as you did your last child today. As you let your mind wander, certain scenes come before you. You see three barefooted, bareheaded boys, whose pant legs were always a few sizes too short, go tearing around the old farm buildings, chasing cats, fighting bumblebees, or go zooming down the steepest hills they could find on an old buggy gear, steered by binder twine.

You see two tomboy girls, trying to keep up with their older brothers in all their shenanigans except chasing their beloved cats, which was to the sisters a great evil, for instead of playing with doll babies, they used these same cats.

All these, and many more scenes, passed before us as we wended our way homeward, but probably the most memorable one was the picture of all gathered around the fireside, singing hymns, playing games, or just talking. Then, with childish good-nights, off to bed they'd go, and Mom and I had no more worries for that day.

But "that day" passed, and the years passed, too, and long before we were ready, they grew up. First one, then another, went on their own, like young martins leaving the nest. And now the last one had gone.

The sun was sinking in the west when we came home to a strangely silent, oddly different house. Gone was the clattering of dishes and the rushing to and fro of the past week. The furniture was back in place again and all over pervaded the deepest silence our home had ever known, it seemed.

That was three weeks ago today. Three weeks of being a question-answerer, a doctor, a psychologist, a peacemaker, and at the same time, trying to be a teacher. Three weeks of being too busy during the day, and too tired in the evening to mope, or feel sorry for myself.

I was thinking about this the other evening on the way home. Again memories came back, as they frequently do, of the days past. It had been a rough day, and for the umpteenth time I asked myself, "Why did I ever get into this? Why don't I get out and let someone else carry the burden?"

Well, why don't we all get out? There

are other things to do that have far less worry and headache than school teaching. Again, that raises the question, Where would that leave us? No schools ....

After mulling over it the rest of the way home, I decided it would be better to count our blessings than to brood about things over which we have no control. Also, I decided even though there may be heartaches and disappointments in school teaching, these are more than outweighed by the rewards; and there simply are no rewards, nor feelings, that can give a person the soul-satisfying moments that you get now and then in school teaching.

Our "silent house" is a good place to relax and rest after a day in school, and the school is an ideal place to forget loneliness. Together they make a pretty good combination, even if we're "getting older! getting older!"

TIPS TO TEACHERS

For extra practice in column addition, write single digit numbers on the floor in the aisles or around the classroom. Pupils walk along and mentally add the figures. Vary the problems according to the grade.

-Daniel Stutzman

Keep a piece of paper in your textbooks. List the names and jot down the grades during class. They are easily copied in the grade book. - F. M.

We have the children sing while they are washing their hands for lunch. It keeps down whispering and mischief.

- Mrs. Sylvia Raber

ARITHMETIC TOURS:

This idea really stemmed from one that Fannie Mae Mast used at Pleasant Ridge School, Middlebury, Indiana. It is a good way to introduce a little geography to lower grades, and in helping the older grades recognize places.

Put a large map of the United States on the wall where students can see you move airplanes for them. Have each class decide where they would like to take a trip, then each student cuts out an airplane for himself and puts his initials on it, making it of the color of construction paper his particular class is using.

The trip is divided into five stops, and each time a student gets 100%, (or an A) on his arithmetic paper, his airplane takes a hop. The airplanes are fastened to the map with pins. The one arriving at the destination first for his class, gets a small prize Then another trip is started for the whole class.

Variety can be added by changing the ways of transportation to buses, cars, trains,etc.

- Susie Hostetler

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R. R. # 4, AYLMER, ONT.,
CANADA

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CHILDREN ARE A PRODUCT OF THEIR ENVIRONMENT

If a child lives with criticism he learns to condemn.
If a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight.
If a child lives with fear, he learns to be apprehensive.
If a child lives with pity, he learns to feel sorry for himself.
If a child lives with jealousy, he learns to hate.
If a child lives with encouragement, he learns to be confident.
If a child lives with praise, he learns to be appreciative.
If a child lives with acceptance, he learns to love.
If a child lives with recognition, he learns to have a goal.
If a child lives with fairness, he learns justice.
If a child lives with honesty, he learns what truth is.
If a child lives with Godliness, he learns to live for others.

-Adapted from "Ontario Home and School". Sel. by E. S.

The Blackboard Bulletin

Children and Youth

An opportunity and a challenge...

JANUARY, 1965 Aylmer, Ontario VOL. 8; NUMBER 6

CHALKDUST FROM GEAUGA

- By Uria R. Byler

Old King Winter has arrived. Since a week ago, when folks were talking about our balmy Florida weather, we've had all the ingredients of the kind of climate that induces the birds and some humans to head southward. Readings have been down to 17 below, the wind has been howling, and that nice fluffy white stuff lies deep over these hills.

Where are those forecasters who were proclaiming a very mild winter? Grand-dad used to have little faith in any long-range weather predictions. "The old weather prophets have all died," he would say, "and these young ones don't know much."

Weather and school teaching have many things in common. Both are unpredictable, which is another way of saying that no one can accurately forecast what the next day will bring forth. Expect things to run smoothly and you usually will wind up having one of those days when everything goes "hinterfederst" and "untereverst". Worry and fret and stew about some impending problem that you have a dark feeling will break out tomorrow into something very serious, and what happens? Nothing. You've had a fine and smooth-running day, and again your mountain turns out to be a molehill.

Some psychologists have finally figured out that weather, or atmosphere, actually does influence a school child's behaviour, and his ability to concentrate on hard work. The same article says that teachers likewise will have different reflexes and can blame the air pressure sometimes if things go wrong. It seems a rising barometer (say the experts) will find everything even-tempered and serene, whereas a falling barometer will cause nervousness and restlessness. By the same token, teachers are supposedly more irritable and "jumpy" when the barometer falls.

So that's it! Well, now that we know where the trouble lies, we can check our barometer, adjust our nervometer accordingly, and head for school, ready to face anything.

According to the articles and letters in this winter's B.B., many people are deeply concerned about youth problems. That's a good sign. As long as we are worried about problems that we must face, be it youth or anything else for which we are responsible, we are pretty close to the right track. It is when we bury our heads in the sand so that we don't have to see it, or if we become too immersed in material things to think about child-raising, then it is time to be alarmed.

What is the role of parents whose children have all married? Now that their immediate duties of raising a family are over, should they consider it "none of their business" how the next generation handles their problems, or how their grandchildren are brought up? Or, if they do have worries about the future, and at times see cases where some advice might be needed, rather than sound "bossy" or "vorwitzig", should they remain silent?

Grandparents have been accused, perhaps rightfully sometimes, of being meddlesome . As we get older, we probably get more "sot in our ways", and too apt to criticise the present generation of young parents, while mourning for the "good old days" when everyone was supposedly well-behaved, and there were no youth problems.

The truth of the matter is, there never was a time when child-raising was an easy task, or when children did not turn against parents at times. The stories of David and Eli of the Old Testament are stories of heart-breaking grief caused by their disobedient children. There have always been pitfalls to catch the unwary youth who was not on guard. The big difference of today as compared to forty years ago is that in this modern age the temptations are so much greater than they were earlier.

How do schools today compare with those of the "good old days"? In the country schools which I attended from 1920-28, discipline was usually non-existent. They were public schools in which the parents really did not have too much right to step in and do something. Some of the things that were carried on, as I think back now, were truly shocking. The reason was simple: The town schools got first choice, the cream of the good teachers, while the poorly-paid country schools got what was left, and sometimes that wasn't much.

Today, with our own parochial schools, we are in a position to improve on that, not because we have better teachers, scholastically, but because we have the opportunity to enforce discipline as it should be, and with the parents' co-operation, we have no excuse to not have a well-behaved school.

So, getting back to what we were saying about older people and their role in working with youth problems, my guess is that, even though they may never say a word about it, their thoughts are not idle. Some may be more reserved in their comments than others, but we may well believe that all are spending a lot of time thinking of their heritage, and wondering, again and again, what the future holds.

Grand-dad, for one, never minced words when it came to handing out advice to his children and grandchildren. He saw it as his duty, whether it hurt or not, to admonish, lecture, and advise on how a family should be raised. Behind that silver-white hair and deeply-lined face of about eighty-five summers, lay some very good advice.

To his grandchildren, especially, when they visited him (as we all loved to do during his declining years), he many times would tell us not to spare the rod, and quoted the Scriptures on how to raise children. His deep concern, right up to the last, was for his "Nachkommenschaft".

Was Grand-dad right or wrong in being so concerned about youth and child-rearing? Was he meddlesome, too much concerned about other people's business? If so, there have been, and still are, many more guilty of the same offense.

- Middlefield, Ohio

MUSCODA, WISCONSIN
February 3, 1965

Dear Readers,

Christian greetings to all. We are having real wintry weather here in southern Wisconsin. There's a nice blanket of snow on the ground, and the temperature has been below zero almost every morning this last week. It's now 2½ years since we moved here from Oregon. There our winters were quite different from this, milder, but with a lot of rain. The grass was green all winter long. But we have enjoyed living here, and of course, by now it seems like home.

Since coming here, our children have been attending a parochial school. We appreciate the privilege we have, and also the efforts of our teachers in teaching our children.

The editor has asked for some articles and letters from the parents to describe what kind of teacher they would like their children to have. I hesitate to give my opinion, as I'm afraid I couldn't myself fulfil the duties of an ideal teacher. Nevertheless, someone has to teach, and also someone has to write, or we would have no Bulletin or other papers to read. But it is always easier to let someone else do it. So I'll try in my weak way to write a little.

I think that first of all a teacher should be a real conscientious Christian, and one that has an interest in teaching. She should be patient and kind, but firm, and let the pupils know she means what she says. I like to see an ambitious teacher, one who takes a real interest in the pupils and tries to make school interesting for them. Also, I believe a teacher, to be successful, must learn to take criticism in a Christ-like way.

Now I've said what a teacher should be like. But to have a successful school, it will take more than that. I believe we parents have a big part to do, in encouraging our teachers, and not be quick to criticize. Let them know you are standing behind them. If there is something you aren't satisfied with, I don't believe the parents should criticize the teacher at home in front of the children, which is a quick way to build resentment in the children against the teacher.

I have certainly enjoyed the Bulletin; the many articles on youth have been of much interest to me. It seems as each day goes by, one realizes more and more the great responsibility we parents have in bringing up our children in the right way.

I have to think how we feel when our children are disobedient, how it grieves us so. Then I have to wonder if God doesn't feel the same way about us as His children, when we aren't as loving, kind, and forgiving as we should be. Yet He is ever patient and long-suffering toward us. So I believe it takes much patience, prayer, and a never-failing trust in God to be able to live the overcoming life, and to teach these little ones that have been given to us.

May God bless each one. In Christian love, - Mrs. Glendon Kauffman

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A FEW BLESSINGS

The right to worship as we please,
In this pleasant land of ease.
The right to choose our work and where,
In bustling factories, or open air,
Abundance of clothing and of meat,
Shelter from storm, cold, and heat;
To observe nature in its glory,
Each exquisite thing has its story.
To observe the wildlife in the woods,
And see in nature, man's wistful moods.
Barely the beginning of blessings I know
That we meet on life's pathway, as onward we go,
So let's not abuse our blessings
Or, we may wake up some time,
And the blessings we took for granted
We will no longer find.
Satan's mighty plunderers
Are striving to knead,
Into slaves all of earth's people,
So our blessings let us heed --
Be thankful while there is yet time,
And preserve these blessings, yours and min

- By a Reader, Indiana

"It took me eight weeks to find out that one fifth grade boy didn't know his multiplication facts farther than 2 x 9 = 17. Oh, if we could only get down to the root of each pupil's problem, and help them build a foundation for future years! How much more should we be concerned about the way we act, talk, etc., to give them an example befitting to Christians." - M. H.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

This month we had more than the usual amount of selected material come in. We appreciate good selections, but original material is used first. Keep on writing.

Next month we would like to start a new series, VOICES OF THE PAST. Watch for it.

In this issue, we have .... about everything.

1. Jonas Nisley, our organic farming booster of Baltic, passed on to us a thought-provoking story, "It Won't Hurt Me. I'm Tough!"

Though most of us may not agree with all that the "health people" claim, yet we must admit that they are certainly right in a lot of points.

They are right in saying we are what we eat. They are right when they say many people are eating themselves to death. (I wonder, though, if this might be blamed more on eating too much, than on the wrong foods.)

And the lady who wrote this story is right in prescribing six very good doctors. These doctors are certain to do more for healthful living than all the drugs and medicines in the world. And leave no harmful effects, either.

We as parents and teachers are responsible for setting good examples in health, and in teaching the same to our children. And as Christians, it is also our duty to teach that our bodies are the temple of God, to be treated fairly and respectfully.

We hope this subject doesn't mushroom on us in future issues. This paper is not a health magazine, yet health is vital to schools and homes. Therefore, this story. But please, not too many.

2. Following his article about "Getting older, getting older" in the last issue, Uria R. Byler, R. 1, Box 98, Middlefield, Ohio, received a very nice poem from a party in Kinzer, Pennsylvania. But they did not sign their names. He would like to write to them about this poem, and asks them to write to him.

This month Uria asks the question what responsibility older people and grandparents have in the youth situation. We think they have a pretty important part to play. After all, no one else is so well qualified in knowing what to do.

What do you think?

3. Mrs. Kauffman of Wisconsin mentions not criticizing teachers in front of children, etc. We think she has a point, and in the following editorials, we've enlarged it.

EDITORIAL

HOW TO KILL MOLEHILLS

The nations of the world have always had a hard time getting along with each other. Today there are more nations than ever, and it seems there is always a crisis or two brewing somewhere.

It seems these crises have a way of developing in our schools, too. They shouldn't happen among Christians, but if we let down our guard at all, they are likely to crop up before we are aware of it.

We have to contend with two types -- the one that is confined to the school room, and the one in which the parents and school board are dragged in, too. The latter are more difficult to handle, largely because adults are not as nearly natured like children as they should be.

In the school room or out, these things can be serious. And they strike a blow at the very heart of our parochial school system. If we can not get along peacefully, our schools have no excuse for existing.

Great oaks from little acorns grow. Even so, misunderstandings have small beginnings. The way to prevent big quarrels is to nip them in the bud. Rather than letting small differences grow into mountain-size disagreements, we must kill them while they are still molehills.

The teacher must be alert to little dislikes among the pupils. She must also be on the watch for ill feeling between families. And last of all, she must keep a spirit of co-operation between the children and herself, and the parents and herself.

If the parents start siding with their children against the teacher, there is real trouble ahead. One teacher once sent notes home to each family on Opening Day. These notes read,

> "Dear Parent,
>
> I would like to make an agreement with you as we start the school year. If you promise not to believe everything your children bring home from school, I agree not to believe everything they say at school about you.
>
> - Your Teacher,"

It's not that children are dishonest. It's just that they have better imaginations than memories. And they are not in a position to judge a teacher's actions.

So, if you want to dispense with molehills as they rise, follow these rules absolutely:

1. Never "talk the teacher down" (or anyone else, for that matter) in the presence of your children. Find something better to talk about at the supper table than the shortcomings of your teacher.

2. Give the teacher the benefit of the doubt.

3. If the children relate something about their teacher that does sound serious, never let on to the children. It is your duty to go to the teacher, or see to it that someone else does, and talk the matter over. Nine times out of ten, when you have the facts, from the teacher, things will look different.

4. We repeat No. 3. Speak to the teacher, not to the children. NEVER!

There is an old proverb, "The one who strikes back starts the fight". If you are a parent and you think your children are not being treated fairly, or you are not satisfied with the way the schoolboard is running the school, it is not only your right, it is your duty, to use your influence to bring matters to a better state. But do it in a Christian way, in love and peace, always respecting other peoples' views. In short, love your neighbor as yourself.

Then, molehills never have a chance to grow beyond infancy.

HOW TO GROW MOUNTAINS

After reading the above, if anyone is still interested in growing mountains, let us tell you how. First, you must have the right conditions. If you don't have them, perhaps you can make them. Try to find a few people who are hard to get along with. If you want to do this thing right, try to have one of these hired as teacher. Or, second best, put them on the school board. Do not spend too much time on this, however, for you can raise a real ruckus without having this type of person in a strategic position. You'll just have to try harder.

Rake up a good seedbed by stirring up all the old grudges and dislikes of the past. With a little cautious questioning, you can get a good idea what has been forgiven (?) but not forgotten. Keep the gossip and the rumors moving, but be careful you are not caught.

If you have followed this far, you now have a promising seedbed, a soil that is eager to sprout trouble. Keep your eyes and ears open. Listen to everything your children relate about school. Pick out any choice bits and store them away for an emergency. Encourage them to tell you all about the other children, and teach them to criticize the teacher. It's surprising how much your children can help you once you've got a molehill growing nicely.

You won't have long to wait if you've followed directions closely. Differences of opinion are sure to turn up before long. If you're lucky, you can get one started between two persons who can't seem to stand each other anyway. Move smartly then, and you'll have a mountain practically made.

Try to draw all the parents into the dispute. Get them to take sides. If you can, have them evenly divided. Feed the flames by throwing on all the fuel you have -- dug-up grudges, insults, gossip, jealousies. Molehills mature in a few days if the conditions are right.

A word of caution -- don't let the two sides talk things over too much with each other. It is much better to have them talking behind each other's backs.

Don't relax yet. Many a thriving molehill has been knocked cold by a peacemaker or two. Sometimes one side or the other repents, and develops a forgiving spirit. Then you lose all you have worked to win, and more --- for, as soon as people humble themselves and start asking forgiveness, your seedbed will be ruined for a few years.

But, barring these developments, you can expect the teacher to be fired, or the school closed down, or the community permanently divided by a mountain of ill-will. And you can consider yourself a success at growing mountains from the seeds of a molehill. Once your crop is mature, you can move on to other fields.

Here's wishing you anything but success! —J.S.

> "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly..." — Proverbs 18:24.

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA
January 22, 1965.

Dear Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name. I am a young mother who sees her daily shortcomings in trying to raise a little family of four children, the way the Lord would like to have them raised. I feel that this Bulletin has done me a lot of good already. The letters that the teachers write are very interesting, as they all seem to have a great interest in children. They try to teach them obedience and show them what is right and wrong.

But our dear children have to learn obedience at home first. My father says that parents should speak only once in asking the children to do something; then, if they don't obey, punish them. I am far from perfect in that, but we can always try to do better, and ask the Lord to help us do and say the right thing at the right time.

I had pneumonia in September, and again in December. I feel it was good for me to stop and think a little. We are rushing through this world too much, and don't take enough time to try to plant good seed in our dear little children's hearts. They understand a lot more when they are two or three years old than I thought they would.

Our oldest boy died when he was four, and the two next ones were two and three. Now they say they remember how the oldest one looked, and they often talk about it that he went to heaven. He was never normal, and we feel he is much better off in heaven than he was in this sinful world.

We don't have any children in school yet, but if it is the Lord's will, our oldest one will start before too long. We surely have a lot to be thankful for that we can have our own Amish schools. I used to go to a big six-room school, where the teacher tried very hard to force us to see movies there. But our dear parents gave us strict orders to stay away from them. The teachers just could not understand it, because some of the other Amish children wanted to see them. I wish we could all stick together and try to do what is right.

I think it would be good for us all to think of these lines often, "Do nothing that you would not like to be doing when Jesus comes Say nothing that you would not like to be saying when Jesus comes. Go to no place where you would not like to be found when Jesus comes."

We have had a lot of sickness in the family already. Our only girl had meningitis of the brain when she was eight months old. She is a little over two years old now, and just started walking a little. So we have a lot to be thankful for, as I think she is doing real well for as sick as she was.

I have to think often of what I heard a preacher say; he said that when the Lord chasteneth us, we should not think He is done with us. Rather, he thought the Lord might do it to show us He can use us yet. No matter how we have it, there is still much for which to be thankful.

We are blessed with three healthy normal boys, which is so much to be thankful for. The Lord has also blessed us with so many kind friends and neighbors, to help us through our sorrows. This is also a lot to be thankful for, and we hope the Lord will richly reward them for all they did for us. Let us all try to set a good example for our dear children, and lead a true Christian life.

"If we trust, we don't worry,
If we worry, we don't trust."

- Mrs. Samuel S. Zook, R. 4, Lancaster,

A BOY'S PROMISE

The school was out, and down the street
A noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health, and gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't --- I promised Mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout
Of boisterous derision;
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the other;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still.
I can't, I promised Mother."

Oh, who could doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain, and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

'God's blessings on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bars all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised Mother.

- Selected by a Reader

FREDERICKSBURG, OHIO
R. 1, Box 60

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to you and yours in the Master's Holy Name. "The fruit of the spirit is love.., joy..., peace..., longsuffering..., gentleness .., goodness..., faith..., meekness..., temperance. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Gal. 5:22,23 - John 15:8.

I wonder if the children who come before us can see any of these fruits in our everyday lives? Or just what do they see? That is a questioned about which I have pondered many a time. It would be an interesting walk, I am sure, to wander through the children's minds, and see ourselves as they see us. I doubt if we would see the same picture in any two, and likely we'd see many improvements to make that we didn't realize existed.

On Saturday, Nov. 28, a group of about 30 teachers from Wayne and Holmes Counties gathered at the school where I teach (Woodland) to discuss the different problems we meet and the different methods of solving them. Some of the questions were as follows:

1. Whose responsibility is it to punish children who misbehave on the way to and from school?

There were several answers. One good one was this: The parents are responsible when they are on the way to school, the teacher while they are on the way home. Both teacher and parents should be willing to work together on it.

2. How old must a teacher be before he or she should know all the sounds of the alphabet? (I presume this was referring to such words commonly pronounced like this: Mudder, Fadder, dis and dat.) It was decided to postpone answering this question until some other time!

3. Again, we had the old question, "Should we or shouldn't we allow the children to use the answers for a ithmetic? Again, conflicting answers. Some said, "Yes," some said a definite "No,", and still others said, "Sometimes, for certain pages ." One advised giving a test once a week if you allow them to use answers on all other days, then using only the test scores for the grades on the report cards.

There were other questions, of course, but we'll go on to some sentences some of the children made with spelling words.

1. I will leaf the books here.
2. I had to bush my car.
3. You have to be honestly.
4. Did you invent to go home tonight?
5. I will starve to deaf in a few hours.
6. I need some threat to sew on this button.

One oral sentence from a second-grader, "Teacher, Junior has time-long for our brothers who got married."

Another amusing little incident was when my little first grader came up to class feeling quite confident she knew her words. When we came to the new word, toy, she said "toilet".

We have had quite a few visitors already at school this term but a very small number of these were parents. It seems the parents in my district just don't care enough to visit, or else we don't make it interesting enough for them. We tried though at Christmas time. The children were eager to each learn a nice verse. We practiced many nice songs to sing. How many parents came? One. Needless to say, the pupils and teacher were rather disappointed. I guess they were like the little Inn we read about, too busy to bother with Mary and Joseph. Maybe if we try again at the end of the term, they won't be so busy.

We haven't had enough snow this winter yet for sled riding at school. It has been a very mild winter so far and already we're on our way into the new year. As we meet the many problems and trials of the new year, and they begin to get us discouraged and blue, let's take the advice given in Psalms 62:8, "Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us."

Margie Schwartz

MILLERSBURG, OHIO
Weaver's School

The weather once more is winter-like, wit a few inches of snow and near-zero temperatu The children are wishing for a little more s so we can go sledding again. It certainly w a treat to return to the schoolhouse after a noon period of coasting, and face the happy, glowing faces after weeks of "What can we do days.

Our schoolhouse was hushed today, as it i only once in six weeks. The teacher walked tiptoes, and talked in whispers, and even ha time to sit at the desk and watch the busy p pils, hard at work. It was interesting to watch the expressions on their faces change "Let's see, how do we do this?" to "Now I kn how." Others seemingly had never to stop to think. Their pencils flew on and on, as the worked as if to win a race.

Finally, arithmetic, the longest one, was over, and we moved on to other subjects. Al goes well, and we finish the last spelling t in time to play several rounds of "Who Is Mi ing?" Then we sing several songs before di missing. The children are noisy, after bein under a strain for so long, and even singing has more volume than usual. They went home py. The tests are over. The teacher is hap too, because the pupils are happy, and she g home with 85 papers to grade.

Recently we had the pleasure of answering occasional knocks on the door to greet visit parents. I am sure they do not fully realiz how much this means to the whole school. It was so quiet during one visit that one pare commented on it, and told us to keep it up. Since then we are more careful of unnecessar noises, such as crumbling papers, etc. We a also more careful with the tidiness of the schoolhouse since we had several surprise visits. Why not surprise your children by showing up at your school unexpectedly one day?

The problem in last month's Bulletin drew many answers. We received 33 answers so far and all but 7 were correct. There are many ways of solving the problem, but the most s le is as follows:

By dividing, we find that tea is worth 4 times as much as coffee, etc. Then by mult plying 4 2/3 x 3 3/5 x 2 6/7 , we find that 48 lbs. of flour is equal to 1 lb. of tea, and 336 lbs. are equal to 7 lbs. tea.

It was very interesting to see all the d ferent ways to solve the problem, and where the letters all came from. Thanks to all w helped to make it interesting.

- Elizabeth Miller

Someone must mix the mortar,
Someone must carry the stone;
For neither the man nor the Master
Ever builds alone.
In building a roof for the needy,
Or in building a house for the King,
It is only by working together
That we will ever accomplish a thing.
-Selected by Vernon J. Troyer

PARENTS SET THE EXAMPLE

- By Elmo Stoll

Ruth was busy sweeping the room. She was thinking, "Tomorrow will be a week that I'm working here." The Millers were nice to work for. She enjoyed giving the new baby its bath each morning, and the mother was pleasant and friendly. The children were obedient and well-behaved.

A small bug scampered across the floor in front of her. Without giving it a thought, Ruth reached over, crushed it, and threw it on the dust heap.

Instantly, and as with one voice, the older children gasped, "Oooh, Ruth killed a bug with her fingers! Mom, she just used her fingers."

Ruth looked around, almost amused. Wherever had those children gotten the idea that killing a bug with one's fingers is such a dreadful act, she was wondering.

She was not left in the dark very long. "O-oou," shuddered a voice from the bedroom, and then on second thought, added, "But that's all right, children, it doesn't matter if she kills them that way. Just as long as I don't have to."

"How thoroughly those children have absorbed their mother's disgust at the thought of killing a bug with the fingers," Ruth marveled as she finished her sweeping.

Of course, something like this is quite unimportant. It matters very little whether you go through life killing bugs with a book, or with your fingers.

But, parents, the sobering fact is that weightier lessons are just as readily picked up and retained in the minds of your children. And it depends largely upon you whether these lessons will be good or bad.

How you react to a situation will do much to determine how your child will react to a similar one later in life. What a contrast between the parent who lightly passes off an untrue story with, "Now, now, you mustn't fib, you know." and the parent who is sincerely grieved and takes the time to explain why it is wrong to lie. If you don't consider a wrong act as serious, it is not likely that your child will either.

Thank God that most of our children grow up, knowing from early childhood, that outright acts of lying, stealing, and disobeying are wrong. But unfortunately, these wrongs come in many different forms. Some are not so readily recognizable as others.

We all agree, I'm sure, that we as Christians should be obedient to the government and the laws of the land, in all matters not contrary to the Scriptures. But are we always careful to do so, and impress upon the minds of our children the importance of doing so?

Two boys were visiting friends in another state. "Come on," they were urged, "why not go deer hunting with us for a day?"

"No, I guess not," the visiting boys countered, "We'll only be here a short while, and the non-resident licence costs too much. It's hardly worthwhile."

"Oh, that's all right," they were assured. "You can just go with us. The game warden almost never comes out this way."

Really, the above attitude is little better than what the world takes. We should obey the laws not only from fear of punishment, but also because of an inner sense of right and wrong. "Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake." Rom. 13:5. Sometimes a matter may seem too small and unimportant for us to be concerned about it, but let us remember that "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful in much also." Luke 15:10. The true test of character is what a person will do when he is sure no one will find out about it.

Postmarks are often faint. Sometimes a stamp may slip by without being marked at all. Are our children left with the impression that it is really rather clever to be able to get by with using a stamp like this, or are they taught that using a stamp twice is stealing as surely as breaking into a bank?

A man in Ohio drove slowly on past a stop sign. A police cruiser pulled up alongside.

"Do you know what the difference is between stopping and almost stopping?" the officer queried.

"No."

"Seventeen dollars and fifty cents, sir," came the brisk reply.

I'm not sure that the authorities always expect signs like this to apply to horse-drawn vehicles, but where they do, friends, the difference is greater than any sum of money; it is the difference between right and wrong.

Many of our highways and cities have laws against littering. When you have paper bags and boxes to dispose of while traveling through these areas, do you watch for a garbage can? Or do you merely take a hasty look all around, and think, "Oh, well, no cop is close." And forget, dear parent, that not only God is watching you, but also your children! And while the former may judge your actions, the latter will surely copy them.

- R. 1, Massey, Ontario

MUSCODA, WISCONSIN
Jan. 22, 1965.

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Christian love. Our Blackboard Bulletin came yesterday, and I found it very interesting this month, as usual.

I am at home today, as the roads are too icy to go to school.

This is my first year of teaching school. I find it very interesting, but also very trying at times. We have 31 pupils, so I have my

BOOKS...

-By David Wagler

BEST SELLERS

Here at the Bookstore we find that certain books sell well and others do not. In fact, about 20% of the titles make up 80% of the sales. Perhaps this is as it should be, yet we do feel that some of the books ought to sell better than they do. This month we would like to list a few which we think would be worth considering as an addition to the home library.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF BIBLE LANDS, Wight. An interesting, readable book dealing with manners and customs of the peoples of Palestine, Syria, Babylon, Egypt, and the desert lands. Only when a person has a good understanding of the setting of the Scriptures, can he fully appreciate the meaning of the Word.

Thirty-one chapters on such topics as "Customs at Meal-time", "Birth and Care of Children", "Religion in the Home", "Marriage Customs", "Sickness and Death in the Bible Lands", "Traveling on Land and Sea", "Slavery in Bible Lands", etc. For those who can not visit these lands, this is the next best thing.

CHAOS OF THE CULTS, Van Baalen. Deals with teaching and doctrine of such false religions as Mormon, Seventh-Day Adventists, Jehovah's Witnesses, and others. Also exposes such movements as Moral Re-armament, Rosicrucianism, Spiritism, Baha'ism. 414 pp.

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT BOOKS. Although she was a wheel chair invalid for most of her life, Annie Johnson Flint wrote many heart-touching poems. Tasting the sting of constant pain and disappointment, she was able to write such unforgettable poems as "One Day at a Time","What God Hath Promised", "The World's Bible", and "Prayer in the Night". Especially suited for the aged, the sick, the suffering, or in times of bereavement or disappointment.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL, Miller. A good book on family and home life; deals with the duties of husband, wife, parents, children, brothers and sisters. Also chapters on "Forbearing One Another", "The Blessings of Quietness", "Being Christians on Weekdays", "Shall We Worry?", and "Coming to the End".

WAHRES CHRISTENTUM, By Bishop David Beiler of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Admonitions of an Amish bishop to his children regarding their duties to God, the church, and to each other. Also chapters on baptism, swearing of oaths, non-resistance, the new birth, and "after death". Written in 1857. Only for those who can read German.

HISTORY OF THE PATRIARCHS, stories from the Old Testament for the young. German and English. Excellent for learning the German language while studying the history of Bible characters.

****

ORDER FROM:

THE BOOKSHELF
c/o The Blackboard Bulletin
or from
PATHWAY BOOKSTORE, R.4,
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

BEST SELLERS: (ONES THAT ARE)

WORTH DYING FOR, $ 3.00 ea., 4 for $10.00
paper - $2.00 each.
MAN IN BEARSKIN, $2.50, 5 for $10.00.
(Note: Order the above two books from your school to help them win a prize.)

EGERMEIER'S BIBLE STORY BOOK		4.00
	Deluxe...	5.00
1000 Questions and Answers, Kauffman .		.40
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, Bunyan.. cloth, $. and $1.75; paper .. 35¢ or 55¢.		1.00
HOLY WAR, Bunyan ...		4.50
TOUCHING INCIDENTS		.75
HIDDEN RAINBOW ... cloth, $3.00; paper		1.25
NOT REGINA ...		2.35
BUT NOT FORSAKEN ...	paper	.85
MARTYRS OF THE CATACOMBS ...		.55
LOST IN THE BIG TIMBER ...		.35
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN	cloth	1.35
RACHEL ...		2.00
BAMBI ...	paper	.60
LASSIE COME HOME ...		.60
McGuffey's 5th. or 6th. Reader...	ea.	.75
REAL CLOTH BOOKS, for baby		.30
ANABAPTISM, NEITHER CATHOLIC NOR PROTESTANT, By William McGrath ...		.50

BEST SELLERS: (ONES THAT OUGHT TO BE)

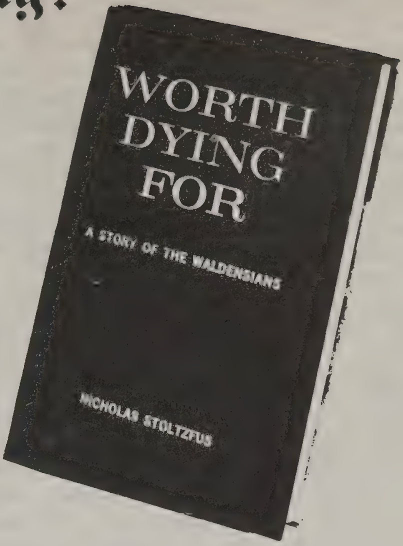
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF BIBLE LANDS, list price $4.00. Our price -- $3.50.
CHAOS OF THE CULTS, (list-$3.95) ... $ 3.50
BEST LOVED POEMS of A. J. Flint, (list price, $2.50) ... $ 2.00
FLINT'S GIFT BOOKLETS, 30¢ ea.; 4 for $ 1.00
(Titles available: "Nature Songs", "Songs of Grace and Glory", "Songs of the Saviour", "Songs of the Blessed Hope", "Travelogue of Cheer".
THE HOME BEAUTIFUL, Miller (list,2.95)$ 2.50
WAHRES CHRISTENTUM, Beiler .... $ 1.25
HISTORY OF THE PATRIARCHS ... . $ 1.50

SPECIAL Bookshelf offer:
- As advertised in the Sugarcreek BUDGET,

1 copy, Worth Dying For, cloth - value	$3
1 copy, Challenge of the Child - value	$2
1 copy, The Problems of Our Youth,	15¢
1 new or gift subscription to the Blackboard Bulletin. 1 year - value,	$1.25

Total Value: $6.40. Special Price - $5.75

Achtung! Achtung!



ANNOUNCEMENT

BOOK SELLING CONTEST !!

$60.00 in Prizes, plus Commissions.

PURPOSE OF THE CONTEST:

Pathway Publishing Corp., a non-profit company formed in 1964, has had rather large printings of WORTH DYING FOR and MAN IN BEARSKIN prepared. The company would like to see these books given a wide distribution, and this for two reasons:

1. Our children, and their parents and older brothers and sisters, need good reading material.
2. The Pathway company would like to sell a sizable number of the books in stock in order to meet printing bills and other costs.

For these reasons, The Blackboard Bulletin has been asked to sponsor a book-selling contest through the schools. All money collected during this selling contest (except what is used for prizes and commissions) goes to the Pathway Publishing Corp., for books sold, and to The Blackboard Bulletin, for subscriptions sold.

RULES OF THE CONTEST: (Read these carefully)

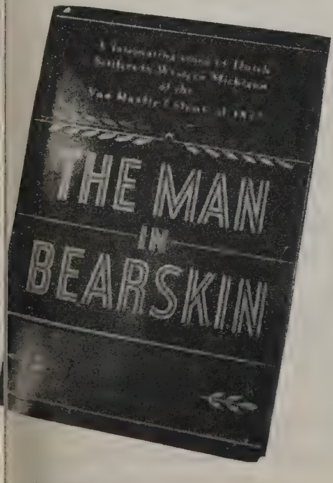
- Any public or parochial school in the U.S.A. or Canada is eligible to enter.
- All orders must be submitted by one person for the school, either by the teacher or a parent.
- The person ordering the books will be responsible to see that they are delivered to the proper parties. All books will be shipped to the parent or teacher who ordered for the school.
- The contest begins Feb. 1, 1965 and ends March 25, 1965.
- Send in your orders every few days so shipment of books can be made sooner. Send remittance with each order, or send it all in one check at the end of the contest, whichever you prefer. Subtract 10% commission on books sold. No commission will be allowed on subscriptions, but receipts will count on the total sales.

PRIZES: (The following prizes will be awarded to the schools having highest total sales:)

- First Prize will be $25.00 worth of any books of your choice.
- Second Prise will be $10.00 worth of books of your choice.
- There will be five Third Prizes of $5.00 worth of books, your choice.

BOOKS TO BE SOLD:

A 10% commission will be allowed on the books WORTH DYING FOR and MAN IN BEARSKIN. This commission may be used by the school, or it may be divided among the pupils who sell the books.



"WORTH DYING FOR"

Retail price for clothbound is $3.00 each, or four copies for $10.00. Therefore, if a school sells four copies or more during the contest, the retail price is $2.50. EXAMPLE: School X sells 21 copies at $2.50 ea,, for a total of $52.50. Its commission at 10% is $5.25.

In paperback, the retail price is $2.00 per copy.

The Man In Bearskin

This book must be sold in clothbound to count in the contest. The retail price is $2.50, but if 5 or more are sold, the retail price is $2.00.

" THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN "

Only new subscriptions count in this contest. No commission is allowed on subscriptions, but sales will count on your total

Send Orders to: THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario

THE OTHER SIDE

"Well, I will see you in a day or two," said the doctor. The man who was lying worn and exhausted upon the bed seemed to gulp his breath in an effort to take courage. In his eyes was a look of both fear and of hope.

"Doctor," he gasped, "is it true that I shall not recover?"

The old doctor shook his head gravely, "I can do no more for you," he replied, and then added gently, "nor could anyone else."

"Then, doctor," the sick man cried earnestly, "can you tell me what comes after death?"

"Another life for those that are worthy."

"But, doctor, can you not tell me something about it? You are a Christian, they say. What is on the other side? What are we to expect?"

Again the old doctor shook his head, "Ah, I fear it is beyond me," he said. "Who knows?"

With these words he turned, and opening the door, started to pass through it. But as he did so, he heard a rush and a patter of feet, and the next instant a huge dog sprang through the doorway and, pawing eagerly at him, wagged his handsome tail and tried to lick his face in happy welcome.

The doctor turned back to his patient, "Did you see that?" he exclaimed. "To my knowledge that dog has never been in the room till now. There he was on the other side of the door waiting for me to open it. The dog's nature told him that perhaps the one whom he wanted to see was on this side. Then the door opened and he found his master welcoming him. So, my dear fellow, will it be with you if you believe on Jesus. We know little about the other side of the door, but what we know is enough. The Master will be waiting for us, and He will not fail to make us welcome."

Then the old doctor departed, but he had left behind him something more than medicine, yes, something more healing than anything else in the world. His patient now faced the other side without fear.

- Louise Walker

(Continued at top of page)

TWO BOYS AND A CIGARETTE

Two bright little fellows, named Harry and Will,
Were just the same age and the same size until
One day in their travels it chanced that they met
A queer little creature surnamed Cigarette.
This queer littleccreature made friends with the boys,
And told them a story of masculine joys
He held for their sharing. "I tell you," quoth he,
"The way to be manly and big is through me."
Will listened and yielded but Harry held out,
"I think your assertions are open to doubt,"
He said, "and besides, I'm afraid I'll be sick."
"Afraid!" echoed Will, "You cowardly stick!
Well, I'm not afraid, look here!" As he spoke,
He blew out a halo of cigarette smoke.

Five years from that meeting saw them again,
The time had arrived when they both should be men;
But strangely enough, although Harry boy stood
As tall and as strong as a tree in the wood,
Poor Will seemed a dwarf; sunken eye, hollow cheek,
Stooped shoulders proclaimed him unmanly and weak.
With thumb and forefinger he listlessly rolled
A cigarette, smoothing each wrinkle and fold;
And the smoke that he puffed from his lips, I declare,
Took the form of a demon and grinned from the air,
And it said: "See that wreck of a man that I made
Of the boastful young fellow who wasn't afraid!"

-Sel. by a Reader, from Poems for Boys and Girls.

IF JESUS CAME TO YOUR HOUSE

IF JESUS CAME TO YOUR HOUSE
TO SPEND A DAY OR TWO,
IF HE CAME UNEXPECTEDLY,
I WONDER WHAT YOU'D DO,

WOULD YOU KEEP ASSURING HIM
YOU'RE GLAD TO HAVE HIM THERE?
SERVING HIM IN YOUR OWN HOME
IS JOY BEYOND COMPARE.

BUT WHEN YOU SAW HIM COMING,
WOULD YOU MEET HIM AT THE DOOR,
WITH ARMS OUTSTRETCHED IN WELCOME
TO YOUR HEAVENLY VISITOR?

OR WOULD YOU HAVE TO CHANGE CLOTHES
BEFORE YOU LET HIM IN?
OR HIDE SOME MAGAZINES
AND PUT THE BIBLE WHERE THEY HAD BEEN

WOULD YOU TURN OFF THE RADIO
AND HOPE HE HAD NOT HEARD,
AND WISH YOU HAD NOT UTTERED
THAT LAST LOUD HASTY WORD?

AND I WONDER IF THE SAVIOUR SPENT
A DAY OR TWO WITH YOU,
WOULD YOU GO RIGHT ON DOING
THE THINGS YOU ALWAYS DO?

WOULD YOU TAKE JESUS WITH YOU
EVERYWHERE YOU HAD PLANNED TO GO,
OR WOULD YOU CHANGE YOUR PLANS
FOR JUST A DAY OR SO?

WOULD YOU BE GLAD TO HAVE HIM MEET
YOUR VERY CLOSEST FRIENDS,
OR WOULD YOU HOPE THEY'D STAY AWAY
UNTIL HIS VISIT ENDS?

WOULD YOU BE GLAD TO HAVE HIM STAY
FOREVER ON AND ON,
OR WOULD YOU SIGH WITH GREAT RELIEF
WHEN HE AT LAST WAS GONE?

IT MIGHT BE INTERESTING TO KNOW
THE THINGS THAT YOU WOULD DO,
IF JESUS CHRIST IN PERSON CAME
TO SPEND SOME TIME WITH YOU.

* Author Unknown

BALTIC, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

The following story, "It Won't Hurt Me, I'm Tough", was written by a Mennonite widow who lives in Wayne County, Ohio. She wishes to be of help to others by sharing this article. She does not want her name printed, but she would like several copies of the Blackboard Bulletin containing her story, to share with her grandchildren. (These will be sent to her. Ed.).

I might further state that we know this woman personally, and we also knew her husband. He was buried on Easter Sunday two years ago. He had his first heart attack, unexpectedly, while he and his wife were on vacation. He lived eighteen months after this attack, and was able to get about the house. His second attack killed him instantly.

- Jonas Nisley

"It Won't Hurt Me, I'm Tough!"

What a title for a story! But these words keep ringing in my ears. They were the words of my husband, who spoke them many many times during his life.

Now he has left me, not because he felt there was no more work for him to do, not because he was tired of living, but that little pump within his chest simply stopped. His heart didn't beat any more, and he fell over. Here one minute, the next moment he was gone. Suddenly he was in eternity, never to return to us. That body was of no more use here, and we had the sad task of laying it away in the church yard, while his soul went to be with his God.

Why do so many people suddenly fall over, and life is gone? Why? Why? Did you ever hear that expression?

We must remember the Bible teaches that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. God made our body, and what a delicate piece of machinery it is! After God created man, he put him in the beautiful garden of Eden, and there man was to live. What was in this garden? Do you suppose any chemical fertilizers were used? We know that everything in that garden was natural, just as God had created it. The soil was full of minerals. The food that grew there was the kind that God intended man to eat. He made our bodies for natural foods.

Now, ask yourself this question--"What am I eating today? Is it the kind of food God intended man to eat?" "How much D.D.T. have I taken into my body?"

This delicate piece of machinery must be treated right. If you and I refuse to take care of this body, we can not expect to have a long healthy life. Our body is self-regulating, self- adjusting, true, but we must co-operate. The body will constantly rebuild itself. If we give it proper nutrition, nature can rebuild healthy cells.

It is hard to understand the complex system by which the body lives and grows. We are told that there are about 26 thousand cells always rebuilding. These cells must have proper nutrition in order to build new and healthy cells. Take care of your body and it will take care of you. Think twice, for you only live once.

Good health is no accident. Yes, we need doctors. With this I agree. Let me name the six best ones --- Dr. Good Diet, Dr. Sunshine, Dr. Fresh Aire, Dr. Sleep, Dr. Fresh Water, and Dr. X.R.Size. Remember their names. Not one of these good doctors will give you a shot either, and they won't send you to the drug store.

I have one regret, that I did not understand more about the body years ago, that I did not know how harmful some chemicals can be. I did not know the dangers of sprays and dyes. I knew little about nutrition. In our early years of married life, this was our slogan, "Eat what you like. If it tastes good, and you don't get sick, enjoy it. If it doesn't cost too much, buy it." Never one thought about nutrition. I was never told about the danger of hydrenated fats, and what harm they can do to the arteries, how those fats clog up the arteries and veins till there is little room left for the blood to pass through.

It's dangerous; it creeps up on us. We have no way of knowing till suddenly it's too late. Saturated fats are harmful, while unsaturated fats are not. That little enemy cholestrol will creep up and without warning. No one ever thought it was filling the arteries of my husband. He was in wonderful health. I often heard him say, "Nothing hurts me. I can eat anything I want. I never have a pain in my tummy. Grease doesn't hurt me at all. I love my fried potatoes. I love greasy pork. I'm tough."

And so he was. He often said, "I have no aches and pains, no headaches, never." I don't recall his ever having a medical doctor except for a few accidents. He was the healthiest man I ever knew. He could sleep like a baby and work like a horse, yet all the while the blood vessels were becoming more and more clogged with that fatty substance.

And then one day it happened. There was a little pain in his chest, and in a few minutes he was a very sick man. Yes, there had been a blood clot, a large one. For days his life hung in the balance. It did such damage that his heart could hardly pump the blood through his body.

You know there are about 9000 miles of blood vessels, about 947 miles of arteries, about 8 quarts of blood are pumped through the heart every seven minutes, about 35 trillion red blood cells are floating through our blood stream continually. Just imagine for a minute what a terrific job your heart must do. But if it is damaged, if part of it is blocked, what is going to happen? So it was with my husband. When that heart could no longer do its duty, his once healthy body changed to a physical wreck. Yes, he recovered in part and lived some time after the first attack, but no longer was he able to do the things he wanted to do.

No longer could he sleep like a baby. Now he was weary, so very tired. All his pep was gone; his husky body was a mass of nervous tension. He was exhausted, indeed, a pathetic sight. No words can describe the condition a body can become when the heart is too tired to carry the load.

Do you know that your heart usually beats about 103,000 times a day, and your blood travels about 168,000 miles a day. Every part of the body must be bathed or fed with this blood, yet if the heart can't carry the load, it will affect the body in every way. In good health, you will breathe about 23,000 times a day, inhaling about 438 cubic feet of air; you move about 750 major muscles, and you use about 7 million brain cells. Do you agree with me, that we are fearfully and wonderfully made?

We must remember that we are what we eat. Did you ever wonder what would happen to a motor if you put foreign objects into it, instead of pure clean gasoline? If an engine is made to burn gasoline, and you tried to run it with something else, wouldn't it sputter and carry on? It wouldn't give you any service at all. Yet you expect this body of yours to stay well and serve you, while you stuff it with food that was not intended for it to have.

Too much of the food we eat has little food value. For example, take a grain of wheat. It has 26 minerals. That's a living food. That's the way God had it grow. But what is done to that grain of wheat? We sell the wheat and buy it back in the form of white flour. All the good has been taken away. It is said that if you feed a baby chick nothing but white bread, the chick will soon become crippled and finally die.

I recall how I often tried to get my husband to eat whole wheat bread. I would tell him, "The whiter the bread, the sooner you're dead". He would just laugh and say, "Why worry about me? I'm healthier than you are." And he was. I was usually half-sick, and always so tired, and I would have kept on at the pace I was going, no doubt I too would not be in this world anymore. But about ten years ago I became interested in food supplements, and discovered how much could be gotten from them. That was my first awakening to better nutrition, but it was only a beginning. It took years before I really understood what good nutrition does. I began to read health literature. I also attended health lectures. I really had my eyes opened, but it was too late, because that cholestrol was building up in my husband's arteries, although we didn't know it then.

After I understood what good nutrition can do for the body, I really became interested, and changed my idea of food. My diet was different, and soon it began to pay off in real health dividends. I decided that the pleasure of good health was greater than the pleasure of eating, but I also discovered that eating natural foods really tasted good. It has been said that white sugar breaks down your defense against germs and that your desire for white sugar and white flour will leave you if you quit using it for awhile.

How can you put dead food into your body and expect good health? If you have a soil full of minerals, then you will have good foods. If your soil is poor, then the food will be lacking in vitamins and minerals. Good soil, good food, healthy bodies. Poor soil, poor food, sick bodies. Think about this. Do you know that about 10% of the people really think, 10% think they think, and the remainder would sooner die than think. If you are sick, and want to get well, you must stop doing the things that make you sick. There are no short cuts to health; for good nutrition we need vitamins and minerals. The vitamins are the vital sparks that vitalize all the food elements and sets them to work, and the minerals are the building stones. Be sure you learn the difference between natural and synthetic. The enzymes are a natural aid to digestion.

To you who read this story, will you take a warning while you still have opportunity to take better care of your body? As for me, I am now a lonely widow, because I didn't know the importance of proper nutrition. I may have been a good cook, and my husband was so happy with his fried potatoes. How he did love them! One of his favorite foods was gravy on bread. Yes, the gravy bowl was empty while the salad bowl remained untouched.

He was always in a hurry while eating. He would say, "You don't catch me poking around! I eat like I work. It won't hurt me, I'm tough!" Today he is gone; he has vanished out of my life.

One day without warning, there was another blood clot. Such a big one! Over he fell, and life was gone. All was over.

Shortly before his death, he had discovered how delicious whole wheat bread was. He happened to pick up a piece of white bread from the grocery store one day. He took the bread, played a while with it, rolled it up, and threw it across the table at me. Then he said, "Who wants to eat dough?" I shall never forget this. It was so funny. I sat and laughed and laughed. Yes, it was a ball of dough.

I said to him, "Oh, that you had discovered this a long time ago, before your heart was ruined."

Another incident I shall not forget, just a short time before he left me we were sitting in the living room, and suddenly he looked up and said, "Oh, I see it all now. I ruined myself the way I ate through the years."

I agreed with him, saying, "If only we had known sooner what proper nutrition could do," but it was too late for him.

Ladies, if you still have your husband, and want to keep him, please start feeding him right. Feed him what he should have, and not what pleases his taste buds. The price for cheap food can be very expensive. Husbands, if you love your family and want to stay with them, please wake up now. Co-operate, eat the food that is good for you, grow your food on soil that is free of harmful chemicals. Remember, the food in the garden of Eden was natural. God made your body. He expects us to eat food the way He let it grow. The only way you can be assured of a healthy tomorrow is to start today.

---

hands pretty full. I'm always glad for new ideas. My sister helps a good deal, and takes over the first and second graders, as well as helping with the others.

Our largest grade is the second grade. There are seven of them, and only one is a boy. We have only one eighth grader.

Last week we had some of the girls write short essays in their spare time, on "My Idea of a Good School". I thought they had some very good ideas, so I decided to share some with you. This is one written by a sixth grade girl.

"I think a good school should have a good teacher. She should be patient, kind, and gentle. She should be cheerful, and teach the children the way Christians should.

"I think, too, the children should be obedient to their teachers. They should obey the rules.

"The school should be quiet in time of study. We should all be honest in our studies, for we know that Jesus is watching us at all times.

"I also think that a clean neat school room makes us more cheerful. We feel like working.

"We older children should set a good example for the younger ones. The wrong we do, they may pick up and also do.

"We should all be glad for our Christian school, for we know that in other schools they sometimes do worldly things that Christians shouldn't do."

Remember us in your prayers. -Miriam Kauffman

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE

There are two kinds of people on earth today;
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
He who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for fast flying years
Brings each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No, the two kinds on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you find the world's masses
Always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean!

-Author unknown, Selected by John D. Hershberger, Millersburg, Ohio.

ANGER BLOWS OUT THE LAMP OF THE MIND. Sel.

A CHEERFUL FACE IS EVERY MAN'S DEBT TO THE WORLD.

REAL HOUSECLEANING

- Author Unknown

Say, friend, do you ever clean house,
Not with soap or with a broom,
Do you ever look into yourself
As a woman looks into a room,
And notice the flaws in your work,
And the various stains on your soul,
Then begin cleaning house as you should,
And make a fresh start to your soul?

Clean house with yourself and wash out
All the imprints of envy and scorn,
And let your eyes sparkle once more
Like the dew-jeweled grass at morn.
Rub out all the stains and the grime,
Of the struggle for riches and fame.
Rub out the conceit and the pride,
And remove the dead ashes of shame.

Clean house with yourself --- carry out
All the useless ideas that you find,
Why cumber your soul with dead things,
Or with foggy old notions in your mind?
Start fresh in this battle of life
With a body internally clean,
For what are all outward charms
If your soul isn't fit to be seen?

-Selected by a Reader, Ohio

UNIONTOWN, OHIO
January 16, 1965

Dear Readers,

I will send the following letter, which I received a few months ago in answer to the question I had in the Budget, "What is wrong with our young people that come to our churches and make such great promises, are baptized, and after this go on living as before?"

This letter reads,

"Amos, I see by the Budget issued Oct. 15, 1964, that you are likely an Amishman, and that you are concerned regarding the spiritual life and welfare of mankind, in other words, the quality of the spiritual life of man.

"So many many people show by their conduct that they lack the quality of desirable fruit.

"My answer to your question: All too many preachers, teachers, and laymen fail to give Jesus Christ his rightful place in all their teaching, preaching, praying, and praising in song (which is also praying). Orthodox Jews worship God, the Father. They have a great religion, but do not honor or accept the Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"Protestants worship God the Father, and Jesus Christ, the Son. But, the Father is held up as being the most prominent to worship. I think this is very wrong.

"Devout Christians worship Jesus Christ for what He is, has done, and is doing, even now. Therefore, these are truly Christians.

" In John 14:13, we have a promise, ' And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.' And in verse 14, we read, 'If ye shall ask any thing in my name (in the name of Jesus) I will do it.'

"In Philippians 2:9, we find, 'Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.'

"Christians belong to Christ, 1 Cor. 3:23. And Christ is God's. Jesus Christ is Lord of all, and over all. One thing is needful for the people who make up the Church in this our day, and this is to honor Christ as head of the Church.

"Can we understand and observe the true meaning of being a Christian? ...to acknowledge and accept Christ as having the pre-eminence of and over this whole universe, including humanity. ...to permit Christ to hav the pre-eminence of our lives."

You can put this letter in your paper if you wish. I wonder sometimes if our Amish churches give Jesus His right place in our lives and in our thoughts. I also have more letters here concerning this topic.

- Amos Wagler

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"The Teacher I Remember Best"

- By Leonard N. Jantzi

After reading what others have written about a number of good teachers, I am prompted to write about the teacher I had last.

Yes, our previous teacher was getting married. So went the story from one to another. Who would be our next teacher? After seven years with the same teacher, this would be quite a change for the school.

I was in the smaller grades, but I was as eager as the next, hardly being able to wait till after the summer holidays. Finally, the first day of school came. Carrying our lunches, we all marched to school.

Here a smiling lady greeted us. She was a little older than we had expected, and not quite so tall, but she had such a motherly look. As the bell rang, we all scrambled to our seats. What a noise! But soon all became quiet. Our new teacher looked at all of us. In her hand she was holding a Bible. She read a chapter, explaining it nicely, and after a short prayer, she got to work. First, she got our names, then our lessons started.

Work ... why, with the last teacher we had a lot of leisure time, but now, get to work, is what she meant. And thus it was through all the following years. Arithmetic, English, verbs, nouns, history...yet it seemed easier. What was the difference? Now, as I remember, she had such a wonderful way of explaining to the children, especially to the hard-learners like myself. The other teacher had left the slow-learners behind, and had shoved the smarter ones ahead.

I remember the first day discipline was put into action. We were about ready to begin with our art lesson. All at once there was a rush and a scramble as we all found partners at another seat, intending to have a good visit while pretending to be busy with our art.

You should have seen the teacher's eyes. Her face turned red, and then, yes then, the law was laid down. First, we were ordered back to our seats. We all knew at once we were in for something different.

One boy was really a hard-learner. The teacher often sat down beside him and explained the lesson. One day, after much drilling, the boy finally knew the answer. After about an hour, she asked him the same question again, but alas, all was forgotten. This was too much! Grabbing him by his ears, the teacher lifted him up, up high, and banged him down in his seat.

One young fellow had been taking a nap. Upon hearing a shuffling of feet, he thought it was recess, jumped up, ran for the door, yelling, "First striker!" To him, baseball was more interesting than lessons. It was a sullen young boy who came slowly back to his seat.

The exciting day came when it was announced that we'd have crafts. Now, what was that? We were asked to buy a coping saw, sandpaper, small nails, and a hammer. The girls sewed and knitted. This was really something; birdhouses, bookcases were made and painted, and then they were our own.

We had a teacher, a carpenter, a seamstress, and a Sunday School teacher, all in one. This won most of our hearts. Now, instead of the must attitude, we wanted to do it. How much easier those school lessons were! Those slow-learners seemed to catch on. Those who had been last in the class started to come in second and third. After a number of years, and with much effort and some encouragement from the teacher, several even came in first.

The teacher whom we had at first taken to be strict, whom we thought would only last one year, was here for eight years! The inspector of schools soon sent student teachers to our school for practice teaching. I still wonder how she could teach from forty to sixty pupils, plus these student teachers extra, and manage.

A few years ago we visited our former teacher. She is now in her sixties, still spry, with the same "go", the same interest in children. Having had no children of her own, she seemed to adopt others, especially the ones she taught. She was not so much interested in herself, but in others, following the example Christ left us. Greater love hath no man, than those who give their time, talent, and interest for their fellow men, and to the honor and glory of God.

-Brunner, Ontario

The Teacher I Remember Best

By Ruth Williams

Frustration was gaining posession of our confused minds as we labored over those Algebra problems. There was no known way to find the unknown! After trying this method, that method, and every method we could think of, we gave ~~it~~ up and asked the teacher. Step by step, he went through the process slowly and in great detail. Then he asked, "Do you understand it now?" But the only honest response we could give was "No." Then even more carefully and in greater detail he explained the problem again - until the light began to dawn.

Patience truly was a virtue this teacher posessed. Gentleness, ~~and~~ kindness, and firmness mingled together to make him the unforgettable teacher he was. He could enjoy a good joke with his class, then settle down to work. His rules and classroom procedure were stable - one knew what to expect when you entered the classroom. We didn't laugh and joke one day, then hardly dare to move your little finger the next. We had our fun, and we worked. This orderliness was appreciated by all serious-minded students and even some who were a bit fickle.

Junky desks and school teachers often travel together, but not Mr. H . A place for everything and everything in it's place surely must have been his motto. He kept a tidy desk and a tidy room. He also expected to get neat papers from us. By his example we learned that organization and order are the best systems.

TO A BRAVE MAN, GOOD AND BAD LUCK ARE LIKE
HIS RIGHT AND LEFT HAND -- HE USES BOTH. Sel.

A TROUBLESOME VOYAGE

- By Eli E. Weaver, Dundee, Ohio

Let us imagine, for one day,
Our school to be a boat.
This is what we all would say,
"We want to stay afloat."

Our boat must have a captain sure
Who always is alert
(He must be able to endure)
All danger to avert.

Before the captain takes his post,
Takes hold of the controls,
We all should do our uttermost
To patch those little holes.

We should not leave our work half done;
We must all learn to think,
And keep on till the race is won,
Or our school-boat will sink.

We should have ever watchful eyes,
Our love we all must keep,
Or just before we realize,
A storm is on the deep.

If we don't see that great reward,
Free of all question marks,
We may be thrown overboard,
Fall prey to angry sharks.

As we walk across the plank
We need steady nerves,
Should one try some naughty prank,
He'd get what he deserves.

Now when our boat begins to sail
And pulls out from the dock,
We get all tangled in a gale,
And crash onto a rock.

When once more our boat is sailing smooth,
No one can hear a knock,
Till someone wanders from the truth ,
Another stumbling block.

Some days the school could be compared
To those ill-mannered waves,
Some days it seems like no one cared
How he or she behaves.

Now if we all would strive to be
Just more obedient,
More like the calmness of the sea,
What grief it would prevent!

If we put all our trust in God,
We need not fear that tide,
We'll get back safely to the sod,
If He is our guide.

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As we come back in sight of land,
Those breakers yet to meet,
With angry roars they take their stand,
But we dare not retreat.

Now when this weary day is o'er,
And we are safe at home,
We all resolve to sail no more,
Nor try to write a poem.

TIPS TO TEACHERS

Do you like a warm lunch? Wrap peeled potatoes in aluminum foil. Place inside furnace door or in hot coals for about an hour. Serve with butter and salt.

Wrap meat in foil and rewarm on register or on furnace, or roast in furnace.

- Daniel L. Stutzman

Nothing brings a school together like a game where all can help play. Try this one: Have about five pupils come up front and face the blackboard, hiding their eyes. Then have three children leave the room, and the others exchange their seats. Now the ones up front turn around and see who can guess first who is missing. The ones that guess right take their seats, and are replaced by the three wh were outside, for the next round.

The ones that take their seats choose others to go out this time. The faster the game moves along the more fun.

- Elizabeth Miller

An opportunity and a challenge.

The Blackboard Bulletin

Children and Youth

MARCH, 1965

VOLUME 8;

NUMBER 8;

Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

Voices of the Past

NO. 1 - THE NEED FOR CHURCH SCHOOLS

-By Samuel D. Guengerich, Amisch, Iowa

If we study the history of early Christianity, we find evidence upon evidence of a zeal for teaching their children the fundaments of the faith. In the first century, those who wished to be baptized were instructed for three months by the church leaders, during which time they practiced much fasting and self-examination.

In the year 200 A.D., the Christians of Alexandria had a school where the children were given instruction in the Christian faith. These schools are thought to have been founded in the days of the Apostles.

In the year 231, we find that converts had to prepare themselves, and confess with their own tongues their faith, before they were baptized. We also read of children, ten to twelve years old, attending the school at Alexandria.

In the Martyrs' Mirror we read of one time when converts were instructed (in den Unterricht gingen) for three years prior to baptism. Also, that they met six and seven times a week for instruction. This must, without doubt, have been a school.

...But let us now turn to our own time. It is an accepted fact that what a person learns in his childhood, or in the school years, is not entirely forgotten, even in old age. The wise man Solomon says that a child trained in the way he should go will not depart from it when he is old. (Prov. 22:6.) If a person is once accustomed to prayer, and to the holy Bible, even though for a time it may seem to be lost, it will at the last serve to his salvation, or to his condemnation. And, as parents, you will have saved your own souls by doing your duty to your children; if not, their blood will be required at your hands.

Now, my dear reader, think with me a little. Let us give this matter a close examination, that we may see what is our responsibility toward our children, according to the Word of God. And, if we have not in the past done our duty, let us wake now from the slumber of indifference, not seeking to justify ourselves with what was before us, namely, that our forefathers had no religious or church schools, etc. For we have proved in the above that our great-great-grandparents, and forefathers of the faith, did have schools, with the exception of times of great persecution, when they were forced to go into hiding, and were so scattered that schools were an impossibility.

As we know, in later years they fled to this free country of America, and, as it appears, many were so poverty-stricken, one could rightly say, "driven by persecution into the wilderness, empty-handed". Here, for many years, they struggled on in poverty. How many of us can remember those times, except for what our parents and grandparents have related to us?

And yet, they were rich in faith. Many of them brought up their children with strict religious training. Perhaps the reason was this: At that time there were no schools at all, while now the free public schools are everywhere. These we must support, and to them we send our children; naturally, not for religious teaching, no, but for worldly knowledge.

....Many a well-meaning friend will say, "If we must pay the tax anyway, to support the public schools, then I want to send my children there. Otherwise, I will receive no benefit from it."

This we will not try to contradict; we believe that the lessons taught in public schools have their worth, in that for which they are intended, namely, to prepare a person to make a living. But, if our children are sent only to these public, or English, schools, their minds will be so saturated with this world's wisdom that little room will be left for Christianity. Nor will they have a desire for it. Then will the

Christian life, yes, the better part which Mary chose, be given second place. Yet the Bible plainly says that we are to seek first the kingdom of God, and set our affection on things above, not on things of the earth.

Once a generation of such children has grown up, we will find many of them believing it is enough to have an outward form, and thinking it most important to provide their children with earthly possessions. But, my dear friends, this does not agree with God's Word. For, as we have shown above, our duty is to seek first the kingdom of God and the well-being of our souls. The righteousness which counts before God is neither sought nor found in the public or free schools; they are intended only to impart worldly knowledge, to ensure earthly success, and to make good citizens for the state. They are not to be despised, for they have their role, and this role they fulfil. But ... as little as we can expect to gain worldly knowledge without schooling, so little are our chances to get a knowledge of the Bible without great efforts on our part.

We do not wish to pass judgement on anyone who has never given this matter serious thought; but in love we would like to remind each of us concerning our duty and responsibility. If we have not been doing our duty, let us put forth double effort, and lose no time with the vain argument, "Our forefathers had no church schools, ..."

Our forefathers also had no public schools, yet we have them almost everywhere. We have no fear in sending our children to them until they are 21, even though all they learn there is worldly knowledge and wisdom. And yet we are surprised that our children care so little for religion! One must wonder that there is anything at all left upon which to base a semblance of Christianity —— for the people are so taken up with the things of this world that very little time, place, or desire is left for serious thought.

This is the reason why our Christian profession has so little root, and is so easily smothered by the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches ...

Let us look into the matter and, with the understanding God has given us, consider it rightly. Let us suppose a farmer were to sow oats, or even weed seeds, on his field, with but a kernel of wheat here and there. What would you say his harvest would be? There would be very little wheat. Oats are all right, but they do not take the place of wheat in wheaten-bread; even so, the wisdom of this world, and its morals, are no substitute for Christianity.

My beloved brethren, do not shrink from the matter, but let us examine this thing further, and compare it to our earthly work and dealings. In our daily labor and investments, we are alert to see whether or not our enterprise is a paying one. If it is not, we are quick to seek the cause; we must either give it up, or put forth greater effort.

If the weeds are choking out our corn in the field, we do not sit idly back and hope for favorable weather. We have to go to work, with redoubled effort and earnestness.

Is it not the same in spiritual matters? Do not the weeds of worldly conformity and wisdom, and a concern for riches and luxuries, as well as many other forms of spiritual weeds, crowd out the good fruit? These things are highly esteemed by the world, yet according to the clear words of our Lord, they are an abomination to God. Shall we be less concerned in spiritual things than we are in the things of this earth?

In our worldly pursuits, we expect to receive only what we have earned, according to the effort we have exerted, or the money we have invested — the harvest is according to the sowing.

...If our worship of God is to be true, it must come from a knowledge of the Scriptures, or it will be mere superstition.

In our community there are more than five hundred children of Mennonite parents. For several years we have been conducting German church schools, but hardly more than twenty-five pupils, for three months only. It is easy to deduct that this leave four hundred and seventy-five children who are not receiving this training. Why not? Simply because, on the whole, no effort is being made to establish more of these schools.

Is it not a wonder that our dear Lord is yet so merciful toward us? That with so little concern and interest on our side, there is still a desire at all for godly knowledge? If we were to use the same methods in making a living, we would soon have a begging cane in our hands!

We have made but a small beginning, but we know from experience that it is a good work, and a very necessary one. Our experience has also taught us that it is well worth the time and expense. When one sees the pupils studying at the blackboard, even the smaller ones can write that which their parents cannot read, because they have never learned it. In singing, they have also made good progress, and we have reason to believe it is not in vain. Who would say that the 1500 hymn verses which were memorized in one school, or the 1000 that were learned in the other, will be in vain, or as dead knowledge to the children?

It is to be regretted that this project is not promoted with greater interest and by more people. It is a shame (Schade) that the majority of our people consider these important matters only as something extra (Nebensache).

"Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." In what way can the above command be better obeyed than, with prayer in our hearts, bringing our children to Jesus, to a Christian school where God's Word is read, lived, sung, and prayed? Oh, how great can be the influence, with God's help, on the tender hearts! Oh, what seed can be sown that will bear fruit to a ripe old age, if parents and able teachers, ministers and

(Continued at bottom of next page)

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN is a monthly published at Aylmer, Ontario, Canada, in the interests of Amish schools and homes. Rates: $1.25 per yr.; $2.00 - 2 yrs.; Editor: Joseph Stoll, R. 4, Aylmer, Ont. Secretary-Treasurer: Lydia F. Beiler, Ronks, Penna.

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This month we are starting a new series, VOICES OF THE PAST. We hope you read the entire article by S. D. Guengerich, who lived in Johnson County, Iowa. This selection was taken from a small booklet loaned to us by Raymond Wagler, of Kansas. The title is Deutsche Gemeinde Schulen, and it was published by the author at Amisch, Iowa in 1897.

Samuel Guengerich's vision was to see German church schools established throughout the Amish communities. A half century after his writing, the church school movement finally got underway, though it differs somewhat in content and purpose from what he had planned. In most of our schools, some German is taught, but we have lost a lot of it since 1897. Otherwise, it would not have been necessary to translate this to English.

****

We made two big blunders with the February issue. First, in our rush to get our copy in the mail, we neglected changing the date and number of issue on the front page. It should read, FEBRUARY, 1965 - Vol. 8; No. 7. If you plan to file your copy, we suggest you change it with a pencil. Second, on page 95 in the Muscoda, Wisc. letter, we forgot to add "continued on page 101". Sorry.

****

Only two opportunities left for those writers who planned to write for the Bulletin this year, but never got at it. Remember the April and May issues. The first of each month is the deadline.

****

A Reminder - The Book Selling Contest closes March 25. It is turning out better than we expected. There are still a few days left, so get out for a last minute effort. Entries must be post-marked no later than March 25 to qualify for the contest, though we will accept book orders from schools on the same terms after that. Winners will be announced in April.

****

An Ohio teacher writes, "I sincerely feel that we have a publication here ... that will promote co-operation and understanding, and create a broader base of sincerity between the teachers and parents. For that reason, I'd like to see all our parents as subscribers.

"I wish we could have a forum of parents in which teachers are discussed in a frank and straight-forward way. As a sample question, it might be an eye-opener for some of us teachers to know the answers to something like this:

'What would you consider the necessary credentials in hiring an unknown teacher?'
'What would you consider grounds for dismissing or firing a teacher?'
'What are a No. 1 teacher's greatest assets?' "

Any comments from you parents?

****

Remember the article by Uria R. Byler a few months ago on the theme of "getting older, getting older!"? This month we have a short poem that is really meant for younger parents, yet we suppose only older parents, whose houses like Uria's are still, can realize what it means. It was selected by my mother-in-law, Mrs. Noah Gascho. We decided to make special mention of it, so it would not get lost among the other letters. How about hanging it above the kitchen sink as others have done? - J.S.

the whole church, work together in prayer and example.

What a heartfelt comfort to concerned mothers to be able to send their children with a prayer each morning to a trusted, earnest teacher who will attempt to fill the young hearts with God's Word; a teacher who sets a good example, and fills the hours of the day with singing, reading, praying, and explaining our faith and doctrines. Oh, how beautiful when each evening the children can relate to their father what they heard, read, sang, and wrote during the day, when the mother can kneel by the bedside of her dear ones and together say an evening prayer.

"Oh, give me patience when wee hands
Tug at me with their small demands.
And give me gentle and smiling eyes;
Keep my lips from hasty replies.
And let not weariness, confusion, or noise,
Obscure my vision of life's fleeting joys.
So when in years to come, my house is still
No bitter memories its rooms may fill."

****

...If anyone asks, "Where do we find teachers?" ... yes, this is a weighty point. Yet this in itself is proof enough that our churches have come so far that it is hard to find qualified teachers. Or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, we have so long been neglecting this matter, that by

(Continued on page 118)

R.R.#3, Box 48
Nappanee, Ind.
February 17,1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of love.

Every time I receive a Bulletin, I decide to write before the next issue. I'm finally putting my good intentions down into words. I'm not gifted in writing as some are, which is one reason I have hesitated. But I'll try my best. Bear with me, if you can.

About two weeks ago six of us went to visit schools near Middlebury and LaGrange. We were two teachers, and two ex-teachers with their partners. The day was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The two outstanding things we noticed about the schools we visited were good order and good singing.

They sang as if they really enjoyed it! It makes a teacher feel so good to hear her "flock" sing like that! To me, singing is one of the important subjects.

Visiting school brought back memories. Some were happy, some sad. As I listened to the teachers explaining a lesson, the longing came to me again. A ringing in my heart to once more take part in this rewarding occupation. To explain something to a child, to see the light of understanding dawning in his mind. He's learning! The longing is almost overwhelming. It keeps churning in my mind the rest of the day.

I think of the classes that were sometimes hard to explain, of the recesses when we all played together, of the punishments that hurt me to give, of my shortcomings, of some child smiling to show his trust in his teacher. Oh, to teach, to teach, to teach!

But wait, what's that I hear? A step on the porch. It must be my husband coming in for supper. And I hear our small son chattering away while playing, and the cry of the baby in its cradle. My dear family! How could I ever give up my duties as mother and wife? And then I forget I ever heard that schoolbell ringing in my heart.

Are there other ex-teachers who feel as I do? Teaching as hard to forget. But I feel I gained much experience and patience for my present duty.

May the Lord strengthen all you parents and teachers, that you may teach what is right. Remember us in prayer. We'll do likewise in weakness.

- Mrs. Alvin D. Borkholder

BELLEVILLE, PENNA.
Feb. 22, 1965

Dear Friends and Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in the name of the One who is our hope and salvation, Jesus Christ.

The weather here in the Kishacoquillas Valley (If you can't pronounce that, come and visit us, and I'll pronounce it for you.) is cold and windy today, yet as a whole, we have had an open winter with more rain than snow.

Here in the Valley we have four Amish schools operating as one unit. We have four church districts sending children to these schools, with one school director for each district, and one director at large. The purpose of the fifth director is so there will be no tie when a vote is taken on some issue. We have an open meeting each March for all taxpayers, where we read off or copy on the blackboard the financial statement of the preceding year. This gives the taxpayers a good idea where and how their money is being spent.

The school directors are also open to any suggestions for improving the schools, and are ready to answer any questions that might be asked. I might say that the attendance at these meetings was rather poor at first, but each year it is improving. More parents are seeing and hearing how our schools are being operated, and realizing the importance of our own schools. Since we can't have the country or neighborhood public schools, they take a new interest in supporting the school system.

Each year we elect a new director who serves five years. He cannot then be voted in again for one year. We have it set up so that only one new director is voted in each year. This has its advantages and disadvantages. One advantage is that it gives more of the brethren the experience of helping in the operation of our schools, and does not impose on only a few. One disadvantage is to lose a man who is well-experienced. But then, they usually continue to take an active interest in the schools anyhow. After all, if it were not for those parents and teachers who work together to give our children an education, I'm afraid the school directors would spend many a sleepless night.

And what is education? Is it a college degree? Or going through high school? There are many definitions of education. I believe the theory held by most of us, who are concerned about the welfare of our children (.. and I might add, our grandchildren, as Uria Byler of Ohio suggests) is pretty much as one writer has so ably stated, "Education means developing the mind, not stuffing the memory. Knowledge is not much good unless one has wisdom to apply it."

I believe the Amish as a whole (There are always exceptions) are very much interested in teaching their children the three basic fields of learning—reading, writing, and arithmetic. And in developing their minds to appreciate the things of God and nature, to practice thrift, to love their fellowmen.

We feel that after a certain age, our young boys and girls can develop their minds better by working with their parents in the school of experience than they can from books in the influence and environment of a college.

Lest you misunderstand, I do not despise those who are capable of going through college to learn to be a lawyer or a doctor, as the world needs people like that.

I feel that anyone who can make a decent living, helps his neighbors in need (including "enemies"), raises a family that is an asset to any community, and lives at peace with God and his fellowmen, has attained the highest and most practical education there is to get.

Of what worth is the highest college degree if we do not have peace with God? It is not practical; it is in vain.

What is an education worth to us if we can't control our children? Really though, this last question bothers me. The question in itself is a fact. But I'm afraid I'll not be able to raise a family of eight children, ages 15 months to 21 years, as I think they should be raised. We often feel the need of prayer, and our dependence on the Lord to do for our children that which we cannot do ourselves, if we expect to raise a decent family.

- Ezra Kanagy

****

GRANDPARENTS AND GRANDCHILDREN

- By Levi N. Eash

I have had much interest in the Bulletin the last few years, especially the letters we have had this winter about youth. As I am a young father of 5 boys and 1 girl, the future sometimes looks dark.

After having read Uria R. Byler's letter, I decided to write a little about grandparents. We lived at the home of my parents from the time of our marriage, and I can say with Uria that at times it did sound bossy or "vorwitzig." But I'm sure they did not mean it that way.

I never realized what grandparents can do for their children and grandchildren until December, 1963 and January, 1964, when my mother passed away, and twenty-three days later, my father. How big the small house seemed then! Now memories are coming back and we think of what they expected from us and our children. It seems to hard to fulfil their wishes, as we would like to.

Mention was made about it being right or wrong for grandparents to be concerned, or "meddlesome". Well, that reminds me of how I many times came over to the small house during the day, to find my mother on her rocking chair with a "Gebetbuch" on her lap, praying for her children, or grandchildren, or themselves, or for someone who was sick.

I think the older folks are more concerned about our children than we realize, perhaps more concerned (and I include myself) than we younger people are.

A man asked me once how it seems since the parents are both gone. I just told him, it seems like they lived here to help care for us, instead of our living here to help care for them.

Pray for us... we'll have to do likewise in weakness. Best Wishes,

- Levi N. Eash

****

FREDERICKSBURG, OHIO
February 4, 1965

Dear Readers,

Greetings in the name of Christ the Lord. "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ .... may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him." Eph.1:17.

I wish to make a few comments on Bulletin letters. I was glad to read in the Fairbanks, Iowa letter that other teachers also limit the candy treats. I think we can all agree with what she wrote. Children enjoy popcorn, nuts of all kinds, dried fruit, citrus fruit, etc.

One Friday when we were through our usual lessons, we had a peanut toss until closing time. Each player was given five peanuts to toss through the open mouth of a cat face. A fifth grader got all but one in. The peanuts were given back to the players, and disappeared into their own mouths after the shells had been removed.

When we have these small treats, the pupils whose names are on the blackboard for misbehaviour are left out. This, as well as any form of punishment, is hard on the teacher, too. Did you ever notice that children are especially lively a day or so before a storm?

We've had many visitors this year, and enjoyed them all, especially those who gave us kind words of encouragement and advice.

Visitors from a distance included Mrs. Rudy Wickey, St. Joe, Ark.; Miss Emma Yoder, Iowa; three Stoll boys and their sister, Mary, from Aylmer, Ontario. Their song, "O, Believe It!" is still ringing in my memory. Knowing the editor of the B.B., it wasn't too hard for me to guess that these young people were of the same family.

Mrs. Wickey spoke to the pupils how much it means to a teacher when she sees that her pupils are trying to do their best. We could use a little encouragement at present, as the seventh grade are working the 6% method in arithmetic.

She also admonished them on behaviour. She told them, "Your teacher can write in the Bulletin, and if you don't behave, I can read about it." Some didn't take it seriously, Sue.

I will say that it's rather amazing how children can come together from four different churches, and get along like one large family. The parents aren't united in brotherhood, but the children are expected to get along. Yes, we can take many lessons from children.

Teachers and pupils from three Holmes Co. schools have paid us a short visit this term. This planted a desire in my pupils to do likewise.

On Tuesday morning, January 26, the seventh and eighth grade pupils got aboard a little bus, and those from Woodland went by car. We arrived at Sunny Slope in time for opening exercises. We'll not soon forget how a first grade boy sang "Jesus Liebt Mich" very beautifully.

Elmer Troyer teaches grades 5-8 upstairs, and his wife has charge of the lower classes in the basement. We received a very hearty welcome.

Our next stop was Oak Grove, where Mattie M. Troyer took over the teaching duties on January 4.

It was time for their lunch, but after introductions, we all joined in singing. It was touching to hear them sing, "Deeper in the Love of Jesus". Their former teacher, Mary Miller, who has now passed on, taught them this song. We also learned it from her, a short time before she died.

On our way to Green Valley School, we ate our lunches. There we heard the beginning of Hidden Rainbow, as teacher, Fannie Shetler, read it to her pupils. We could stay only long enough to see her and her helper get started with reading and English classes.

Next was Brush Run where they were having geography and spelling. The teacher, Mary Ann Beachy, managed to save time for a few songs before dismissing.

We lingered a while after the pupils had gone, reluctant to leave this lovely school.

On the way home, the children decided they'd like to buy something for a snack. It didn't take long for me to say that we'd stop at the Farmerstown Store. Our dear friend, Emma Erb, works there, and does a good job.

Needless to say, we all enjoyed the day, and are ready to go again sometime. If you have never visited schools, why not do so soon

The Schwartz brothers from Berne, Indiana, have done well in visiting our schools. Another visitor from Indiana was Martha Helmuth, a teacher at Middlebury. She came with Effie and Clara Troyer of Mt. Hope, Ohio.

But sad to say, not one parent has visited while school was in session. Either they don't read Jonas Nissley's letters, or just don't care enough. When it's cold, it's too cold; when it's warm, they're too busy. I've been thinking perhaps the interest will rise if the teacher pays each family an evening visit.

On January 18, we welcomed four new pupils to our school. They are the children of Mose B. Troyers, who now live near Apple Creek. Our enrollment is now 37.

For indoor fun, we have bean bags, dominoes puzzles, and several games. Quakers' meetings and Upset the Fruit Basket are always fun, too.

May God grant you joy and peace in Christ. And may your school term end happily.

Prayerfully,
- Fannie Schwartz

A TEACHER is a person with a touch of immortality, and he should be the most envied among men. His profession should be the most sought after, the most carefully prepared for, the most universally recognized.—Samuel B. Gould.

VISITING SCHOOL

At noon the water pump was still frozen. It needed re-adjusting, too. As a board-member, I went up to help fix it. We adjusted the pump, but there was no water to thaw the pump. But we put some snow in a basin, and set it on top of the furnace. We finally had enough hot water to thaw it.

The bell rang, and the pupils took their seats. Lessons began with first grade writing. Next came the English classes. Jonathan L. Raber, the teacher, instructed the pupils, while his brother helped answer questions. This is his first year as teacher. The school, named Green Ridge Private School, is located in Coschocton County, O.

It was a nice clear February day with a cold breeze to remind us that winter isn't over yet. Most of the pupils stayed inside at recess, where it was cozy and warm. The school has 38 pupils, but a few were absent, probably because of colds and flu. Some of the pupils walk two miles to school.

I am sitting here at the table while our son looks on. He is to start school next fall. I have to wonder if the pupils realize this education is for life. I also wonder if I took advantage of my own education. The teacher tried to instruct us in the different subjects.

Reading good library books was my favorite pastime, but our teacher insisted that we first get our lessons. This was in a one-room public school. Where are the one-room public schools today? Most of them have been centralized.

Green Ridge School was the first private school built in this vicinity. It was opened about ten years ago. These ten years have not been without problems, but with the co-operation of the teacher, board, and parents, it is running smoothly again.

Now it is recess. The pupils play indoors again. They all seem cheerful except one little girl who hurt herself a little. The bell rings, and it is time for spelling. Each pupil does his best.

We have to think —— these pupils will soon be our youth, our youth church-members, and in turn, parents. What example are we setting for them? I have read Worth Dying For, and think it is a very worthwhile book. I believe it corresponds with the Martyrs' Mirror. Could we stand for our faith the way they did? Or would we prefer honor from the ungodly?

Oh, yes, after school tonight is our board meeting. I must close, but first I want to share with you a clipping I have from a newspaper. It reads, "We live in a decadent age. Young people no longer respect their parents. They are rude and impatient. They inhabit taverns, and have no self control."

The above was written before the birth of Christ! It was found inscribed in an Egyptian tomb.

Here is a problem. Find a certain number less than 1000 that has a remainder of 2 when divided by 3, 11, or 17. What is it?

The dictionary is the only place where "success" comes before "work".

Wishing you the Lord's blessings.

-Melvin E. Hershberger
Baltic, Ohio

OVEREATING

-By Jonas Nisley

As our family of Bulletin readers continues to grow, we see that we are not alone in prayer for guidance to bring up our youth in a manner that is pleasing to the Creator. We hope that the writings on youth problems, the many other interesting letters from parents and teachers, as well as the poems and selections, may all be to the honor and glory of God, and not to men.

What may well be the number one ailment over all of America is what the doctors call obesity. The dictionaries do not give much of a meaning for this word, and I wonder if this may be due to the fact that not nearly so much over-eating was practiced in earlier years.

As one example, look at the increase in the consumption of sugar per person in the last sixty years. And, in one definition of obesity, we read, "It diminishes mental as well as bodily activity."

Now if overeating can dull our thinking, this may affect our school children in getting their studies done. A minister told me his mind is more alert and clear in preaching the Word if he fasts on Sunday morning. If we parents and other grown-ups constantly over-feed our bodies, can this not cause us to become listless and unconcerned in our thinking habits?

Since my work is in the school house, one statement by the author of BACK TO EDEN hits me squarely. " .. the amount of food that is sufficient for a hard-working man, is a great excess for a man in light work."

Over-eating can lead to colds. How we eat after we have contacted a cold has much to say how soon we will get over it. This reminds me of how a friend of mine came home from work with a bad cold. He sat down to supper and ate an ordinary meal. At bedtime he ate a big piece of pie. Just think of the poor man's heart, pumping the extra blood needed to digest all that food.

In the book, BACK TO EDEN, we read in part, "The food question should be given its proper place. We are made of what we eat, nothing else, and we should eat to increase strength and preserve health and life.

"All foods do not agree with everyone, but everyone should eat the natural foods that agree best with him. Disease and illness would be rare if every bloodstream were pure, and the body was not full of waste matter and toxins. Poisonous waste matter in the system is the result of more food being taken then the body can use readily and dispose of. You can eat anything you wish for a while, but the results will follow at length. The overuse of starchy foods are a big cause of intestinal ills, constipation, etc. Acid blood is one of the results of too much sugar and starch.

"Over-eating produces a feverish state in the system, and overtaxes the digestive organs; the blood becomes impure, and diseases of various kinds occur. Over-fed people are much more likely to have cancer than underfed.

The modern method of serving meals is very destructive. They are arranged so that the most tempting dishes are presented last, such as puddings, pie, and cake. This encourages over-eating. After having eaten enough, this extra food is added, which becomes a poison and becomes a burden to the system.

When the bowels are full already, the second meal is forced to lie in the stomach overtime, and sour. Over-eating makes the work harder for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels. When this food sours, its poisons are absorbed back into the blood and the whole system is more or less polluted.

- Baltic, Ohio

DENVER, PENNSYLVANIA
February 13, 1965

GREETINGS,

Not very long ago I learned of the Blackboard Bulletin, through a friend of mine that is getting it. I enjoyed reading the copies I saw, and it was a help to me to read how others handled difficult situations in the classroom.

This is my first year of teaching at Conestoga View. I have eight grades, and 32 pupils. I have only three first graders. My largest class is the eighth grade, with six.

I enjoy teaching very much, and rejoice that I have been called to this area of service. I feel that the greatest challenge of teaching is not in explaining the facts and formulas of the subjects we study, but to point the boys and girls to Christ, our perfect Example.

Sometimes I am discouraged by the many mistakes and failures I make, but my heartfelt desire is to be used of Him. Many times I face some situation where I simply do not know what is best to do. But it helps to pray to God for wisdom and grace.

Most of the children come from homes where they don't hear too many Bible stories, and some of the problems I face are those that come from their bringing comics and mystery books along to school. I have strictly forbidden it now, and if I find that they do, I keep them at my desk until time for dismissal; then I tell them to take them along home.

My first thought was to burn them, but as I studied over it, I decided it would be best not to just destroy a child's things like that. If anyone has any suggestions about this, I would appreciate hearing from you. I realize the children shouldn't have them, but I do not want to make them resentful toward me for destroying their things. After dealing with this problem twice, I haven't seen any more comics.

Now, just a few thoughts on the way we as Christians seem to go along with the worldly practices of celebrating Christmas, and other holidays.

At our school we had nothing at all for Christmas. I know some of the pupils were disappointed, but I tried to explain to them why we don't have anything, and told them how Jesus came to the world for our salvation. And that He is now in heaven, and has prepared a place for us. I rejoice that I serve a Risen Saviour. Too many people worship the baby Jesus, but our risen Saviour has no Lordship in their lives at all.

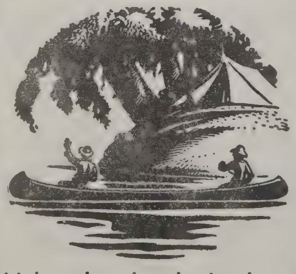
This may seem like going too far, to some people, but I didn't have a Valentine Box for Valentine's Day, either. Here, too, I tried to explain why we don't have any. I could hear that some of the children were plainly disappointed, but I think it's time we point them to more worthwhile things. It seems to me that this giving of valentines rather tends to cause people to take love lightly.

I try to make and do things with the pupils that are enjoyable, and at the same time worthwhile, but I feel we should beware of walking along with the world in these practices they have.

I just recently read the poem, "The Church Walking With the World". This poem was an encouragement to me. If we draw the line at the right place, we won't have so much trouble with little things, because they just don't have any place in our program.

May we continue to look to the Lord for guidance and wisdom. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." James 1:5.

- Edith Rissler



Help thy brother's boat across,
And lo! thine own has reached the shore.
Old Hindu Proverb

TIPS TO TEACHERS

VERBOTEN

If your mother says, "Verboten,"
And your father says the same,
Kindly listen and obey,
Disobedience is a shame.

They are your parents;
They've been this way before.
From their years of experience
They know where temptations are.

They tell you not to go there,
For it is a sinful place;
Do not let your conscience wander,
Lest you forget God's loving grace.

Don't forget, dear young people,
You must reap just what you sow.
When your parents say, "Verboten",
You must tell your longings, "No."

Some time you, too, may be a parent,
With a child so young and sweet,
And if he turns at your "Verboten",
Your young days he will repeat.

Then you'll mourn with sad regret,
But you'll find you can't retreat,
For the Bible tells us plainly,
What you sow --- that you must reap!

Let us read our Bible daily,
And turn our prayers to God above,
That He may show us what's "verboten",
And guide us tenderly with love.

- By a Reader, Indiana

Brighten Up Gloomy Days

Do you ever dread the school day because you know the clouds and storm are going to reflect in the children's faces and attitudes? Of course, we all do. Papers will be messy, and reading classes will take your last ounce of patience, while inside recess is filled with quarreling and gloom. Here's something that helps:

Begin morning exercises by drawing a huge sun on the chalkboard with yellow chalk. See faces light up as you put in a smiling mouth and laughing eyes, with bright rays extending to the edge of the board. Follow by singing a few "sunny" songs, and have a discussion on how you can make the sun shine in the schoolroom all day. You will be surprized how much co-operation you will get.

This worked especially well with my imaginative first and second graders, and if the sun actually happened to peek out some time during the day, they were sure that they had helped it along by being so sunny.

- Susie Hostetler

THE ANSWER

Our house is usually neat,
  With things where they belong;
The plants are green and blossoming,
  And not a thing goes wrong.
The clocks are always ticking,
  The dog is always fed.
The kitchen's always tidied up,
  Meals punctually spread.

But now it doesn't look the same,
  No one can find his things;
The plants are brown, and every day
  Some new disaster brings.
The clocks are sadly silent,
  The dog looks gaunt and drear,
The kitchen is a crock'ry heap --
  Cold dinner things taste queer.
You'd like to know what turned the trick?
  I'll tell you -- simply, Mother's sick.

-From "The Canadian Doctor", sel. by a reader, Pennsylvania.

ANOTHER YOUTH PROBLEM

First, I wish all teachers, parents, and readers of the Bulletin, the grace and peace of God, that peace which passeth all understanding.

From what I have read in the Bulletin, I understand that prizes or payments are sometimes given pupils as a reward for good work. This, I believe, can stimulate the pupils to greater effort. However, here is another situation where we may find ourselves in trouble, for this prize-giving can be the cause of some pupils having to face a greater battle in later years.

I feel that if prizes are given, it should be on the basis of a child's efforts and ability. We know children differ. Some are easy-learners, while others may work just as hard, or even harder, and get lower grades. If the easy learner always gets the prize, may it not cause him to be proud, while the one who hasn't quite got it, yet works just as hard, may become discouraged?

Giving credit to the child for his efforts may put the parent or teacher in a strait at times, for it is hard to know what is best to do. This matter of giving credit, however, is not confined merely to teachers and parents with their children, but it is the duty of each individual to give everyone his due honor. Having this responsibility upon us should drive us to our knees in utter helplessness, that He may work mightily in us weaklings, and we may know when or when not to give honor. We know that each of us needs his due credit, praise, and encouragement, but without the help of God to rightly discern when and how to give it, we may at times cause a person's head to swell.

A pupil should be given credit and honor for his efforts more than for his accomplishments, and this rule holds true for everyone in whatever work he has. The individual should be given praise and encouragement for his efforts, but God should get the honor for the accomplishments.

A minister who has preached a convicting and powerful sermon should truly be encouraged and thanked. "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine." 1 Tim. 5:17. And in what way can we better show honor than by obedience? However, they should be honored for their efforts and for giving themselves up into the hands of Him who can work mightily in them, but the honor for the message and for the accomplishments should be given to God. If not, the message is weakened.

But what has prize-giving in school to do with the problems of youth? The Bible teaches that the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth, and if a child always wins a prize because he's smarter than the other pupils, it will cultivate a desire to excel. I know of prizes I won in arithmetic speed tests in school years which certainly helped the "great I" to attain the desired goals; yet, in later years, what a struggle with pride and self!

Pride, self, the "see me" attitude, these are things God hates, and if we do not strive to overcome this part of our nature, it is a sure evidence of an unsurrendered heart. These things are foreign to a true humility, foreign to God and the saving power of Christ.

Oh, beloved youth, you who stand on the threshold of tomorrow, you who are the church of tomorrow, "humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." 1 Peter 5:6.

Oh, youth, we plead with you "..that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Rom. 12:2. Yes, self must die, for the spirit of God cannot dwell in a proud heart. Oh, that we could learn more of true humility!

William Law writes in his book, A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life, "Now in order to begin the practice of humility, you must take it for granted that you are proud. You should believe also that pride is your greatest weakness, that your heart is most subject to it, that it is constantly stealing upon you. This is what most people, especially beginners in a pious life, may with a great truth think of themselves. For there is no one vice that is more deeply rooted in our nature or that receives such constant nourishment from almost everything that we think or do.

"If therefore, you find it disagreeable to entertain this opinion of yourself, you may be assured, as if an angel from heaven had told you, that you have not much but all of your humility to seek. For you can have no greater sign of a confirmed pride than when you think that you are humble enough. He who thinks he loves God enough shows himself to be an entire stranger to the holy passion. So! He who thinks he has humility enough shows that he is not so much as a beginner in the practice of true humility." (End of quote).

If only we, as today's youth, could learn more of true humility, instead of letting down one standard after another for the sake of popularity, giving "self" more liberty. Truly, there is a need to go with a contrite and broken spirit to Calvary to the feet of Jesus, that we may be saved from self, and no longer "I" but Christ can be glorified, praised, and exalted.

We cannot deny it. Every youth group has those who in some way try to draw attention to themselves. We may be of those persons without being wholly conscious of it, although if we sincerely desire to have God show us our infirmities, He will at times convict us thereof. Blessed are we if we then flee to Jesús, that we may be cleansed by His blood.

Just because we hate pride in another person is no proof that we are free of it. Again we quote William Law, "Many people live in pride and yet never suspect themselves to be governed by pride because they know how much they dislike proud people. They know how mightily they are pleased with humility and modesty wherever they find them. The fuller of pride anyone is himself, the more impatient will he be at the smallest instances of it in other people."

All praise and honor be to Christ, our Lord, "for worthy is the Lord that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Rev. 5:12.

-By an unworthy brother-in-Christ,
Joseph Gascho,
Aylmer, Ontario

* * *

CONFUSED REASONING

- By Joseph J. Eicher

Recently I heard snatches of a conversation about Christian Day schools. The one person felt it would be much better to go to public schools, "because where they have their own schools, it nearly always goes to their head, and they feel they are just a little bit better than others", he said.

Then he continued, "I know of Christian day schools that have lower standards and less order than public schools." He mentioned one in particular.

A second man spoke up, "Yes, I know about that school, too. But I couldn't call that a Christian day school."

A third remarked, "This may be a little like some other things. There are people who rely on their plain clothes for salvation, so that others decide, 'We don't want plain clothes'. Just because there are those who rely on plain clothes, is no reason for us to stop teaching that it is necessary to wear plain and simple clothing. But we must also teach that we are not to rely on them for salvation, but we wear them in loving obedience to God.

"Just because there are some who feel they are better than others because they have gone to a Christian day school, does not prove that such schools are wrong, but it gives us so much more reason to also teach that we are not esteem ourselves above others."

When I got home, my thoughts went still deeper on this subject, and I decided to share them with the Bulletin readers.

Is it not sad if remarks such as I overheard could be truthfully said of some of our Amish schools? And is it not one of Satan's most deceitful methods to confuse us with such reasoning?

If a church preached very strongly against drinking, and therefore had no drinking at all, yet did not speak a word against stealing, which is freely practiced by the majority, shall we decide it is wrong that they preach so strongly against drinking? That it is the cause of so much stealing? Can Satan so confuse us that we decide to stop preaching against the drinking possibility, so that the stealing problem will get better?? God forbid!

Friends, let us awake and prove spiritual things spiritually. Never could we expect stealing to cease by not preaching against drinking, but contrariwise, drinking would likely then also take root. The only way to stop the stealing would be to also teach against it.

We have heard the remark, "Youth should not study too much in the Bible, for they might get wrong ideas." Or, "They think they are better than others, and will want to tell their parents what is right and wrong." Yes, this very thing has happened.

But, can we expect they will know and walk in the ways of the Lord if we turn them loose on Satan's ground, and do not teach them the Word of God? Where are the youth, or anyone else, who have a right understanding and a balanced view, who are free from esteeming themselves above others, that do not study in God's Word?

We should not only encourage them to study in God's Word, but also teach them to observe the "all things" which Christ commanded in Matthew 28:20. Yes, we need to go with them and teach them where there are snares and dangers, admonishing them to honor father and mother, and obey them in the Lord.

"And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Eph. 6:4.

Yes, we have much reason for our own

schools. Satan has demoralized the public schools with radio, television, movies, false science, immoral language, and now there is even a ruling against any form of prayer. How can we expect that our children will not absorb some of this corruption, and be influenced toward the road of sin?

Surely, we can expect much more from truly devoted Christian teachers. Yes, may all our teachers proclaim and uphold all of the Bible's teachings, that the souls of our children may be guided in the path of God. I trust this is their aim.

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." 1 Peter 5:8.

When a lion seeks his prey, he goes as near as he dares without being seen, then roars so loud that his echoes carry through the forest, and the animals are so confused and frightened that they are as likely to run toward him as away from him.

Satan comes in a like manner, as close to the church as he dares without exposing his deceitfulness, and roars, "Here is Christ," and "There is Christ!"

With the many denominations and interpretations of Scripture, we are in danger of being deceived by his confused reasoning, so that we run right into his net. The only safety is to be firmly grounded on the Solid Rock, Jesus Christ.

The youth of today are the church of tomorrow. If Satan can confuse and ruin the youth of our day, he can destroy the church of tomorrow.

- Sarasota, Florida

RONKS, PENNA.
Feb. 27, 1965

Dear Readers,

My, how easy it is to put off writing for the Bulletin! On the other hand, I've found it just as easy the other way already. It's like a poem I learned at school,

"I don't know why, but the more I cry,
The more I feel like crying.
I don't know why, but the more I try,
The more I feel like trying."

This seems to hold true with writing. The more I write, the more I feel like writing; or, the more I don't write, the more I don't feel like writing. We are grateful for the many writers who do help to keep our paper interesting and worthwhile.

This school term is again flying toward that happy (or sad) day in spring when teachers all at once take wings and fly off, like a bird out of its nest. Only 11 more weeks left, but I can see 11 busy weeks ahead.

So far this year visitors have been few and far between. Oh, yes, lots of people talk about coming, but I suppose the above verse also holds true for them — the more I put it off, the more I feel like putting off visiting school.

I did have some valued visitors (they all are, though) this year. One group came from Delaware, and included directors, a teacher, and some of her pupils. Another was John Esh (teacher), wife, and son, from Littlestown, Pennsylvania. Also, a group of our teachers visited the school 'way back at the beginning of the term. And, Arthur Martin, a public school teacher who is working for his Master's degree by writing an article on Amish life and schools, was here. He has contacted and visited quite a few of our teachers.

Still another visit took me by surprize one Friday afternoon. I was reading a story to the children when a head popped into the door. It was a young college student with her friend. She asked for the privilege of watching a few classes. They were both from our city of Lancaster, but are attending college in Springfield, Massachusetts. Of course, my first thoughts were, "I'd rather not be bothered," but any respectable visitors are always welcome, so I said, "I'll stop reading, and we'll have a few classes."

They were real nice about everything, and commended our work (but most people do, to your face). After they had left, I resumed the story, and thought little more of their visit until a few weeks later I got a letter from Springfield, Massachusetts. My first thoughts as I opened the letter were that it was from a Bulletin subscriber, but to my surprize it was ... yes, you guessed it ... from the couple who had visited our school. I hadn't even remembered their names, but as soon as I got to school, I quickly scanned the guest book, and that's who it was. In their letter they thanked me heartily for having given them the opportunity to see a one-room school in operation, all eight grades being taught by a teacher with an eighth-grade education.

It's hard to realize how far our influence reaches, be it good or ill. I was deeply moved by the letter, and at once I thought, "What if I hadn't welcomed them to the school?' Then a Bible verse flashed to my mind, "Let your light so shine before men...." Matt. 5:16, not so much because she happened to visit my school, for I have confidence the same would have been true in any of our one-room schools.

Visitors this past week were two parents, a husband and wife. I appreciate having both parents visit school, but many times only one can come. It still is and always has been a mystery to me why education is so much taken for granted by so many people. Everyone with normal children wants to see them educated. Yes, even those with mentally-retarded children seek a place where they can enrol their child to be educated. Yet, so often when a child has entered a school, the attitude is, "Now let the teacher and other members of the school take over." (This is not true in every case, though.)

But there is another side to this picture. It does show a lot of confidence in the teachers and board members. So, perhaps, after all, we shouldn't complain.

Anyway, school is running unusually smooth so far this year, visitors or no visitors. There is also a wonderful attendance. Praise the Lord for everything.

For some time I have been thinking of writing on the subject, "The Teacher I Remember Best". However, I have only two teachers to remember, and one of those is still teaching, though she has been out on sick leave for some time. She has always taught eight grades in a country school until this year, when she has only the four lower grades. I know she was looking forward to this change.

To me, she is the teacher of all teachers. Oh, that I could possess more of her qualities! When I watch her teach, everything looks so easy. She has a way of making school interesting, and knows how to get the pupil to think for himself, which is the main thing in teaching. I would advise any teacher who has the opportunity, to be sure to visit her school. It is the last remaining one-room public school in our township. One must wonder how long it will remain open. When it is closed, it will mean more work, more time, greater expenses, and additional teachers for our people. Let us pray to the Lord that He will send forth laborers to His vineyard, for the harvest truly is great. Let us pray also for those who are already in the harvest.

Right now there is an increase in activity for us Lancaster County teachers. At least two meetings a month are on the list. Yesterday evening we were at the home of Elam H. Beiler, a time and place we always enjoy and appreciate, for they are the kind of people who try to help and encourage teachers.

If plans carry through, some of us may see certain Ohio schools in session yet this term. (D.V.) Man proposes, but God disposes.

"We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod,
But we can trust our all in Thee,
Our Father and our God. "

Sincerely,

- Lydia F. Beiler

Sugarcreek, Ohio
Jan. 23, 1965

Friendly greetings in the Master's name to all Bulletin readers. I have just finished reading the last issue of the Bulletin, and as always, found it worthwhile.

I will try and write an article on a subject which is not often mentioned in this paper, namely the financial part. Maybe it is not a problem elsewhere.

This is the fourth year we are have a parochial school in our district. Our teacher, Susie Yoder, boards at our house, and we have four children in school. I have four cousins, 1 brother, and 1 uncle teaching, so naturally I am interested in the parochial system.

To get back to the financial subject, I wonder why it is a problem. But then the public schools in our area seem to have the same trouble. In our township there are four two-room public schools in use. Quite a few of our Amish children attend these, and most of them go by bus, as the State allows only two grades to a teacher. This requires extra transportation, and is one of the reasons we have some parochial schools.

We have six parochial schools which are grouped together in one district, with one treasury to take care of the operating expenses. When money is needed, the treasurer sends word to the various church districts, and the fact is announced in church, and how much is needed. Usually it is $5.00 per church member. In the fall, and again around New Year, a collection is taken that is figured on the assessed valuation.

This all sounds good, and it is, but the collectors for the various districts are agreed it is not as simple as it sounds. Those who have children in the public schools do not all feel the need of helping pay for the parochial schools. The parochial people, of course, have no choice, but have to help pay for the public system, whether they want to or not. Figures could be given to show how much cheaper it is to operate parochial schools as compared to public schools, but I will not go into that in this letter. Also, much could be written on which schools are better for our children. For my part, I am well satisfied with what my children are being taught in our parochial school.

The question is this : Should we perhaps pay for our parochial schools ourselves, and not ask those parents who send their pupils to the public schools to help us? Have we failed to explain the whole matter clearly to our brethren who prefer the public schools? I would be interested to hear how it is done in other places.

We, of course, have some people with no children at all who always put their share to the fund. And I have nothing against those who do not feel as I do, but I do wish we could work together without any hard feelings.

- Monroe L. Yoder

BALTIC, OHIO

Dear Readers,

Received the Bulletin, with so many interesting letters again. I've been wanting to write for long already, but never could get the courage to do so. But when I read the letter of the young mother who had so much sickness in her home, and did not have any school children yet, I had a feeling we were not doing our part.

This is the sixth year that we have our own school. Can we be thankful enough for the privilege? And yet we have people who would rather send their children to public schools.

Certainly, there are problems now and then that we must face. We have five children going to school, from 6 years to 14. They all enjoy it so well. They seldom miss a day, and when it is necessary, tears are usually shed. I never realized what school really was when they went to a public school.

I am convinced they get a good learning, too. And, in addition, they learn the German, which is not possible in the public schools. I know of children who went through school, and had never had the opportunity to learn even the German ABC's, or the Lord's Prayer in German.

How can we expect our children to grow up to lead a Christian life without training? We never know what the Lord has in store for us, and without ministers we cannot have churches.

This spring it will be two years that my husband was ordained a minister. I feel we know a little what a teacher has to go through. Can we thank our parents enough for the good they taught us in our early years. How often the memories come to mind, as we try so hard to tell our own children, four sons and three daughters, how and what to do.

We feel prayers are very necessary, to keep them from doing evil. But isn't it a blessing that we still have young men and women who are willing to teach school?

Then why do we not tell our children not to "spott" or talk about the teachers? Nor should we as parents talk about the teacher's faults, when the children are present. I feel this should not be done at all. But I'm sure I have made many a mistake myself in my thirty-eight years.

The first two years we had our parochial school, it was taught by a non-Amish teacher. The teacher who taught the following three years is now married. So, of course, we had to find a new one again. But it seems we all get so attached to a teacher, that even after she was married, we still called her "Teacher".

I think parents should keep an eye on what happens on the way home from school. The first years of our school, one of our boys would often come home crying, covered with snow or mud, and perhaps his glasses broken. It was hard to keep quiet, especially when neighbors reported seeing what happened. Yes, we often used the rod, for we had a feeling our boy was partly to blame for the mischief.

But he would say that when a certain boy was through school, the trouble would cease. This boy never did anything himself, but he would tell others what to do. True enough, when this one boy was out of school, that was the last of the troubles on the way home from school.

Now, I am writing this as a warning for others. We try to tell our boys to help the smaller ones if they do get into trouble, and not to hurt them. The best punishment for our four boys is to make them help with the dishes if they have been naughty at school.

The fourteen-year-old seems to think he is almost too big to wash dishes. But we usually have one or two to help each evening. Some parents may say, "Yes, but our boys help with the chores." Well, I'm certain ours do too. But it's a good punishment.

I learned a lesson from our teacher a few weeks ago. The four lower grades were dismissed a little early, while the four upper grades continued with their lessons. Our first grader barked like a dog at the door real loudly, then slammed the door. So Teacher Amanda Nisley said, "You come back in, and bark again."

But, no, she couldn't get one word out of him. Finally, she dismissed the remaining four grades. After much coaxing, she did get him to bark.

But she was too kind-hearted to send him home alone. She walked home with him, and carried his bucket. I told him, "Now, you tell her you're sorry, and you won't do it again." This again took some coaxing, but when I said he would get a paddling if he didn't, he finally made the apology.

Can we parents be as good and as true to our word as this teacher was? I can say it was a lesson for me, too.

The next morning our boy was slow in getting ready for school. He said he gets so tired of walking. But we helped him dress, and since that day he enjoys going as well as the rest do. He was afraid the others would laugh at him.

How often we hear boys and girls laughing or talking about bishops, ministers, or whoever it may be. Let us tell our children what a sin this is.

At times we hear of churches where the big boys talk or laugh aloud while church services are in session. Now, this is something we should teach our children not to do, for it can be a great hinderance to the preacher.

I really can't say which of my teachers were the best; both were wonderful. I can't remember that we were ever so noisy, or threw paper around in school, as they now try to do in some schools. How we enjoyed it when the teacher came out to play a game with us!

I hope our teachers keep up their good work, and stick to their rules. We'll try to do our part, even if at times it does look as if we don't say anything to the children.

One of our boys had rheumatic fever and is very nervous. It's very difficult for him to sit quietly in his seat.

I feel the teachers certainly have to have patience, with so many lively young souls about them. I truly feel we parents should do better in visiting the schools. But with seven children in the family, it seems there is always something to do, and never a dull moment.

Now, I do hope I have not hurt anyone's feelings, but trust it will be of help to other parents and teachers. Why do not more parents write?

We wish to be remembered at the close of day, so don't forget us when you pray.

– Mrs. Mose A. Yoder

many, as the years have passed, it has become almost a rule of life, so that we consider church schools something new, or even dangerous.

Where can we find a man in our time like Menno Simon, Dietrich Phillip, or Th. van Braght, who with great wisdom can contend for the faith with word and Scripture, as these men did who taught and wrote in the midst of persecution and at the risk of their lives?

Where is our earnestness and love for the doctrines of our faith, which were sealed with the blood of many of our forefathers? We fear that in our day of freedom, such men are rarely to be found, for perseverance, training, and self-denial are necessary. We are on the whole too concerned about success in our business lives, and the one thing that is needful, that should be first of all, is left in the background. Is it not so? Shame! Shame! Alas, a pity that it is so!

In closing, we want to consider one more point, and present it in the form of a question, namely, "Why are there so many 'splits' and divisions among us?" There are more divisions among us than in hardly any other denomination. There must be a reason for this. What might it be?

In the Catholic, as well as in the Lutheran, church, we find very few divisions. Why? The answer is simple, thus — because they have their own schools, and teach their children from early childhood their beliefs, so that the Catholics may well say, "Give me a child until he is ten, and after that, the protestants can have him."

In the first ten years, the Catholic is able to plant the seed of his religion in the heart and mind of the child, so that it sticks for a lifetime, with very few exceptions ....

Why can not we Amish-Mennonites plant our evangelical and doctrinal teachings in our children in a similar manner? At least, by the time the child is fifteen. Yes, we can do it, and rightfully ought to, for from personal experience and observation, we are persuaded that in the absence of such teaching lies the main reason for our many divisions.

About sixty or so years ago, when there were Amish and Mennonite settlements only in the states of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, and in Canada, there were few or no divisions among us except Amish and Mennonite. Within these classes the churches all worshiped with each other in peace and unity. But, even at that time, there were many who lacked the proper schooling. The main reason for this was their poverty, their inability to support schools, for the people were mostly pioneer settlers and poor. But at that time the children were taught more at home, than, we regret to say, they are now.

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GERMAN AND ENGLISH WALL ALPHABET SETS

- By Christian G. Esh, Gordonville, Penna.

As I watched the first graders struggling with their writing lesson in my first year of teaching, my thoughts traveled back to my own school years. My teacher had had the opinion that we would never learn if she helped us too much. So she would curtly tell us which page to do in our workbooks, giving only a few words of instruction. On one particular day she decided it was time we learned to write. She told us which page to do, and when to be finished, then went on with her other classes. As usual, I tried to hide my tears behind the pages of the book to escape her ridicule. The task before me seemed impossible, for I knew very little about writing. A brighter classmate soon had his work done, and seeing my plight, he came to my rescue. I still don't know how we got away with whispering, but to this day I'm indebted to him for his kindness.

As my first year of teaching drew to a close, I got to thinking seriously concerning the task of learning to write. Perhaps if the script were directly above the printed letters on a wall chart, it would be easier.

Yes, back on that dreary day when I had wanted to learn to write, it would have helped me ever so much to look up and see the letter I wanted to make right above the ones I knew in my reading book. The more the thoughts chased each other, the greater the inspiration grew, until I decided to do something about it. Then another idea nosed its way in, "Why not add the German script and printed letters for the upper grades to use?"

So, we purchased some one-eighth inch tempered hardboard, and sawed them into pieces two feet wide and eight feet long. Three pieces would be set up end to end, covering 24 feet in all. After three coats of paint were on the hardboard, it had a glossy black surface. Then the work began.

No letters of the required height could be found, so each letter was shaped with a pencil, lightly at first so changes would be easier. Then a small brush and white enamel paint brought the letters out clearly, but they were not at all perfect! The capital letters were four inches high, and the small ones shaped accordingly. The German script is on the top line, and below it the German print. The English letters are beneath these, and in the same order. Each letter appears eight times, so it is easy to figure out the number of letters we made.

After two weeks of work, they were finished, but about forty inches of space were left. We put the numbers 1 to 10 on the top line, with the Roman numerals on the line directly below it. On the third line are

(Continued on page 119)

the numbers 20,30,40,50,100,500, and 1000, with the Roman numerals in the same order beneath them. In the summer of 1958, we put the set above the blackboard in the Harristown School

After visiting the school, Andrew S. Kinsinger asked us to make two sets for their schools, but it seemed almost impossible. We talked it over with him and decided the best thing to do would be to cut stencils. So the pupils of Harristown School took tracing paper, and traced the letters of the original set, but it turned out to be wasted effort, for the letters were imperfect. Penmanship books were studied, and different individuals approached as to the most practical method of writing. Then the seemingly endless task of shaping letters and cutting stencils began. Week in, week out, with an average of about one capital and one small letter an evening, the work went on. "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle," often ran through my weary head as a letter was drawn, erased, and redrawn, a little more curve here, a little less there, until finally with the approval of Malinda, my wife, it was traced on cardboard furnished by Andrew Kinsinger. Then Malinda set to work cutting out letters with a razor blade. That was the routine of most of the winter of 1961-62, and by March two deep sighs could be heard, as

(Continued on back page)

* * *

BOOKS

-By David Wagler

PATHWAY PUBLICATIONS

March 1 marks the first birthday of the Pathway Publishing venture. In some ways it has been a rather difficult year. Have you ever seen a new-born calf trying to get on its feet, and feeling for firm footing? We tried to be cautious, yet at times it took almost more courage and optimism than we had available, in order to go ahead. But it seemed a number of things worked together to get it underway, and to keep it going. A few of the main ones are listed below:

1. A widespread interest and realization among our people of the need for worthwhile literature. Not only was this expressed in words, but it was backed up by actual assistance. The first loan of $500 arrived when it was needed, and our obligations since then have been met as they fell due. Expenditures for the first year of operation for equipment, supplies, and books have totaled over $16,000.
2. The second advantage has been the Blackboard Bulletin, along with the Sugarcreek Budget, without which our people could not have been reached.
3. The third item which has helped to get the company on its feet is a storybook we had the privilege of publishing. The name of the book is WORTH DYING FOR, and it looks as if it is on its way to become a best-seller among the plain people of the U.S. and Canada. At this writing, approximately 2500 copies have been sold.

There have been other favorable circumstances also, such as an efficient press operator (Jacob Eicher). A number of individuals have financed certain booklets to be reprinted.

The company has been incorporated under the laws of Ontario as a non-profit organization. That is, all profits will be used for further printing and distribution of religious materials, as well as operational expenses. As per corporation requirements, three officers have been chosen and are serving as follows: Jacob Eicher, president; Joseph Stoll, vice-president; and David Wagler, secretary-treasurer. Levi J. Lambright of R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana has spent much time in taking care of the books which have been printed in the States, and in mailing out packages.

A beginning has been made. In order to survive, we must have the continued support of all who are concerned. When we realize the need and the possibilities, we feel hopelessly inadequate. Let us pray to the Lord of the Harvest, that He may send forth true workers in His vineyard.

Following is a list of what Pathway has published in the past year: Order from BULLETIN BOOKSHELF or from PATHWAY BOOKSTORE.

WORTH DYING FOR - cloth, $3.00 ea.; 4 for $10
paper, $2.00 each
MAN IN BEARSKIN - cloth, $2.50; paper,$1.25.
INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH - full of worthwhile reading for parents and children. German supplement. 35¢ ea. 3 for $1.00.
CONFESSION OF FAITH, Dortrecht - the eighteen articles in English, 15¢ each.
ARTIKEL UND ORDNUNG der Christlichen Gemeinde in Christo Jesu - "Ordnungs Briefe" dating from 1568 to 1865. German. 15¢ ea.
CHRIST'S BATTLE WITH THE PHARISEES - tells what the Pharisees believed and did. 50¢.
DIE ZERSTOERUNG JERUSALEMS - German account of the destruction of Jerusalem and the fulfilment of prophecy. 50¢ each.
WOMAN'S VEILING - a reprint. 10¢ea.;70¢ doz.
TOBACCO, A BURNING ISSUE - A fair discussion of the tobacco question written from the standpoint of the plain people. Samples: Free; 40¢ per dozen; $2.00 per hundred.
PROBLEMS OF OUR YOUTH - New 26 page booklet for young people and parents. 15¢ each, or ten copies for $1.00.
THE TWO STANDARDS - A reprint of this booklet by Daniel Kauffman. 25¢ ea.
DRESS, A BRIEF TREATISE - 15¢ each.
RULES OF A GODLY LIFE - Old, yet new. These forty-seven rules were originally printed in a prayer book. They are included in the 1787 edition of Ernsthaftes Christenpflicht, printed at Herborn, Germany. These Rules were just recently translated to English. Seldom will you find so much wisdom in so few words. Price- 25¢ each.

it was announced, "It is finished".

Again some hardboard was painted a glossy black, but the stencils did not work as well as we had hoped. We tried laying them in position, and painting over them, but the paint ran in every which direction, under the stencils and over. Different paints and materials were tried, but to no avail. So we used the stencils as guides and drew lines with a pencil. Mother bought us a painting tool with a wheel tip, but my clumsy fingers couldn't turn fast enough on the curves, and again we had a "painty" mess. So a guiding machine was "invented", which proved a total failure. So back to the brush for the second and third sets.

Two more sets were ordered, but by the time the hardboard had its three coats of paint, the edge of our enthusiasm had worn off, although the painting tool was used with better success. Still the whole thing didn't seem practical, so the stencils which had taken so many weary hours to make, were tucked away in a corner, and all but forgotten.

Last summer, Teacher Sarah Beiler asked if she could use our stencils. "Yes, and more power to you," I thought. After working long and hard painting by hand, she gave the set to Iva School, where she had taught eight years. But Sarah had added a new touch: white background, with black letters.

This winter we were again encouraged by requests and additional orders. About the same time we discovered a new product on the market called concoraply. Made in $\frac{1}{4}$ in. X 4 ft. X 8 ft. sheets, it is pure white, with a plastic finish. Could it be used to advantage? Experiments proved successful, and we bought a few sheets. Yes, this seems to be the answer.

With the stencils now marked for better letter spacing, plus some curve changes, and with more experience in using the painting tool, we can now produce these German and English Wall Alphabet sets for the market, providing the demand is not too great. We now have seven sets ready to go. It is stil strictly a job for the fingers, and far from perfect, but we are striving to improve the quality.

Each set is two feet wide and twenty feet long. An optional set of numbers adds four feet to the length of the set. It is in fou feet sections, for easier handling and shipping, if so specified. Otherwise, an alphabet set consists of two eight-feet sections, and one four-foot piece. A 3/8 inch border in black is painted on, to seal the edges, and thus it can be nailed to the wall without a frame if you have a good solid place to nail every foot or so. If not, we reccomend making a frame about 1½ inches wide, with a cabinet door lip, or something similar.

The alphabet set sells for $15.00, and the number set for $3.00. At this price, w can stand no packing or shipping costs. It is hardly practical to pack and ship only o set, for the cost would exceed one-third of the value of the set. But if three or four sets could be packed and shipped together, the cost per set would drop considerably. M father has offered to take some sets along to the annual Pennsylvania Directors' meeting in Mifflin County (Big Valley) in June, if they were purchased before that time. If your directors plan to be there, you can order what you want, and we will pay any expenses involved in getting them to the meeting.

- Gordonville, Pennsylvani

(Cut here)

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The Blackboard Bulletin

VOLUME 8; NUMBER 9

APRIL ——— 1965

"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO:
AND WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT
DEPART FROM IT. "
- Proverbs 22:6.

Aylmer, Ontario, Canada .

HEADS BENT LOW

Author Unknown

A stooped old man and a brisk young man,
chanced to meet one day,
The young man said to the older one,
in his usual braggart way,
"Why don't you walk up straight like me?
That's no way to grow old;
It's all a form of habit.
At least, that's what I'm told."

The old man gave him a knowing look, and said, "My dear young friend,
Have you ever examined your fine wheat field, and noticed the heads that bend?
If not, just look them over close, as the harvest time draws nigh;
You'll find the heads that are quite empty, are standing tall and high,

"But the heads that count in the harvest time are filled and bending low,
Awaiting the reaper's bright sickle; their time is short, you know."
And as the young man passed on by, he slowly bowed his head,
No doubt he pondered many a day the things the old man said.

- Selected by Martin S. Shirk, Ephrata, Pennsylvania

YOUR CHILDREN

- By Nelson Kauffman

A heavy rain was falling in Hannibal, Missouri. The Dansworth family was eating dinner. Bobby, Rosemary, and Betty thought it would be fun to play in the water in the gutters. "Go ahead and play," said Mother, "Have a good time while it's raining." The water came down the hills faster and faster, splashing first to their ankles and then to their knees. And now, instead of wading, they lay down in the water, having still more fun while father and mother inside prolonged their meal.

Suddenly, as the children were having a good time, Betty and Rosemary were washed into the open sewer nearby. They screamed, but father and mother did not notice. They screamed louder, but still the sound did not reach their ears. Then Bobby rushed into the house calling for help. Father rushed out! He jumped into the dark sewer. He got hold of a little foot. It was Rosemary! He carried her out to safety, only to learn that three-year-old Betty was washed in too. Back into the sewer he went groping, wading, stumbling, searching the sewer for blocks, but Betty was gone!

The fire department was called. The police were notified. The entire city was moved to offer assistance, but Betty was not found. Night came on. The evening paper carried the story. Realizing the anguish of heart that would naturally come to parents, I called at the home to express my sympathy. But to my amazement, I soon found my efforts needless. They were not grief-stricken; they were not crying. It was only an accident! Anyway, it was not Betty's fault.

Having a little girl of my own, I could not understand how any parents could possibly be so unconcerned. But thousands of mothers and fathers show just as little concern for the whereabouts of their children. Children are out on the streets and in society, going hither and thither, having a "good time" and without any apparent parental concern. They may be playing in the gutter of the movie, the dance hall , the swimming pool, the skating rink, the beauty parlor, or tavern, while parents say nothing about it! And just as this little innocent victim was carried by the flood into the muddy waters of the Mississippi, so many young people are swept into the sewers of immorality that drain into hell. Only an accident? You are the judge.

Is it your Rosemary, your Betty, who is out wading in sin while you sit by in unconcern? That pitiful cry may be heard too late. Yes, your child may be gone beyond recovery because you were so unconcerned! Bring your children to the Lord's house while you have time and opportunity! "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Eph. 6:4. Failure on your part will surely cause them to stumble and fall. Jesus said, "Whoso shall offend (cause to stumble) one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Matthew 18:6.

We may lament when others are the cause of our children's falling into sin, but what shall be our excuse when we are to blame? Won't you lead your children to Christ, teach them the Word of God, and guide them safely along life's pathway ?

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

-Selected by David E. Marner

"IT DOESN'T SEEM QUITE FAIR!"

- By Elam H. Beiler

Truthfully speaking, I think the Bulletin is getting better and even bigger all the time. There are several reasons for this, of course. One is that there are more and more people interested in the parochial school system. Another reason is that the Bulletin is covering a wider phase of the work than just teaching.

By this, we mean it goes beyond the duties of a teacher, and enters such fields as building, financing, and the maintenance of schools. Several very interesting articles to this effect were included in the last issue. Especially the letter written by Monroe L. Yoder, and his invitation to others to write concerning their way of collecting the necessary funds to operate.

There are eight or nine different boards or districts here in Lancaster County, and only a few have the same way of collecting funds. Here where I am a board member, we have three schools under one board, covering two church districts, namely, East and West Georgetown.

At present we tax the ratepayers so many mills on their assessed valuation, plus $25 per family-head. It is our policy to give them all a notice whether they want to pay or not, and this includes every family in the two districts.

The tax is divided into two payments, the first being due Nov. 1, and the second due Feb. 1. Of course, there are always some who do not pay promptly, but we have gotten along all right so far. Then, too, there are several families who still send their children to the public school, and seem to have no interest whatever in our parochial schools. Of course, they do not pay their share.

You may ask, why do we send them notices when we feel sure they do not intend to pay? Well, we must be fair to the rest who do pay, and there also is the possibility they have changed their minds. Further, they can not excuse themselves and say, "We never were asked to help, nor did we get a notice."

Monroe asked if we should pay the expense ourselves and not ask those who send their children to public schools. Don't we, when we pay our taxes, help to pay for their children's schooling? Don't they realize that if it weren't for the parochial schools, the public school tax would be considerably higher? These questions make us feel it doesn't seem quite fair, if they do not help.

But be that as it may, we are thankful for the co-operation we have from the majority. Also for the many privileges that we have.

Even if it would cost us more to have our own school, I would not want to send my children to the large public schools of today where they would be exposed to the teachings of a modern world, with their lessons on science-falsely-so-called, sex, birth control, space travel, etc.

Oh, sure, there are always exceptions in our schools. For example, the one J.J.E. wrote about in his article, "Confused Reasoning", where he mentioned a conversation he overheard condemning a certain Christian Day School because of its low standards. Why do they judge the whole system by this one school? Again we must admit, it doesn't seem quite fair, because it is a known fact that the vast majority of our parochial schools have higher standards and better discipline than many of the public schools.

But, wait a minute! Maybe I had better stop, or some may think it is like the man said in his conversation, "Where they have their own schools, it nearly always goes to their heads, and they feel they are better than others." We certainly hope not.

I am including a clipping from our daily paper of the horrifying event that shocked this community a week ago today. The man has since been caught, and will have a hearing on April 5.

Let us pray that God will guide and protect our children and teachers wherever they may be.

Merely, - Elam H. Beiler,
R. 1,Paradise, Penna.

APRIL ——————1965

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN is a monthly published at Aylmer, Ontario, Canada, in the interests of Amish schools and homes. Rates: $1.25 per yr.; $2.00 - 2 yrs.; Editor: Joseph Stoll, R. 4, Aylmer, Ont. Secretary-Treasurer: Lydia F. Beiler, Ronks, Penna.

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From the Editor's Desk:

I suppose many of the schools who did not win in the Book-selling Contest are curious to know who did win. So, we'll get that down first. The Contest as a whole was a success beyond our expectations, and we wish to thank each and every one who helped to make it so. Thirty-seven schools participated. Besides the books sold, the Bulletin gained over 200 new subscriptions. The following schools won the prizes:

1 st. Prize -	BORKHOLDER SCHOOL (Edwin Kuhns, Simon Borkholder, teachers) Nappanee, Indiana. Prize of $25 worth of books.	$336.65
2nd. Prize -	CLEARVIEW SCHOOL (Saloma F. Lapp, Teacher) Ronks, Penna. Prize of $10 worth of books.	295.25
Third Prizes:	(Prizes of $5 worth of books to each. Only five third-prizes had been announced, but the schools in seventh and eighth places were so nearly a tie, we counted both of them in.)	
	. PLAIN VIEW SCHOOL, Middlebury, Indiana (Martha Helmuth, Martha Farmwald, Teachers)	212.20
	. S. BUNKER HILL SCHOOL, Millersburg, O. (Raymond S. Weaver)	205.95
	. PARSONS AMISH SCHOOL, Montgomery, Ind. (Mrs. Sylvia Raber, and Eunice Kyle, Teachers)	204.05
	. OAK GROVE SCHOOL, Fredericksburg, O. (Mattie M. Troyer)	202.40
	. HOSMER RD. SCHOOL, Middlefield, O., (Mrs. Ray J. Gingerich)	185.70
	. FAIR VIEW PRIVATE, Millersburg, O. (Mary Swartzentruber)	185.30

The totals were computed without the 10% commission, which all the schools who participated received. Again, Pathway Publishing Co. and the Blackboard Bulletin join in thanking all of you who worked hard on this project.

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1965 TEACHERS' MEET - No plans have yet been made for a teachers' meeting this summer. It has been the custom in past years to announce and give full details of the meet in the May issue (The Bulletin is on vacation during June and July). But it is very doubtful that plans can be completed this year in time for the May Bulletin.

Several suggestions have been floating around. We pass them on for your consideration:

1. Skip this year, and have no meeting.
2. Have two meetings, one in the East and one in the West. This would cut down on traveling expenses, and keep the meeting from becoming too large.
3. A definite "No!" to both of the above suggestions.

What are your sentiments? If you have any, or if you have any suggestions to add to the above three, send them in to us right away, before May 1.

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(The Editor's Desk - Continued)

EXCHANGE OF SCHOOL PAPERS - A number of our schools publish school papers or newsletters. This is a project that should be encouraged. It gives the pupils actual practice in composition and grammar, it adds interest to school lessons, and it is one way parents can keep in touch with the school.

To add even more interest to a school paper project, we are planning an exchange program of school papers next year. Each school that would like to participate during the 1965-66 school term, must send in an application to the Blackboard Bulletin before the deadline (perhaps Sept. 15, or thereabouts). Then we will prepare a list of the schools taking part with other information needed, and send a copy to each of the schools.

Each school agrees to send their own paper to each of the other schools, and will receive, therefore, as many different papers as there are schools participating. There will be no charge for enrolling.

It is still early to announce this, but it will give teachers time to think about it. A large number of our schools have duplicators or mimeograph machines, and there is no reason for not extending their use to this project. Final details will appear in the August issue of the Bulletin (D.V.).

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Friends of Rachel Petersheim will be glad to hear she is again teaching after a stay at the hospital. She suffered from what is believed to have been a light stroke, and also discovered she is diabetic. While in the hospital, she wrote the short article which appears on the follo ing page.

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A GIANT AMONG BOOKS - Yes, the Martyrs' Mirror is a giant among books. Every home should have a copy. At the price it is offered in the BOOKSHELF advertisement in this issue, it is al so a giant in value!

J.S.

****

EDITORIAL

OTHER DANGERS

Open the pages of any daily newspaper and you will see example after example of crime and violence. You will read of lawlessness ranging from theft to murder and suicide. The daily papers play up the sensational and corrupt, till we hardly glance twice at the headlines.

But this time it came closer home. Most of the readers will have heard how, a few weeks ago, an 11-yr.-old girl on the way home from an Amish school in southern Lancaster County, Penna. was abducted and shamefully misused. Her two brothers stood helplessly by as a car stopped, a man got out and grabbed her, carried her to the car, and drove off. A few hours later she was found some miles distant, wandering on the road. The family can be glad she was alive.

Parents all over the country were alarmed by the news. Many a mother glanced nervously up the road when it was time for the children to come home from school. Many of them worried the minute their daughters were out of sight.

We can't blame them too much. Yet at the same time, there are conditions among us that are much more serious and a greater threat to the virtue of our daughters, but it seems we do not worry too much about these.

The happening in Pennsylvania was shocking and regretful. But these things do not happen very often. And we must remember that the victim was innocent.

It is, or should be, much more alarming to think of what might lead our daughters, when they are older, to give up their purity voluntarily. Mothers may worry that perverts will attack their school-age daughters, but they might better also be concerned what company those daughters keep when they are older. For every case like the one in Pennsylvania, there must be hundreds of young men and women who fall into the mire of immorality.

About the former we can do very little. About the latter, there is much we can and must do. Let's look at things as they are, and not lose sight of what is most important.

- J.S.

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THIRTEEN BEATITUDES FOR TEACHERS

- By Lydia Zook

Doubt, gloom, and impatience, these three, press especially hard against me at this time of year. I ask myself, "Why am I doing this kind of work? Why not do something that doesn't concern so many people?"

It is because I love to work with children, a small voice reassures me. And it urges me to continue. The battle in my mind keeps on until, finally, the decision is made, "I will keep on teaching."

I am hoping other teachers will also be encouraged by the following quotations. Number 11 was my choice, for I have a rather small group. Nor do I feel that I could become "ruler" over many, as it would be impossible for me in my weaknesses. May God bless you all.

1. Blessed are the teachers who strive for orderliness and beauty in the classroom, for these teachers see less tension and more security in the lives of their pupils.
2. Blessed are the wise and energetic teachers who insprie their pupils to read good Christian literature, for they shall behold the effects in the character of those whom they teach.
3. Blessed are the teachers who will take time really to know their pupils for then, and only then, shall their teaching become effective.
4. Blessed are the teachers who make each class session varied and interesting, for their reward shall be found in the interest and regular attendance of their daily school pupils.
5. Blessed are those noble and valiant teachers who dare to allow the class session to belong to the children, for their reward lies in the development and discoveries of the children.
6. Blessed are those teachers who go out of their way to help the individual pupils, for great is their reward in the kingdom of heaven.
7. Blessed are the teachers who, even though they fall into a rut, are able to recognize their trouble and get out, for they shall find their reward in building their class and helping to change lives.
8. Blessed are those teachers who are young at heart and can accept new ways,for their reward shall be found in the enrichment of their own personality.
9. Blessed are those patient teachers who are able to use repetition in a creative way to store Bible verses in the mind of the young child, for their reward shall be the satisfaction of a job well done.
10. Blessed are the teachers who dare to venture out and practice new skills, for these men and women shall become known as outstanding teachers.
11. Blessed are those teachers who give their best, no matter how small the group, for he who is faithful over a little, shall be made ruler over much.
12. Blessed are those understanding teachers who can see the potentials of every pupil and keep these potentials in mind as they teach, for verily the fruits of this teaching will be found in the lives of the pupils.
13. Blessed are those teachers who have a heart with an outreach, for they shall be like leaven in the bread, just a little bit will leaven the whole lump.

- Christiana, Pennsylvania

TEACHING SCHOOL CHILDREN (A Recipe)

- By Rachel Petersheim

The joy of teaching school children is in loving the innocent boys and girls. Take the intelligent, the not-so-intelligent, the willing, the unwilling, the "I Can"s, and the "I Can't"s, and mix them well; add love, smiles, firmness, and encouragement. Next throw in a few "Don'ts" to stop the spilling of gossip and the fussing about who got the best mark.

Stir well by explaining it is not so important who got the highest mark, as it is who put forth the best effort according to his ability. Sprinkle with a fair amount of praise, patience enough for the teacher and all the pupils, and love for the pupils, not only for six or seven hours, but until all papers are corrected and lessons prepared for the next day.

Knead with fair rules obeyed, discipline and action when necessary. Keep warm until risen, and grown through school age. Then, when they pass through the schoolhouse door for the last time, keep on praying for them.

- Lancaster, Pennsylvania

UNITY

- By Jerome Raber

I suppose we would all agree that unity is a major factor in the success of a school. Yes, anything that isn't bound by the ties of unity is torn apart by that awful evil, disunity. Disunity is very evident in many homes and churches today.

We should learn to know the Lord better, for as we learn to know Him better, He will give us grace to overcome that which leads to disunity, and we become partakers of the divine nature.

We find in history that it was impossible for the enemies of the early Christians to turn them from their faith by persecuting them. Instead, many of the persecutors themselves were converted to the true faith.

When persecution did not work, the enemies at length decided to give them freedom, thinking they might then become disunited among themselves. This is exactly what happened, and it is still taking place unto this day.

Amish parochial schools have been on the scene only twenty or twenty-five years. As schools were established in the different states, the public officials looked upon them as something new, and in many cases they objected to them at first.

As time goes on, and more and more of these schools are started, the officials are as a rule becoming more tolerant toward them. Wouldn't it be a shame, after we have been granted the privilege to have our own schools, and our own teachers, to find that we became so disunited that our schools became corrupt, or had to be discontinued?

Actually, any private school that is not a "Christian Day School", as some are called by name, is not worth the expense and effort to operate. Any public school would be better equipped to teach our children in things pertaining to this life only. If we ever feel the effort and expense getting heavy, maybe we should examine ourselves and see if we are putting as much into the school as we should.

Parents have a great responsibility, for they are the ones who furnish the material for the school. What we say or how we act when children relate of some happening at school, has a great bearing on how serious it becomes. Perhaps if we go and talk it over with the teacher, we will find it quite different.

I do not mean to say that we should not believe what our children say. They should be respected, and taught to be trusted, but children can actually have a feeling of being misused when, in truth, they have only been admonished and reproved for their own good. Certainly, the attitude parents take toward the teacher may make the difference whether a teacher's discipline to their child brings them nearer together or further apart. Children who are not taught to respect and have confidence in the teacher can be a cause of serious problems.

Those who are appointed as directors must serve as a "go-between" for teacher and parents. They can also let matters get off balance, and to one side. Fellow-laborers, we are all of the same materials, only human. We must strive against this "natural man" in us, this "I". We have the promise of a divine nature, but we can not attain it of ourselves. Read 2 Peter, Chapter 1.

I feel unworthy of writing. I am not a talented writer as others, but that "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you" keeps knocking at my door. I enjoy reading the Bulletin. It can be a great help in keeping our schools in Christian unity.

If our schools can be kept together in Christian unity, our churches will profit greatly. For our youth of today is the church of tomorrow. Let us pray for each other, and not faint by the way.

- Montgomery, Indiana

PARADISE, PENNA.

Dear Readers,

For some time I have been thinking of writing to the Blackboard Bulletin, but I have always let George do it. The B.B. is to me a worthwhile and inspiring paper. As a parent and former teacher, I would like to share a few thoughts with the readers.

One experience I had was the following: When you are a teacher and have school problems, you can talk with parents or other people, but they just don't quite understand the problem. But talk with another teacher, and the answer you get is, "I know exactly what you mean, and I know just how you feel." So I feel it is important for the teachers to get together occasionally and exchange views and experiences. It seems the problems we had in school are soon forgotten, but the faces are hard to forget, especially if I see them and they meet me with a smile, which it seems they all do.

I am concerned and find it hard to understand the attitude some of our people take toward our own schools. Also, the attitude they take toward those who seek to promote them.

Why do some of our people criticize our parochial schools and send their children to the large consolidated public schools? In these schools, more and more emphasis is being placed on teaching through movies and television.

In a recent article in the Reader's Digest, I read that the average American child between the ages of 5-14, sees on TV the violent destruction of 13,000 people. Will they keep this out of the schools, or will it also slowly creep in?

We have a wonderful opportunity to have our own church schools. It could one day be taken from us. Do we want to take advantage of the opportunity, or do we want to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage?

The question was once asked, "When the children of Israel were in Egypt, who taught their children? Did they want to teach them themselves, or did they let the Egyptians teach them?" I think the answer is evident.

Lenin, the Communist leader, once said, "Give me the youth of a country for four years, and the doctrines that I shall implant in their minds will never be uprooted." If the Communists can take over a country by implanting their doctrines in the minds of the young people, how much more important should it be for us to implant the Christian doctrine and faith in the minds of our young people through the home and our own schools!

The motto that has appeared on the Bulletin is thought-provoking, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." It would seem from experience that this rule does not always hold true. There are some young people from godly Christian homes, where it would seem the parents do all in their power to train their children in the right way, who nevertheless go astray.

But I believe some of the teaching a child gets in his youth, be it in the home or in school, will never leave him. It will go with him all his life. Even if he does not live according to the teaching he had, it will still be in his mind, and he will not depart from it.

Some people think we should have non-Amish teachers in our schools. Would some parents co-operate better with "outside" teachers? If so, why? We would not think of having ministers who are not of our faith to preach in our churches. Why then would we want non-Amish teachers to teach our children?

I am wondering if some of our school problems might come from the fact that when certain of our schools were started, not all the parents were in favor. Nevertheless, they sent their children.

The attitude of the parents is reflected in the children. If the parents feel that our own school system is inferior to the public schools, or our teachers inferior to the public teachers, how is the teacher going to hold the respect of the children in school? This attitude will grow in school, and is hard to get rid of.

So let us strive for unity and peace. In unity there is strength. The story is told of a man who had several sons. These sons were always quarreling. One day the father got a bunch of sticks and tied them in a bundle.

Calling his sons to him, he gave the bundle to each one in turn, and asked him to break the bundle. None of them could break it. Then he gave each one a stick at a time. These were easily broken.

"That," said the man, "is the way it is with you. If you work together you are strong, and can overcome many obstacles. But if each one just works for himself, you are weak."

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Psalms 133:1.

- Isaac S. Kauffman

SHIPSHEWANA, INDIANA

Dear Readers,

"Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence. When I said, My foot slippeth; thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." Psalms 94:17,18.

Nearly another term of school has passed by at Pleasant Ridge School. One may wonder, where have the moments gone? Each day seems short and yet without a doubt, we leave an influence on the little flock each day. Pray that the imprint may be for good.

There are days when the gears revolve so smoothly. But ... what about those days when our mechanism seems to fail? Is it the teacher's fault? Perhaps there is a physcial cause, or it may be some ordeal in discipline has upset things. How wonderful if we could withhold our inner feelings at such times! The Great Teacher is the best and only balm , the only sure cure for such. Let's not forget to contact him.

Writing a letter for the B.B. takes quite a bit of push. But, the editor called on us in person this school term, and it did bring a rather guilty feeling to not have written, when we so thoroughly enjoy reading the Bulletin. I guess the editor tried hard to read our thoughts for he left an order sheet for Bulletin material.

So I must try to buckle down to the task while school is still in full swing. That is when we need the material most.

The question enters my mind, "Does teaching become easier the longer we're at it?" Actually, I don't find it so. In some channels it may be easier, but in others time only reveals corners that need attention. I've given it up to get everything done. Does anyone?

As I am a teacher of the lower grades, I keenly feel the necessity of stressing reading. Naturally, some children are not as gifted in reading as others are. How can a child progress in his lessons if he cannot read well? These poor readers are helpless when they want to do thought problems. If anyone has a solution for introducing thought problems so they click in each pupil's brain, I'd long to have the recipe.

I'm glad for all the extra helps and hints in teaching reading. Another thought: Aren't we all books, ourselves? We are being read each day? May we strive to be "good reading material".

How sad it is to see our students grow up and fall into sinful pleasures! Surely, a teacher's feeling is a mere beginning of what the parents endure in this. May all our parents be true shepherds for the many young lambs who are roaming the pastures today.

Love and prayers,
- Anna Mae Gingerich

TEACH A CHILD

- By Isaac S. Kauffman

Teach a child the ABC's,
Teach him how to read and write,
Teach him through a good example,
Tell him what is wrong and right.

Through the lessons of experience,
With a kindly-guiding hand,
Ever leading, ever teaching,
Point him to the promised land.

Tell him of our Father's mercy,
Tell him of our Saviour's love,
Of the home that shines in glory
Where we hope to meet above.

- Paradise, Pennsylvania

THE HIGHER A PERSON GETS UP IN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, THE LOWER DOWN HE GOES TO HELP HIS FELLOW MEN. - Selected.

Voices of the Past

NO. 2 -

DUTY OF PARENTS TO CHILDREN

- By John Bunyan, 1628-1688

If thou art a parent, a father or a mother, then thou art to consider thy calling under this relation.

Thy children have souls, and they must be begotten of God as well as of thee, or they perish. And know also, that unless thou be very circumspect in thy behaviour to and before them, they may perish through thee, both to instruct, and also to correct them.

First, to instruct them as the Scripture saith, and to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord"; and to do this diligently "when thou sittest in thine house when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Now to do this to purpose:

1. Do it in terms and words easy to be understood; affect not high expressions, they will drown your children. Thus God spake to his children, Hos. 12:10, and Paul to his, 1 Cor. 3:2.

2. Take heed of filling their heads with whimsies and unprofitable notions, for this will sooner learn them to be malapert and proud, than sober and humble. Open therefore to them the state of man by nature; discourse with them of sin, of death, and hell; of a crucified Saviour, and the promise of life through faith. "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6.

3. There must be much gentleness and patience in all thy instructions, "lest they be discouraged." Col. 3:21.

4. Labor to convince them by a conversation answerable, that the things of which thou instructest them are not fables, but realities; yea, and realities so far above what can be here enjoyed, that all things, were they a thousand times better than they are, are not worthy to be compared with the glory and worthiness of these things.

("Though the words of the wise are as nails fastened by the master of assemblies, Eccl. 12,1, yet sure their examples are the hammer to drive them in to take the deeper hold. A father that whipt his son for swearing, and swore himself while he whipt him, did more harm by his example than good by his correction." -- Fuller's Holy State. Page 11.)

Isaac was so holy before his children, that when Jacob remembered God, he remembered that he was the Fear of his father Isaac. Genesis 31:53.

Oh! when children can think of their parents, and bless God for that instruction and good they have received from them, this is not only profitable for children, but honorable and comfortable to parents. "The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice; and he that begetteth a wise child shall have joy of him." Prov. 23:24,25.

Second, the duty of correction:

1. See if fair words will win them from evil. This is God's way with his children. Jer. 25:4,5.

2. Let those words you speak to them in reproof, be both sober, few, and pertinent, adding always some suitable sentence of the Scripture therewith, as, if they lie, then such as Rev. 21:8, 27; if they refuse to hear the word, such as 2 Chron. 25:14-16.

3. Look to them that they be not companions with those that are rude and ungodly; showing with soberness a continual dislike of their naughtiness; often crying out to them as God did of old unto his, "Oh, do not this abominable thing that I hate."

4. Let all this be mixed with such love, pity, and compunction of spirit, that if possible they may be convinced you dislike not their persons, but their sins. This is God's way. Ps. 99:8.

5. Be often endeavoring to fasten on their consciences the day of their death, and judgement to come. Thus also God deals with his. Deut. 32:29.

6. If thou art driven to the rod, then strike advisedly in cool blood, and soberly show them (a.) it is their fault, (b.) how much it is against thy heart thus to deal with them; (c.) and that what thou doest, thou doest in conscience to God and love to their souls; (d.) and tell them that if fair means would have done, none of this severity should have been. This, I have proved it, will be a means to afflict their hearts as well as their bodies; and it being the way that God deals with his, it is the most likely to accomplish its end.

7. Follow all this with prayer to God for them, and leave the issue to him. "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Prov. 22:15.

Lastly, observe these cautions:

1. Take heed that the misdeeds for which thou correctest thy children be not learned them by thee. Many children learn that wickedness of their parents for which they beat and chastize them.

2. Take heed thou smile not upon them to encourage them in small faults, lest that thy carriage to them be an encouragement to them to commit greater.

3. Take heed that thou use not unsavoury and unseemly words in thy chastising of them, as railing, miscalling, and the like;

this is devilish.

4. Take heed that thou do not use them to many chiding words and threatenings, mixed with lightness and laughter; this will harden. Speak not much, nor often, but pertinent to them with all gravity.

-Selected by Eli C. Garbers, St. Joe, Arkansas

WHICH IS YOUR CHILD?

By Elmo Stoll

Some children, I've thought,
Are trained and taught,
To whine and fuss and coax and fret
For all that they want and cannot get;
To fume and growl, to shirk and play sick
Each time they're asked to work a lick,
To grouch and to grumble if they ever must eat
Ought else but candies, and other things sweet.

Some children, I've thought,
Are trained and taught,
To sulk when they're slighted, to mope and to
pout,
Or to scream and scratch, and to bite and
shout,
To flame and flare, their tempers to lose,
And some poor animal to beat and abuse,
Until it is clear, to most, at least,
The child needs the flogging much more than
the beast.

Some children, I've thought,
Are trained and taught,
To spy and to tattle on what others do,
To carry and to spread their tales untrue;
To gloat and to slander, to smear and distort,
To hurry ever on with the sorry report,
To gender distrust, turn friend into foe,
By "They say it happened, though I do not know."

Some children, I've thought,
Are trained and taught,
To shine like a sunbeam, gay, friendly, and
bright,
To laugh and smile like a ray of warm light,
To dry dishes for Mother, do chores with a
song,
To eat food, and be grateful they're not in
Hong Kong,
To be happy and cheerful, kind, loving, and
mild;
Say, you are the parent, now which is your child?

- R. 1, Massey, Ontario

It is God's will that I should cast
My care on him each day, - 1 Pet. 5.
He also asks me not to cast
My confidence away, - Heb. 10,
But, oh, how stupidly I act,
When taken unawares,
I cast away my confidence,
And carry all my care!

- T. Baird (Sel)

SUGARCREEK, OHIO
MARCH 5, 1965.

Dear Bulletin Readers,

First a greeting of love. After reading the Blackboard Bulletin for some time now, I have decided to write a few lines.

This is my second year teaching the Barrs Mills School. Only thirty days of this term left, yet it seems like only a short time since school started. There are 17 pupils in the first four grades, and 30 in the four upper grades. The smallest grade is the first, with only two girls, and the largest grade is the seventh, with 11 pupils.

There is always something to do. The older pupils help along with some of the classes for the younger grades, and this is appreciated.

Thus far we have not had any problems that were hard to solve. The respect and kindness shown by the children far offsets the few things that now and then happen that we do not like to see.

I still feel like I did before I started teaching. Do not complain to everyone about your pupils. Teach school, and do not complain. Or, if you can not be worth anything in the school room, quit teaching but do not complain.

Wishing everybody success in teaching,
In Christian love,

- Moses L. Yoder

BALTIC, OHIO
March 31, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

I have just arrived at the schoolhouse, and the time is 7:15 in the morning. A good fire is now crackling in the furnace. The school room will soon be cozy and warm, while outside a brisk breeze is blowing from the east. This is the last day of March.

The sun is shining nice and bright now, but there are signs we will not see the sun all day. As I walked across the fields from our home to the schoolhouse, blackbirds, meadow larks, robins, and song sparrows were all giving their praises to their Maker and Provider. A pair of killdeer ran along a little creek at a lively pace.

Several of the children at school have heavy thoughts weighing on their minds for several days already. Yesterday I heard one of them say that she dreamed about it the night before. We who are older can realize it must indeed be heavy on their minds.

What can it be? Is it the plans for the last day of school? No, one of the teachers they had in public school died recently of cancer. This gives me something to think about. Would my fourth-grade children miss me that much if it were me?

In last month's issue, I was glad to read that I am not alone in believing credit or praise belongs to the child who puts forth effort, be it at home or at school. For me to think back thirty years, the teachers who showed their appreciation to us children when we worked hard to bring good lessons to class, those are the teachers whom we remember. And not those teachers who rewarded only the top scholar in the class.

Perhaps this is true for me only because I was not the child that received the "head-of-the-class marks".

In my humble opinion, it works better to reward or treat the children unexpectedly, whether at home or at school, for their efforts and good work, after the task is done, rather than to promise rewards if they do this or that thing according to our wishes.

In closing, we ask that you remember us in prayer; we are likewise minded in weakness.

- Jonas Nisley

THE SCHOOLTEACHER'S FAITH

HERE am I, chosen by the Creator to look after the little flock He has placed in my care.
YOUNG minds that I must teach more clearly to understand, -- young hearts that I must guide to the ways of kindness and sympathy.
HOW can I impress them with my thoughts for them? -- That they can find life beautiful every day through it all, if they will be gentle, kind, and helpful to others.
MORE and more it comes to me that I can convince them that ...
LOVE is all, if Loveliness is in my own life, -- and with this Faith as my inspiration, I shall try to be worthy of the Creator's Trust.

- Author Unknown; Sel. by Violet Shrock

BOOKS

MR. RIGHT IS DEAD! (OR IS HE?)

- By DAVID WAGLER

We believe a lot of circulars and catalogs in the mail from the large publishing companies, listing their latest books. Usually we glance through them and sometimes we find a book that's worthwhile.

However, most of the books are trashy and some are outright shocking. Recently our attention was drawn to a book written by a New York City girl. The title is Mr. Right Is Dead, and it may become a top seller. I read only the review and apparently it is about a group of college girls. All of them "go with the crowd" except one who decides to keep herself pure and wait until the "right man" comes along. But, the moral standards of society have so drastically changed, especially in the last decade, that her dreams never materialized. She is left disillusioned, and finally sees that today, "pleasure is all", and "right no longer exists".

If this gives an accurate picture of society in the world today, then it is indeed a sad state of affairs. According to history, any nation that loses its morality soon goes to ruin. When our chief emphasis is on pleasure (the kind that sex or money can give), then we lack that firm footing or foundation on which to build our house.

It would be well to consider: Which trend are we following? Are we holding to Biblical non-conformity, redeeming the time as a holy people? Or are we following as closely as we dare, the fashions of a pleasure-seeking world?

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, millions of copies sold, ... Cloth	$1.50.
A NIGHT TO REMEMBER, stirring account of the sinking of the Titanic, the unsinkable ship	3.95

(Continued on next page)

" CHRISTIAN YOUTH " IS HATE GROUP'S LABEL

By Elinor Taylor

Well, the world didn't come to an end yesterday, did it? All joking aside, though, I'm beginning to wonder if our days aren't numbered, right here at home.

We like to feel that our little old county and her neighbors are immune to some of the vicious hate-mongering groups being organized throughout the nation.

But just what would you do if your teenager came around some evening and asked, "Mother, may I go out tonight with some boys (or girls) to defend our Christian heritage for Almighty God, for Christ, and the Nation."?

A lady went to an area Presbyterian meeting last month. There, she and others with her learned about an organization, "Christian Youth Corps". Its promoters are urging youngsters between 14 and 19 especially, to join.

(Continued in next column)

She showed me some of the literature now being distributed in Ohio, and it is the most frightening vicious propaganda you can think of. It's asking these kids, yours and mine, if they can get them, to join a hate-fight against minorities and the government.

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"Christ is a segregationist," it says. "The signers of the Declaration of Independence did not regard the Negro as a man."

But most frightening of all is the plea for these kids to join up in the Christian Youth Corps. "We are brothers in arms with the U.S. Rangers, the Minute Men, the California Rangers, The Texas Rangers, and the Green Mountain Boys, which with other groups comprise a vast army of over ten million people," it says.

Then a list of required basic equipment is given. Each person who joins needs a standard rifle, a six-inch hunting knife, at least 1000 rounds of ammunition.

They'll have to have a sleeping bag, a tent, fatigue clothes, and paratroop type boots. "This is only the basic equipment needed to operate as an effective Guerrilla unit," the kids are told.

Here is the paragraph which is terrible: "We shall fight from the fields, the plains, the swamps, and although overwhelmingly outnumbered in men and equipment, we shall still be victorious, for we have God on our side."

They want invitations to speak "in your parent-teacher meetings, church, schools, lodge, or any organizational meeting."

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"We need ammunition," they say, "A few less cigarettes, cigars, cocktails, and luxuries will furnish us funds to fight the battle."

Why am I repeating all this? Because I think parents should be aware of the efforts being made in this part of Ohio to get hold of these vulnerable and emotional teen-agers. Because I think you should be alerted that if your PTA or church, school or any other group, schedules this kind of a meeting, you can protest.

The name of the organization sounds fine on the surface. We'd all want our children to be active in a Christian Youth organization, but surely not when it is this kind.

If the lies and "out-of-context" statements were not so tragic, they would be almost amusing. We've sat here in our little county and tsk-tsk-ed about the goings on in California and Alabama.

It's on our doorstep right now. Do you know what your children are doing, and who they are with? When they go to a meeting, do you know who is in charge, or what it is about?

Are you aware of the programs planned for the organizations to which you or your neighbors belong? And most of all, would

BULLETIN BOOKSHELF (Cont'd)

Facts About God's Word

There are 66 books, 1189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,692 words, and 3,566,490 letters in the Bible.

The shortest chapter of the Old Testament is Psalm 117. The middle verse of the Bible is Psalm 118:8.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,853 times.

RULES OF A GODLY LIFE, now in English	.25 ¢
Zerstoerung Jerusalems, German only	50 ¢
CHEER-UP AND GET WELL Greetings, nice verses, per dozen	60 ¢
TWO LITTLE SAVAGES, for boys . . .	$1.45
Little Bibles, selected verses, doz.	50 ¢
Real Cloth Books, The kind baby can't chew up	30 ¢
MCGUFFEYS FIFTH OR SIXTH READER, pap.	75 ¢
BACK TO EDEN, home health remedies	$6.00
WORTH DYING FOR, cloth, $3.00; paper -	2.00
MAN IN BEARSKIN, cloth, $2.50; paper -	1.25
Twig, the Collie, dog story for boys -	1.75
EGERMEIERS BIBLE STORY, standard	4.00
deluxe	5.00
HURLBUTS STORY OF THE BIBLE	5.00
German-English New Testament, cloth -	1.20
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF BIBLE LANDS -	3.50
The Holy War, by John Bunyan	4.50
NERVOUS CHRISTIANS, on mental health -	.35
GERMAN-ENGLISH BIBLES - write for prices and samples of type.	
The Bible and Modern Science, 35¢ ea. 10 or more copies, 25¢ each.	
ANWEISUNGEN ZUR SELIGKEIT, by Daniel E. Mast, Amish preacher	3.50
Challenge of the Child, by more than forty Amish writers	2.00

you have the gumption to protest, to speak up, to fight this trash?

If your son or daughter asks some time, "May I go to a Christian Youth Corps meeting?", you'd better do some checking. His next question might be, "Where is my submachine gun, Mommy?"

- Selected by Ruth Anderson,
Holmesville, Ohio

MILLMONT, PENNA.
March 21, 1965

We have found an answer to Melvin E. Hershberger's problem in the March Bulletin. The problem was: Find a certain number less than 1000 that has a remainder of 2 when divided by 3, 11, or 17. ANSWER: 563.

Here is a problem:

Multiply 2 miles, 17 rods, 4 yards, 2 feet, 7 inches by 6. Can you do it, even though it is not a practical problem?

- Nora Zimmerman, .

TROY PAROCHIAL SCHOOL
BURTON, OHIO

Greetings to all Bulletin readers,

Only six more weeks of school, and still no letter ready for the Bulletin! Who said once upon a time, "Never leave for tomorrow what can easily be done today."? Good advice, if we follow it.

The happenings at Troy Parochial are about as usual, with the daily ups and downs. Thanks to the Teacher of all teachers, Jesus Christ, the ups usually exceed the downs, thus making it possible to easily forget and forgive our troubles. "Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear; All because we do not carry, Everything to God in prayer."

Yes, these 79 pupils and 2 teachers are eagerly looking forward to the coming of spring. What a difference it makes when at least half of the children go out to play! I sometimes have to wonder how we can make it with so many, but with God's help and the patience of the parents, we have tried to struggle forward.

Plans are now being made to build another school by fall, the Lord willing. We will miss the families who will leave us, but will be glad to welcome a new one we had to refuse a few months because of over-crowded conditions. Thanks to our neighboring school, Parkman Parochial, who is helping us out and taking that family for the rest of the term.

The closing day is not far off, and we still have quite a few books to finish, although we have finished several. I think we'll get done nicely if nothing unforseen turns up.

We have been having real wintry weather lately, and so, to remind the children that spring is coming, we put up a few flowers that the children have made.

The fourth graders are taking more interest in their geography since we're drawing some of the inventions and discoveries we read about. The pictures are kept and will be put into a book, which should prove interesting in later years. Even if the race horses from the Bluegrass country are a little odd-shaped, and the orange trees of the south are not very heavily-laden with fruit, the first locomotives do look quite natural. It all makes an interesting bulletin board.

I feel if we get the children interested and let them do some of these things they like, they try so much harder in their other subjects. Isn't it our aim to get each child to do his best? An interest in the lessons helps so much.

I was so thrilled to see the article in the Bulletin about German and English alphabet sets. I have looked long and hard for German letters but so far hadn't found any. I hope by next year the little ones will do better in German reading and spelling than they do now.

I have a topic in mind which I would like to see discussed in the Bulletin. I feel that co-operation of the parents with the teachers, and the monthly school meetings, are two very important steps in making a school a success. Here are a few lines of what goes on at our school when we have our regular meetings. I would enjoy hearing from others who have similar experiences.

WHY IT IS IMPORTANT TO HAVE MONTHLY SCHOOL MEETINGS -

In our school, the second Tuesday evening of each month is the time for our school meeting. These are not just board meetings, as all the parents are invited. The president is the main speaker, usually discussing some problems he has in mind. These problems cover a wide range, from the needs of the school to the behaviour of the pupils, and to suggestions for the teachers. He always asks the teachers what they have in mind for discussion, and how often the parents can help out with these problems!

I appreciate it very much if parents come and ask about something they didn't understand, instead of talking to other parents about a rumor they heard. These rumors often aren't true, or nearly as bad as reported.

If the board has something special to discuss, they step off to one side to counsel about it, then come and tell us what has been decided. Everyone present often has the opportunity to vote on a matter, or to express his opinion. If minutes are kept of the meeting, they prove very valuable for future use or reference.

Many of the parents show interest in their children's work by asking how they are doing, and speaking a few words of encouragement to the teacher. This goes deeper and means more than tongue can tell.

We have had quite a few visitors in school. These we always appreciate. I hope we make them feel at home when they do come. We invite them to come back again so that they know they are welcome.

How often I must think of the song,

"Count your many blessings, Name them one
by one,
Count your many blessings, See what God has
done."

We have also had our troubles and our dark days. Our school is far from perfect. But doesn't the sun seem to shine brighter after each cloud burst? We're not expecting all sunny days ahead, but are just asking God's guidance through all kinds of weather, cloudy or sunny.

- Amanda N. Hershberger

SUGARCREEK, OHIO
March 25, 1965

Dear Readers,

First a greeting in Jesus' name.

I will try my hand at writing once more. I have not written for a paper since I had my foot smashed about 28 years ago. I suppose I think I am too busy.

I am writing this on the train going from Chicago to Hutchinson, Kansas. We will stay at Hutchinson over Sunday, then to Denver to get our 15-month-old daughter at Spears Clinic. She is a cerebral palsy victim. We have not seen her for three months.

We took her out by car, a distance of 1335 miles. I think it will be almost 2000 miles by rail. I wish we would not have to travel so much at night. We did not see much except snow ever since we left Mansfield, Ohio. Not much like spring.

I was at the teachers' meeting held March 20, at the Brush Run School. I greatly enjoyed the day. It was interesting to hear the teachers discuss their problems. The school board also has problems once in a while.

It seems to me a teacher needs a lot of courage and patience. One thing that grieves me is the parents objecting if the children get Scripture teaching. Maybe it is sometimes carried too far. But I sometimes think that if the children had more interest in the Scriptures, we would not have so many youth problems.

I suppose all parents agree that there has never been a time when it was so hard to raise a family in a true Christian way. I am really thankful that we have teachers who are willing to set a good example for the tender hearts. I feel they set a much better example than I would be able to.

If the editor can not read this, I will blame it on the vibration of the train. We are riding on a very good train, and had made reservations ahead of time.

I am finishing this letter now in Hutchinson, at the home where my cousin, Wilma Yoder, works. I had this almost finished last night on the train, when they snapped off the lights. Then I tried to sleep. Everything was quiet except the whistle. I suppose I heard 1000 blasts or more.

While transferring in Chicago, we met a plain girl from Hartville, Ohio. We came in on the same train, but did not know it. She got on the same train in Chicago that we did, but our seats were reserved on different cars. She was over with us quite a while last night.

She said she wishes her mother would know there was somebody with her to change depots and trains. Her mother is just like mothers are, she worries when any of the children leave home. The girl's name is Catherine H. Sommers. She is going to New Mexico on a missionary project.

I will close, for I cannot visit and write at the same time. Wishing everyone God's blessing,

- Henry B. Yoder

BELLEVILLE, PENNA.
March 20, 1965.

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord and S viour.

This is a beautiful snowy morning. Already there are a few inches on the ground, and the snowflakes keep tumbling leisurely down. This gives us a beautful winter scene. Even a teacher can enjoy it, because it is Saturday.

We had a very nice winter, and did not miss any days of school on account of bad weather, or drifted roads. We did have enough snow and ice to give the children many enjoyable days of skating and sledding. There were some slight cuts and scratches, but the children don't mind as long as they can slide. One boy received more than a slight scratch. He had a cut nose, a gash on his cheek, and a black eye which was swollen shut for a day or more.

It happened on a Wednesday morning, the first ride he took. I kept him in school the rest of the day because I knew his parents were not at home. I felt I could give him better care than he would get at home alone by himself. He was unable to come to school again until Monday. I felt very thankful, though, that he received only cuts and bruises instead of broken bones.

This year I have 48 pupils, 27 girls and 21 boys. 29 are in the lower grades. A family with two pupils intends to move next week. With a large group of pupils like this, it is hard to do justice to all. The discipline problems are also much greater. If I remember correctly, I have never had fewer than 40 pupils. I hope, if it is the Lord's will, I will some day have the opportunity to teach a smaller group.

But I do not feel that I want to complain nor that I have reason to complain. By pray er and co-operation from parents, directors, and teacher, much can be accomplished.

(over)

What is co-operation? The directors' part may be the hardest. Pleasing parents and teachers, taking care of financial matters, getting the necessary supplies (also the supplies that are not a must, but make teaching easier and learning more pleasant) visiting schools, encouraging teachers and pupils, seeing that the teachers do the required job of teaching, and sometimes giving them advice where to improve their work, ...all these things are the responsibility of the directors.

Teacher and parent co-operation includes teachers visiting parents in the home, and parents visiting schools while they are in session. If questions arise, they should feel free to get together and discuss the subject. Teachers should not have such an attitude that parents hesitate to discuss things with them. Neither should parents have an attitude that discourages teachers from discussing school problems with them.

Dear parents, take time to ask your children, "Did you make good marks today? Did you do your best in your lessons?" "Were you a good boy or girl? Were you respectful to the teacher and the other children? Did you play fair? Were you honest?"

These things are necessary so that your children need not go to school and say, "No, my parents never told me to be good."

Teachers should remember to give parents a word of appreciation for the encouragement they give their children. One thing teachers really notice and appreciate is the way parents send their children to school with clean hands, faces, and clothes. They need not always wear new clothes, only clean and patched.

Sending notes, parents to teacher, or teacher to parents, is not good, for more than one reason. 1. One is liable to put things on paper he couldn't say face to face. 2. It encourages children to bring home false tales, or take false tales to school about things that happen at home. Parents have no idea what children sometimes tell teacher about mother or father. 3. Parents need not send many notes to the teacher until children get the attitude, "Teacher can't do anything to me; my parents will see to that."

When they are older, they will still have that attitude, "My parents helped me get away with things while I went to school; now I can get away with things they don't like, too."

Another school term is almost past. We had some visitors, but not very many parents. Three of our five directors have been here. Then Bishop John B. Renno, Andy Kinsinger and wife, and lately a group of seven teachers from Lancaster County, were also callers at our school. These visits I appreciated very much.

I had the opportunity to visit our local schools this winter, which was very educational and inspiring. This opportunity came only through the kindness of the directors. One substituted for me; another went along to the schools.

I wish you all the help and guidance from above. Remember me in your prayers.

- Catherine Swarey.

EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA
March 6, 1965

Dear Readers,

It is always interesting to read the Blackboard Bulletin, to hear and see other people's problems and opinions, concerning our parochial schools. I have been working with these schools for the last fifteen years.

I am thankful to God for the blessings we have had thus far, and pray that He will guide our schools in the future.

From what I have read in the Bulletin, I can see that the writers realize what it takes to have a successful school -- faith, hope, and charity. With these, we can have the parent-teacher co-operation we need.

Having met Uria R. Byler once at a directors' meeting in Mercer County, Pennsylvania, I took note of his column in the last issue (February), where he raises the question of what responsibility parents and grandparents have in the youth situation. Uria, I believe you also have the answer to your question, even as all other Bible-reading and God-fearing parents have, or should have.

I do not consider myself much of a writer, so I will say, "Keep on writing, Uria, and I will do the reading."

I have also enclosed a few poems, which the editor may want to use sometime when he has space.

Yours respectfully,
-Martin S. Shirk

"I'VE WORKED HARD; I DESERVE IT."

-By a Mother,

Tonight I read the life story of a refugee mother. It led me to think much about one question, "Will those of us who have everything so easy, and just about the way we want it, have the same reward in heaven as the ones who suffered and were driven from one place to another?"

The family I read about were driven from their home in the cold of winter. They often had just enough food to keep them living. The children suffered the most, and the baby died because the black bread the rest of them ate was not suitable for one so young. The mother did not have any milk for the baby, and had to watch it gradually starve to death.

If times were to change and we would be treated in this manner, wouldn't we look back and think of the times we grumbled about things that would then look so little and foolish?

"Oh, I just wish I could have a new floor." Or, "I have to wash so many dishes, and do so much cooking, I want a big work table and lots of cupboards." Or, "It would be much handier to have things this way or that way. I have worked hard and long; I deserve it."

How foolish these desires would seem then? We would long to be left in peace, and to again have the privilege of feeding and clothing our children, and keeping them warm.

It is good for us all to imagine ourselves in such a plight, and then we may come back to the present, better satisfied and thankful. God rules over all, and everything is in His power. How soon things may change we do not know, but let us be thankful for our privileges thus far. Not privileges to have things to our taste, but the privilege to serve God unmolested, and to have our homes where we can feed, clothe, and take care of our loved ones.

Ontario, Canada

"COME, LITTLE NICOLAI, COME"

-By C. E. Krehbiel

(Editor's Note: Shortly after receiving the above article, "I've worked hard; I deserve it", we came across the following touching story. It is taken from the book, FEEDING THE HUNGRY, the account of Mennonite relief work in Russia during the famine of 1919-1925.)

While we were stopping at the village of Nicolajewka, our host told us incidentally that a little lost lad was sleeping in their barn. He described the little fellow in such a way that I became deeply interested and said I must see him by all means.

In the morning I went to the shed and there lay an eight year old boy. His name was Nicolai. He was a Roman Catholic and, so far as known, a full orphan. He said his mother, three sisters and two brothers had died of hunger typhus. Later his father succumbed to the same dread disease at a railroad station near by; and the boy, forced to shift for himself, had strayed to this village. He, too was sick and lying on a thin litter of rank hay on the earth. He had a man's black felt hat pulled down over head and neck to keep the coarse grass from pricking him. The blue shirt and erstwhile white homespun trousers held by one support were badly torn and the little body much exposed. His feet were bare. Flies were biting and almost eating him. His pulse was 130; his mind in a whirl of fever.

"Nicolai, are you ill?"

"Wh-a-at?"

"I say, are you very sick?"

"Ek si krank!" (Low Dutch: I am sick)

There was a red wine bottle beside him; I took that and fetched him a fresh drink. "Shall I give you a drink of water?"

He evidently did not understand, for after several futile attempts to rise he staggered over the straw toward the door.

I called, "Come here, little man, come and lie down."

Had there been spectators they would have seen a man of six feet two, eyes overflowing, take hold of a burning little hand and lead the child back to the litter. Have you a boy or girl eight years old? Think of them out in the hard world alone, hungry, half-clad, delirious like that! -- I took out a new white handkerchief with "CEK" in the border -- (my own child, Florence, put those initials there) -- and gave it to the lad.

"Cover that over your face so the wicked flies can't bite you."

He did so, and tried to pull his bare feet into his short trouser legs.... Oh, the tragedy of suffering innocence haunts me!

Two days later: The Mennonite farmer and his wife had cleaned and fixed up the small harness room and put Nicolai into a snug, home-made, wooden cradle. They had agreed to care for the child, had borrowed a clean shirt for him, and had given him a good bath; and he was getting food out of the American Mennonite Kitchen just like 30,000 others.

How glad I was, when reaching headquarters and looking for clothing for little Nicolai, to see what nice things the good people of America were sending over here!

If little Nicolai were an isolated instance it would be sad enough, but there were thousands -- some say millions of these wandering, homeless children in the land of the Big Bear. O, the pity of it all! and why?

One shudders to think of the future of such a race. But stupendous figures confuse. We must think of the tragedy in terms of individual souls, of our own innocent children.

If Nicolai were your own child, what?...

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SUGARCREEK, OHIO
MARCH 29, 1965

Greetings in Jesus' Holy Name to all Bulletin readers. It has been pointed out to me that we would just not have a Blackboard Bulletin, if everyone did like I have done in the past. This year it has been especially on my mind. Our youngest child is coming through the eighth grade this year. In September it will be 29 years since our oldest one started down the road to school for the first time. We have nine children and now they are almost all through school. Twenty-nine short years! Time flies and waits on nobody. It is up to us to make it time well-spent.

We live in the Stony Point School area. As I work around home, my thoughts are often across the field, wondering how things are going at the school. This is the 3rd. year of school at Stony Point, and things have been running fairly smoothly. Of course, we have had our rough spots, too, as well as any other school. But the cooperation of the parents and the community has been wonderful. Everyone seems to be willing to solve the problems before they get too serious.

I really enjoy reading the Bulletin, especially the articles, "The Teacher I Remember Best". It has brought back many memories of my school days, which, I admit, were not all time well-spent. I attended a consolidated school and had many teachers. Some, of course, were just there for their salary and pleasure, having nothing especially in mind besides quitting time and pay day.

Others of the teachers were definitely there for the purpose they had been hired. One of these was my teacher in the fourth grade. Her name was Mrs. Trick. But the name had nothing to do with her teaching. When she assigned a lesson, all we knew was to get busy and do it. Later she successfully taught the primary grades 1 and 2 for many years.

On March 17, Henry A. Slabach of Charm, Mrs. Jonas J. B. Miller of Barrs Mills, and my wife and I, with Mary Miller of Berlin as driver, visited Uria R. Byler's school at Middlefield, Ohio. They were eating dinner when we got there. We were there only thirty very short minutes. Uria offered to take up school a little early so we could see them all together. We would have enjoyed it very much to have stayed longer, but our time was limited. Thanks, Uria, we enjoyed the visit very much.

We also visited a few sugar camps the same day. The one in Burton is surely worth seeing. We saw the sap being boiled down and refined to the finished product. We brought some home, and it is really delicious.

This spring we are made to think of an article by Uria R. Byler in the B.B. last fall, on "Getting older, getting older." Our son Dans and their five children are moving away from home to a farm they bought two years ago. My sister, Jonas D. Millers, and 7 children, are moving into our house May 1.

Yesterday, my wife and I were in church at her sister's, Deacon John A. Troyers, in the Albert J. Beachy district. On the way we met Jonas A. Nisleys on their way to our church, which was held at Andy M. Yoders for Mose L. Yoders (teacher of Barrs Mills School). In the evening we saw the Nisleys at his uncles, Levi M. Beachy (Stony Point teacher). I hope not too many school problems were discussed on Sunday. Thanks for coming, Jonas. Sorry, we were not in church.

Tuesday morning of last week it was raining, so I decided to visit our school. Ammon J. Miller and son, Joseph, were also there. We enjoyed the visit very much. There is another school my wife and I would like to visit yet this year. I don't know whether we'll make it or not. That is the school where Mary Ann Beachy teaches.

A few more days and the school year will close until next fall. We wish all teachers and pupils a happy and successful closing. My prayer is that more people will be interested in parochial schools in the years to come. Thanks be to God, our Heavenly Father, for granting us the privilege to have our own schools.

We ask to be remembered in your prayers. We are likewise minded, but in great weakness.

- Jonas N. Borntrager

"The Teacher I Remember Best"

- By Alvin Stoll

As our settlement is small, the little private school which I attended never had very many pupils. We lacked a dedicated teacher who was willing to stay at the job year in and year out. Different ones would take their turns, seldom for longer than half a year. These teachers were very much the same, reasonably tolerant toward whispering, toward getting out of your seat, and other classroom vices. They disapproved, of course, but they never managed to eradicate them completely. Things went along all right, until some dark reports came around; a new teacher, of legendary strictness, was soon to take over. This worried us considerably as the day when he was to take control drew nearer.

The dreaded day finally dawned. We entered the schoolhouse rather fearfully. The new teacher was seated behind his desk. He was a middle-aged man, short, quick of movement. He greeted us with a smile and a friendly "Good morning!" This was reassuring; it was not going to be so bad after all, we thought. And it wasn't either. But we still had some adjusting to do.

One of the things he believed in, we learned immediately, was cleanliness. No dirty hands or faces, no twisted suspenders, no unruly hair in his school. During one of the first days, as we came trooping in after the bell had rung, he asked all of us to comb our hair. There was a scarcity of combs, and when I finally got one, I gave the top of my head a few hurried strokes, and took my seat.

The teacher then selected my brother to examine each pupil, and point out the one whose hair were the most poorly combed. Evidently, the choice was obvious. The judge glanced at me several times, and then at the teacher, who was nodding his approval. And so the distinction fell upon me.

He also admired neatness and promptness in doing our lessons. Once one of the older pupils turned in a very neat sheet of arithmetic. The problems were evenly spaced on the page, the figures all neatly written. He was so well pleased with it that he passed it around, encouraging us all to imitate it.

In these days of increasingly lax rules, "toeing the line" is generally considered the extreme example of petty strictness, something practiced in colonial days. But it was a common occurrence with this teacher, even though it was in the middle of the twentieth century. The line was a crack in the floor in front of the blackboard. Squaring our toes with this standard, we would stand erect, book held in one hand. The left hand was to hang limply at the side.

The curriculum also had an old-fashioned "three R's" flavor. Spelling was one of the chief subjects, while a fundamental grounding in English (grammar), much more important, was considered "unnecessary". In our occasional health classes, we heard much about the beneficial qualities of fresh fruit, --- he was a devoted horticulturist. One afternoon he took the entire school out to show us how to graft a twig from one apple tree to another.

We soon learned that his strictness was not entirely legendary. One of the younger boys drew an unflattering picture of another pupil. After he and his next-desk neighbor had derived the full benefit from the cartoon, he threw it into the waste paper basket. A day or so later the teacher found it.

"Who drew this picture?" he asked grimly. A dread hush settled over the room.

He continued the prosecution until the guilty boy was found. When recess came, our artist was asked to remain in his seat. Outside playing, we wondered what awful punishment might befall him. When the bell rang, we saw that his eyes were red, but otherwise he seemed all right. However, as I remember, from that time on, he limited his drawing to approved subjects.

Our teacher's ability to maintain order was amazing. It seemed he was surrounded with an air of authority that brought the most mischievous pupil into meek submission without his saying a word. Other teachers had to nag and cajole us into line with rulings, but this was not necessary for him. He passed a law against whispering, and whispering ceased -- promptly and completely.

As school children are sure to do, we would often bemoan what we called his "grouchiness". We had been used to more lax teachers; we thought his stringent no-whispering laws were a heavy cross. We couldn't even hiss a word to a classmate to ask what the arithmetic assignment was. No sense in that. Then there were the rules about not marking in books, having to sit so straight in our desks, and so on. He was entirely too strict, we said.

Maybe there was some truth in our complaining. But looking back, I tend to forget these things. More important is the keen sense of moral values, the straightforward, honest approach to life that he tried so hard to teach us. I remember on the last day of the term, after apples and pop-corn had been eaten, he told us we had all done very well. Best of all, he thought, was the fact that he had "never seen any of us fight among ourselves". Thinking about these things after the years, I feel he was one of the best, and certainly the most memorable, teacher we ever had.

Three years ago, on a warm, cloudy fall morning, we learned of his sudden and unexpected death. And since then, my respect has been ever widening for this teacher I remember best.

- R. 3, Everton, Arkansas

"The Teacher I Remember Best"

- By a Young Mother,

Reading about what others have to say about their teachers made me think back to my own school days. I will try to write a few lines.

This noon I had quite a time to get my second child to understand that he must give up his own stubborn will, and humbly do what I wanted him to do. Afterwards, while holding him in my lap till he finally fell asleep, I started thinking of the Blackboard Bulletin, of school, of teachers, and of children.

As I think back over the trials this teacher had when I went to school, I know he must have had a good deal of patience. (And I know he must have gone through many trials we knew nothing about). When I think of the jokes we played on him at times, I wonder how he could laugh with us the way he did. I'm sure I would have been very much provoked.

I remember, too, of incidents when some of the parents weren't as co-operative with the teacher as they might have been, yet I never heard him complain, or say he was going to quit.

I can remember only once that he gave a whipping to a pupil while I went to school, and this was a very trying case with a very stubborn child.

One thing that was sure to bring punishment was cheating. I can still hear him say, "No matter how big or how small, whoever is caught cheating will receive a whipping." The way he said it made the shivers run up and down my back, and I'm sure it made us all realize the seriousness of it.

Since I have children of my own, I think I can realize much better what a teacher has on his hands if he wants to keep order with so many different-natured children. No two are alike.

Our second child wasn't very old till his stubborn nature began to show. The tears still come when I think back to the morning when I thought it had gone far enough, his will must be broken!

It was really just a small thing when it started, and I suppose could I have seen what it would bring, I would never have asked him to pick up the bread.

Breakfast was on the table, and I was waiting for my husband to come in, when this little boy threw his bread on the floor. Gently I asked him to pick it up. Looking at me so sternly, he shook his head. No, he would not. He did not move from the spot but just stood there. I sat down on the floor beside him, strap in hand, and explained that he must pick it up or Mommy would spank.

He refused, so I spanked, then explained again. This kept on for an hour till my husband came in. He explained and spanked till I thought, "Oh, no, not another whipping. How can he refuse any longer to obey?"

Once he started to reach down, but then something in him rebelled again. At long last he did give up, and what a happy humble child he was. With tears streaming, we all went out to a cold breakfast which had been waiting for two hours.

I can assure you it wasn't a nice thing to go through, but we could also notice a big change after that. It takes quite a bit of patience even yet at times, but I wonder what it would be like if we had given up before he did?

We can only pray for guidance that we as parents can teach our children in love and with patience the difference between right and wrong.

I think we can be a great help to the teachers if we teach our children at home to love each other and be obedient. If this doesn't take place in the home, how can we expect it to in the school?

We wish to be remembered in your prayers.
- Aylmer, Ontario

RONKS, PENNA.
March 30, 1965

March seems to be leaving us somewhat like a lion, after having come in like a lamb. We had two snowstorms in one week.

Our proposed trip to Ohio did not materialize. Instead, seven of us teachers decided to take a shorter, one-day trip to Mifflin and Juniata Counties, Penna.

We visited the three Juniata County schools in the forenoon. This was on Mar. 19. I was deeply impressed by the simplicity of each school, and also by the zeal and enthusiasm with which each teacher tried to perform his duty.

In the afternoon we stopped at each of the four Mifflin County schools, but we saw only three in session. We were equally impressed with these schools, both in simplicity and orderliness. Also by the alertness and vivacity of the pupils. We saw three different "Bees", arithmetic, map study, and spelling baseball. Sorry, our time was so short.

We ate supper at the home of Catherine Swarey, then went back to Juniata County for a German Spelling, which was held at Kurtz Valley School. This school is at the present time being taught by Iva Lee. Another group, from Lebanon County, also attended the spelling, among whom was Fannie S. King, teacher at Cherry Lane.

Mollie Renno, the school's former teacher, had the floor. We all enjoyed the day, and the evening's activities very much, and came home greatly refreshed. We gleaned many new ideas and activities for school and will probably make good use of them.

We thank each and every one of those who helped to make our day interesting and worthwhile. We invite anyone to take the same privileges with our schools, though they may not find it as profitable as we did. But we will try to do our best.

Humbly,
Lydia F. Beiler

WELSHFIELD, OHIO
(R. # 2, Burton)
MARCH 29, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

A Christian greeting in the name of Jesus, whose resurrection revives in us a living Hope!

The way the birds are singing this morning, spring must be just around the corner. How fitting that Easter should come at the time of year when the earth is again coming to life.

Soon the schools will dismiss classes for the summer. The last day of school is always a day looked forward to, but with varied feelings among children, parents, and teachers.

For the children it is an end to studies for a few months, and for those through the eighth grade, it is the start of a different way of life. They will find it strange not to join the ranks of school children when the bells again ring in the fall. How they need guidance and understanding as they approach adulthood! It is also important that they be given adequate chores and housework to keep them gainfully occupied.

The parents view the end of school as a time when they will have more help at home. The mothers rejoice that they will no longer need to pack all those lunches each morning. It's also quite sobering to realize that the end of each term makes us a year older, along with the children. And that our responsibilities as parents are greater than formerly.

For the teacher, the final bell causes the thoughts to run rampant. Have the children learned what the parents expected them to? Have they learned to be polite and co-operative? What will school seem like next year without the eighth graders?

To me, the eighth graders always caused me the deepest concern. They were always willing to help in time of need, and on their shoulders will rest the responsibilities of the church in future years.

I still haven't come to the main point of writing this article, and that is about visiting schools. When I read the letter stating that only one parent came to the Christmas program, I felt a little encouragement would not be amiss.

First, let me state that I am not writing out of a similar experience, but have seen plenty of evidence in various schools which is not uplifting. In the school where I was privileged to teach, we never knew when to expect company, and consequently, we were kept on our toes keeping the schoolroom, basement, and grounds neat and ready for visitors.

The children also learned to be neatly dressed and combed, and often cleaned their desks. Also, the school board was, and still is, concerned that adequate supplies were on hand and repairs made.

The parents attended the monthly parent-teacher- board meetings, which all in all created an atmosphere of good-will. Of course, there are always a few who do not dig in and do their share, but the majority were, and still are, most helpful. I feel the conditions of the schools are a true reflection of the churches in which they are located.

Also, at our Christmas programs and end-of-school picnics, the schoolhouse is usually packed. What a humble and appreciative feeling this gives the teachers!

I wonder how the parents who send children to "never-visited" schools would feel if they invited a lot of company for dinner, and only one person showed up?

They say, "Practice what you preach", so I'd better take a day off soon and visit school myself, as I have only visited one-half day this term.

Yours for better schools,

- Menno M. Hershberger

***

THE MIRACLE OF THE SCHOOLBOX

- BY David Wagler

We know that in Bible times, miracles were performed. But now, if anything unusual comes to pass, people will say, it is all a matter of chance; it just happened that way. Apparently they forget that the One who caused 153 big fishes to be caught in one net is just as powerful today as He ever was. Recently, we had an experience at our school which, according to the rule of chance, would happen only once in hundreds of years.

In order to raise money for our teacher, a free-will offering is taken once a month. A small box is used, with a slot at the top. Each one has the privilege of contributing whatever he feels is right. The Bible tells us (Matt. 6) that we should not give alms so as to be seen by the people; also, that we should not allow our left hand to know what our right hand does.

Occasionally, more money is received than is needed, in which case the balance is left in the box for the following month. Sometimes it happens that there is not enough, so the next time this is made known.

Recently, the treasurer went to the school house with the box under his arm.

"What's the bill for January?" he asked the teacher.

"One Hundred and Five dollars for January. But we were seven dollars short last month. That would be a total of one hundred and twelve," came the reply.

"Here's the box," he said, placing it on the table, "go ahead and count it out. I doubt if there's that much in it."

Different school areas have different methods of collecting their money, but we have always preferred the free-will method instead of an assessment. God loves a cheerful giver, and there is always more danger of giving too little than too much. There is also the temptation to be overly-concerned that our brother gives his share, forgetting about ourselves.

We have also felt that if we give a certain amount because that amount has been levied against us, then we are likely to lose the blessing which comes from giving because we want to give.

In the early church, when a need arose it was made known and each one helped according to his ability. (2 Cor. 9:7.) In 2 Kings 12 we find that the Temple had fallen into a bad state of repair. King Joash was a righteous king, and he asked every man to give according to what he felt like giving. A chest was set at the right side of the altar, and each person who passed put his money into it. Much money was collected, and it was given to the workmen who repaired the temple. No account was kept of the money, for each one dealt in faith.

But to get back to our story. When the teacher opened the box, he started counting out the money. Fives and tens and an occasional twenty passed through his hands.

"It's going to be pretty close," he remarked.

"One-hundred, one-hundred-five, one-hundred-six, one-hundred-seven.....What do you know, only one dollar short. One-hundred eleven dollars."

(over)

"Wait a minute," spoke up the treasurer, "There's still some change in the box."

"Oh, yes, I remember, there was a little change left in the box for several months already. But I never bothered counting it out. How much is it?"

"Count it and see,"

"Well, here are three quarters, and there are quite a few pennies. It will be near enough that we can call it even."

"Count them. Maybe there are enough. This would be something if there were exactly enough."

"....twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, TWENTY-FIVE! And the box is empty!"

There had been exactly enough, right to the penney. Now, suppose one person had given less, even one penny less. Truly, there is something for all to do, and each one of us has a place to fill, no matter how small.

- Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

TIPS TO TEACHERS

Try taking penmanship grades from arithmetic workbooks or papers. It will wake them up, and make all their work neater. Catch them unawares.

*****

To avoid extra commotion when using flash cards, especially if there are two teachers in the room, have each pupil prepared with a pencil and a blank sheet of paper. Then flash them silently, giving a limited amount of time for each card, and have the pupils write down the answers.

If they see a card they don't know, they record a zero. The zero's will show which cards are their "pets" for future attention.

*****

When it's time to rearrange the seating plan, try marking the new positions with chalk. This is especially interesting on a Monday morning, as they come in and see who their new neighbors are. After devotions and the roll call, they can quickly move their belongings to their newly-assigned desks.

*****

For extra exercises on Friday afternoon, print simple or commonly-used words backwards on the blackboard, erasing them immediately to see who can remember each one, and spell them correctly. They like this one.

*****

To add a little spice to the life of the school, take a notebook and jot down all the sayings that are interesting or humorous. You will be surprised at your collection at the end of the year, and in the years to come, it will serve as a reminder of the highlights in your term of teaching.

- D. H., Staunton, Va.

*****

GEOGRAPHY SOFTBALL:

Sometimes for a drill on locating places on maps or a globe, play this interesting game.

The class chooses two sides, the chooser being the captains of the teams. The teacher then names a place for the first one on the batting side to point to. (The map shou be placed at the front of the group). With a stop watch, the teacher times him while h looks for the place. If he can locate it within the alloted time, his side has a run If he cannot, it counts as an "out" for his team.

The next person in line then goes to bat until his side has three outs. You can have as many innings as there is time for. The teacher keeps score.

- Susie Hostetler

*****

To pep up a dull reading class, appoint one of the pupils as teacher , and take his place in the class as a pupil. But be read to answer questions!

Or, try an old-fashioned blabber school technique for studying reading some morning. The children really get a kick out of it.

- J.S.

*****

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The Blackboard Bulletin

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MAY ——————— 1965

"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO:
AND WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT
DEPART FROM IT."
- Proverbs 22:6.

Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

A 17TH CENTURY PRAYER

O that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each deed and word and thought
Glory may to my God be brought.
But what are wishes! Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed; to Thee I cry!
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it, too.
For this is more than I can do.
-Selected

WHY OUR OWN TEXTBOOKS?

(From the introduction to Rod and Staff Bible Nurture and Reader series, Teacher's Manual, Grade 1, 1964)

If we truly love our children we will want them to have the best; the Bible is the best book, so why not teach them the Bible? We cannot begin too early in training our children in the ways and teachings of the Bible. I have heard that Catholics say, "Give us a child until he is 7 and we will have him for life."

Whether or not this is true in every case, it does seem as though few Catholics turn to another religion unless they are converted. Catholics have their own elementary schools and textbooks and their religion is woven right into these books, even into their arithmetic story problems according to the "U.S. News and World Report" magazine. This magazine also showed a page from a primer used in Cuba exalting Castro. It seems that

- Continued on next page

THE ROBIN'S SONG

By Lena McMinn

Sometimes we get discouraged,
  when everything goes wrong,
But somewhere, if you listen,
  you can hear the robin's song.

He sings when skies are cloudy,
  and when the skies are blue.
He tries to bring a message
  of faith and hope to you.

Let not your heart be troubled,
  Believe, and you will see,
The one who hears the robin's song,
  Still cares for you and me.
Have faith, the clouds are parted,
  Look up, the skies are blue.
The robin sings his cheery song
  while the sun comes smiling through.
-Sel. by Nora Zimmerman

the world is often wiser in their methods for promoting error than we are in our methods for promoting the truth. Lk. 16:8. They know that early childhood and youth is the time to mold lives, and they do it. Children are in school such a large part of their childhood, and they cannot help but be largely influenced by what they get there.

In Psalms 1 we read about the blessed man and it says of him, "But his delight is in the law of the Lord and in his law doth he meditate day and night." Childhood is the time to help children have an appetite for good things, the things of God, but instead, our state textbooks develop in them appetites for light frivolous things. How can they meditate on the law of God if we let them read anything but the law of God most of the time.

Some people fear that their children will miss some important things they surely need if they do not use state textbooks, or that children will lose interest if they have "just" Bible. David, in Psalm 119:98-100, says that he is wiser than his enemies, has more understanding than his teachers and understands more than the ancients, all because he thought upon and kept the Word of God. Where is our faith in the Word? Do we really believe it is perfect, true, enduring and complete, and do we hold it to its rightful place if we say "just" Bible? If children lose interest, I am afraid it is because of our own attitudes toward the Bible which children can detect, or else they have been fed on cheap stuff so that they are no longer able to relish the good.

The Bible is full of interesting stories for children. When I went to school, I enjoyed most the fantastic stories with giants, kings, princesses, animals that talk, etc. The Bible has stories about all these things with hundreds of other things recorded that would be impossible for man, but were a reality and made possible by God. Num. 22:30. In Phil. 4:8, we are commanded to think on things that are true, so should not the children get their stories from the Word of truth? Does it not seem a bit contradictory to teach the children to think on true things when a large part of their reading book stories are untrue? If parents are afraid of what children miss by not going to a public school, or by not using state textbooks, we must say that truly they will "miss" some things, but should not we be more concerned for the better things they are missing by not getting a Christian training?

It is certainly true that children in public schools do get a lot of historical facts, science and moral training, but the historical facts usually have an emphasis on patriotism, including hatred and killing enemies; and science usually teaches evolution. The moral training is without teaching about the power of Christ and tends to self-righteousness, and can be only superficial because all true good comes from God.

There is also a feeling among some parents that children will become stronger spiritually if they are in an environment where they need to stand alone. But how do they try to make their child strong physically? Not by giving poor food, little sleep, improper shelter, and foul air, so as to build resistance. Rather, they give nourishing food and plenty of sleep, etc.

We know that children are subject to disease even with the best of care, and thi is likewise true in the realm of the spiritual. Their very nature is sinful, and it seems cruel to expose these weak little lambs who need the very best of care to thos forces which seek not their spiritual nurture and care, but rather encourage them in the ways of pride, self-confidence, and self-righteousness.

- E N D -

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

Twenty pages again! We ha planned on our usual sixteen pages, but several late arri als "ran us over". This is the last issue before summer vacation; the original articles might have been stale b August, when our next regula issue is to appear (D.V.)

The past year has been an encouraging on for the Bulletin. Not only has the paper doubled in size, we've doubled our subscription list, too. Interest in church schools (and in the Blackboard Bulletin) is growing rapidly.

This gives us a helpless feeling at times, when we think how great is the task and how small our ability. But we trust the readers will patiently bear with us, if is the Lord's will that we continue in this task.

The Bulletin began as a "hobby" back in 1957, but it has grown to the point where it demands a fair share of our time. Oh, that it might be more fully to God's honor and glory! Pray for us.

Dan A. Hochstetler has asked that we announce the Indiana Annual State School Meeting, which is planned to be held at their home near Topeka, Indiana on Friday, June 25, 1965.

Now available from the Bulletin are two reprints of articles that appeared in past issues. They are "An Imaginary Parent-Teacher Conversation" (which also appears in this issue), and the twin articles from the February, 1965 issue, "How to Kill Molehills" and "How to Grow Mountains".

Prices are: 40¢ per doz.; 50 for $1.00; 100 for $1.50; 1000 for $10.00, postpaid. Order a supply and pass them out.

When is Teacher's Day? The calendar lists Mother's Day and Father's Day, but

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(FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK - Continued)

no Teacher's Day. If there is such a day, we venture a guess it is just past, judging from the many articles we received on "The Teacher I Remember Best". There are no fewer than four in this issue!

No definite plans have yet been made for a 1965 Teachers' Meeting this summer. There is a possibility that this year will be skipped. If something does turn up, announcement will be made in the BUDGET, and also perhaps by a special sheet to all BULLETIN subscribers.

In a day when it is more and more the custom to turn child-raising over to a baby-sitter, while the mother joins the father at work, it is encouraging to get a letter urging that the place for fathers is also at home. The mother who wrote this article prefers to remain anonymous, but if anyone would care to correspond with her, they can get the name and address from the BULLETIN editor.

This school movement is growing. What a giant undertaking it is becoming! Just think of the minds and morals and souls of thousands of children that are being molded and formed. What a challenge it is to try to make their school years an influence for the good, to lead them to salvation.

And then, as we look over what our schools have already accomplished, we find it at once encouraging, yet at the same time discouraging, because we are running so far below our potential. But I do not mean our potential, for of ourselves we could never accomplish anything, but the potential we are capable of if we give ourselves to God's leading.

The time is short, as we often say. We need a keen sense of spiritual vision to be alive to God's leading, that none of this precious time is wasted.

We need a unifying influence to keep our schools working together, prompting each other to do even better, not because of a wish to excel, but in order to utilize our time and means for the greatest good, that our schools, every one of them, may have high standards of discipline, order, cleanliness, scholarship, devotion, and morality.

And how can this be done? True, we have the Bulletin, but the surface has only been scratched faintly. There is no end to the things we might do to improve our schools. Some of them do not cost money, but all of them cost time, hard work, and a determination to do what is right.

We can work for greater co-operation between parents, teachers, board, and pupils. We can work for higher standards, cleaner schools, and better discipline.

But our schools will be no better than the teachers. We can try to improve those teachers by encouraging home study and devotion to the task, and by providing means of fellowshipping with other teachers, whether by written means or actual visits.

Should we work toward having more textbooks of our own? The article "Why Our Own Textbooks?" in this issue gives us much food for thought on this topic. The grades 7 and 8 histories by Zook and Byler are an effort of our own to that end. Starting from the other side of the classroom, Rod and Staff Publishers have put out an integrated series of texts and workbooks for the primary grades. We have just reviewed them, and we think they are worth serious consideration. See the report in this issue.

Coming back to our teachers, most of them know how helpful it is to read books on methods of teaching the different subjects, but some have also learned how confusing it is when an occasional author mixes in too much of his own brand of high-handed psychology and modern ideas of child training. Should we try to arrange an approved list to print in the BULLETIN? In this issue are several pointers on helpful books.

Or, should we have a teaching manual of our own, especially prepared for the teachers of Amish schools, full of helpful hints, tips, and suggestions, and giving an outline of successful methods.

Perhaps I'd better come back down to earth.

Speaking of books for teachers, we had the following review in the April, 1958 issue, written by the "Bookworm" (alias - John B. Zook, Ethridge, Tennessee.):

"Teachers and parents many times meet with puzzling and perplexing situations requiring good judgment and common sense. A fair knowledge of child behaviour is a must. The Holy Scriptures shed much light on the child-adult relationship which can not be contradicted, but may easily be misinterpreted. Among many books published on child study is Clarence Benson's INTRODUCTION TO CHILD STUDY. This 240 page book is very useful, thought-provoking, and challenging. Used as a text book in teacher training, it begins with the "Value of Life" and ends with the value of the achievements of an honest, God-fearing teacher in guiding the lives of young ones on the path of true knowledge. Price:$3.25 plus 35¢ postage and handling, from Moody Book Store, 820 N. Lasalle St.,Chicago 10."

In the January, 1958 issue we found two recipes. The first is a "Recipe to Preserve Children" :

(From the Editor's Desk : Continued)

"Take one large grassy field, one-half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook, and some pebbles. Mix the children and dogs well together and put them in the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles, sprinkle the field with flowers, spread over all a deep blue sky and bake in the hot sun. When brown, remove and set to cool in the bath tub." Selected.

The second is a homemade recipe for writing. Cook up a few batches of the following this summer, and send in to the BULLETIN in time for the August issue:

"Take a quantity of clean wholesome thoughts, mix well with Bible study and research. Add prayer. Place to heat in the oven of inspiration. When the contents thicken to sentences, pour onto paper. Check the results for flavor, taste,and appeal. Set to cool for several weeks. Taste again to see that it has not been soured by criticism, or spoiled by impure ingredients. Have a friend sample the product before offering for public consumption."

- J.S.

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A REPORT ON ....

ROD AND STAFF BIBLE NURTURE AND READER SERIES

- By the Editor

Rod and Staff Publishers,Inc., Crockett, Kentucky are at present publishing an unusual set of primary textbooks. The books for Gr. 1 and 2 are ready for shipment, and the Gr. 3 texts should be ready by the opening of the 1965-66 school term.

These books are unusual because the stories in the readers are all Bible stories. The old McGuffey Readers and the modern Golden Rule series have stories of high moral content, but these Rod and Staff readers go a step farther. The Bible stories are well written in an interesting style, yet at the same time the vocabulary is graded so that the pupils learn only a few new words in each lesson.

This in itself required a lot of planning and preparation, but the Bible Nurture and Reader Series are more than readers - phonics, language, writing, and spelling are also taught, all closely integrated to the day's assignment in the Reader. Every subject except arithmetic is included.

The Gr. 1 curriculum includes the Pupil's Readers, in five units, five writing Workbooks, three Phonics-Reading Workbooks, and three books of worksheets. The year's study is divided into 150 lessons.

The Gr. 2 program follows much the same pattern, but here we have besides the five Readers, five Reading Workbooks and three Language Skill workbooks, a total of thirteen texts and workbooks. Both grades one and two have helpful Teacher's Manuals, with outlines and instructions for each day.

These Readers use the phonics approach to reading. In the foreword to the Grade 1 Readers, we read, "In recent years phonics is being recognized as a superior approach to learning to read. Many teachers and school boards are discovering that the child gains reading independence much earlier by phonics than by other methods they have used. In this series, the child learns the sound of letters and combinations of letters from the very beginning. The workbook exercises give drill on the letter sounds that are taught each day. Thus the letter sounds become well established in the pupil's mind and he is able to sound out by himself the words made up of the letter sounds he has learned. This adds greatly to pupil interest. All the lessons are based on Bible stories."

At first glance this series may appear too difficult, to advanced for grades one and two. The Gr. 1 pupil is introduced to nearly a thousand words; some of the workbook problems in phonics are not easy. But the publishers assure us that those teachers who have been using the books are surprised at the interest pupils show, and the progress they make.

From our own experience over the years, I do not doubt this at all. A normal first grader can learn ... well, practically anything you care to teach him. Our own grade one pupils have learned things this past year that ten years ago we would not have taught them until they were in grades three or four. And they thought it was a picnic! Don't underestimate the mind of a child.

Getting back to the Rod and Staff Readers, Unit 1 of the Gr. 1 Readers, and many of the workbooks are well illustrated with drawings. The artist used both skill and talent with the pictures.

However, it is in this respect that we found one flaw (to our way of thinking) to an otherwise ideal set of readers.

In Lessons 29 and 30 of Grade 1, the man Adam is pictured without a beard. Why this was done is difficult to understand, for the pictures of Noah and Jacob in later units show them as bearded.

We have not used these books in the classroom ourselves. But after examining them, we are certain that from an educational standpoint, they will pass without trouble. An experienced teacher, Lela Birkey, did much of the work in planning and preparing the series.

And from the standpoint of morality and religion , they have much to offer to those of us who are disgusted with the Dick and Jane books and their meaningless prattle, their TV stories, and their pictures of children in bathing suits.

We would very much like to see some of our Amish schools try these books. If you are interested, write now to ROD AND STAFF PUBLISHERS, INC., CROCKETT, KENTUCKY, for a sample set of books on approval. The

THE COST OF PRIVATE SCHOOLS

- By Eli E. Hochstetler

When plans for a private school come up for consideration in a community, one of the first questions asked is, "What will it cost to build and operate our own school?"

True, the school building must be erected according to State regulations, and the plans passed by the State Building Inspector. But we here in the Holmes County district have found by experience that the State Engineer at Columbus, whose responsibility it is to O. K.the blueprints and issue permits, is very accomodating to the Amish and does all he can to help us.

But, many of our people are afraid the cost will be too high. What will it cost? This is a heavy question, and hard to answer. Well, it costs money.

Let us do some serious thinking. We can have the children of our neighborhood together, not far from home, with a reliable Christian teacher. Here they will not be exposed to the worldly conditions and practices that are found in public schools, they will not be riding a school bus an hour or two each day. Instead, they can be at home, helping with the chores, and then walk to school as we did in our school days.

In our schools the children are taught the 3 R's, along with German reading and spelling. Only things that apply to a humble Christian way of life are taught, that which leads to love, thankfulness, truth, honesty, and obedience.

In our one-room schools, it is easier to get the children to co-operate and play together, regardless of size and ability, than in the large public schools.

Singing is also a great advantage. The younger children learn from the older ones, and it is amazing what they learn in a short time. Both German and English hymns are used in most of our schools. The children are kept busy learning new songs. Why not visit the school, and hear the children sing? It is certainly worthwhile.

One more point: When spring comes, many a parent would welcome the help of their teen-age children at home, but the public schools continue to the end of May, and there are rumors that some of them will last even longer.

The Ohio State Law calls for a minimum of 160 days of classroom study. It is our wish that no private school will have less. It would be quite embarrassing to violate such a law.

Now let us take a close look at the public schools of our day, and be concerned how, where, and what the children are being taught. Let us think of their future.

Does it cost too much to have our own school? If one child should go astray because of influences in public schools, the cost of private schools would appear very cheap. Are we spiritually concerned for our children, or do we prefer to have them "up in front"?

In our district of Salt Creek Township, all of the Amish are asked to help pay for the private schools, although some attend the public school. Not all are interested in private schools, so they don't pay their share in full, and some do not pay at all.

Yet we all pay taxes at the court house, and more than half of our tax money goes for education. Our taxes are low, as we have only one public school in our township. When insufficient funds are available for our private school costs after a collection, the parents of the pupils in school donate the balance. This has been working quite well for a number of years.

Again, what does it cost to have our own schools? It costs money, but it is worth every cent. I am only a board-member, but I am interested in private schools, and think they are worth the money and effort.

In our humble and meek life, we ask that you pray for us, that we may remain steadfast to the end. We want to do likewise for others.

- Fredericksburg, Ohio

FAIRBANK, IOWA
April 9, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of Christian love. Best wishes to one and all.

Everything seems so quiet, as I sit here in school. The last voices have vanished, the last pupils have disappeared and are nearing home with happy spirits.

I have much time now to concentrate on this week's action. It has been an absolutely wonderful week. I wish I could look forward to having all the weeks like this one was.

Did the clock really tick so loudly while school was in session? What kept us from noticing it?

How rewarding to a teacher if all goes smoothly. And how discouraging, at times, when all appears to be going the opposite way. Do we cherish the days enough when things ride along evenly? Or do we forget them until we endure a few troublesome ones?

The firmer the teacher is, the more respect the pupils will have for her. How true! Truly, experience is the best teacher.

Many are the times I recall the habits, actions, and occasions that took place when I myself sat in those school desks. I did not realize then what an impression I left on my teacher's mind. I could not know what efforts she put forth, and the importance of what she was stressing.

I just received another issue of the Bulletin. The six-letter word SCHOOL represents a deep subject. The depth, as yet, hasn't been reached in full, though many precious hours have been spent. Therefore, we trudge on, sometimes wearily, oft times cheerfully, trying to do the best to our knowledge and ability. Have we been rewarded for it? Yes, greatly.

What cheers a teacher's heart, and helps the clouds disappear so the sun's rays can again strengthen us? The jars of ice cream given to the teacher by a shy, smiling little girl at lunch period, for one. The smiles mean as much as the food itself. What about the gingerbread-man cooky with raisins on his face, which one of the mothers had her hired girl bake for the teacher, while she herself was sick in bed? Or, the hankie slipped into the greeting. And the heart cooky that was given special care, and the beautiful design that was put on it, saying, "To our Teacher". These things all mean more than I can put into words.

What about the kind and encouraging note from a faithful mother when the teacher was about ready to give up hope because of the attitude her son had been taking in school? Yes, that changed the situation! Circumstances have been very promising since then. The mother knows little how her note helped clear the dark future, or of the heavy burden it helped to lift. Truly, God still hears our prayers and gives us joys and sorrows as we deserve them. Are we faithful to Him?

I heartily agree with the Fredericksburg, Ohio writer who stated that the weather and children work together. When the weather is about to change, it can always be seen in the schoolroom. It may be difficult to understand, but just take note and see if the children aren't more uneasy, noisy, full of pep and mischief, just before or during a change in the weather. They'll do it every time!

Mine have been corresponding with several other schools by writing letters for English. It has been educational, and has created great interest.

On March 29, I visited Uria R. Byler's school near Middlefield, Ohio. I was sorry to see Uria was not there that day. The pupils were all busily doing their lessons. Everything was going on quietly and order was good. The appearance of their school room was marvelous. I wish mine could have a fraction of it. I think it's important that our schools are kept up properly, the same as our homes are. What can be done to always have a clean and neat school room? Do too many of us take our schools for granted? Let's keep our standards up.

On March 30, I entered Cottonwood Grove School near Topeka, Indiana in time to join in an ice-cream surprise the teachers had for their 33 pupils. The singing afterwards was beautiful. The efforts put forth were worthy of praise.

On the 31st. the teachers of Cottonwood Grove, Anna Lehman and Anna Borkholder, and I, visited the Borkholder School near Bremen, Indiana. The opening exercise began with the Lord's Prayer. What a fitting way to start out the day! After that some hymns were sung. These still seem to echo so clearly in my mind. Thus the lessons proceeded, and at noon we bade our good-bys. Had time permitted, I'd have thoroughly enjoyed visiting other schools. The precious memories of the visits I did make will linger long.

On April 1, I was greeted with friendly smiles in my own school again. New interests and ideas were carried along home to help us in our lessons and play.

How easy it is for a teacher to become deeply attached to her pupils! The friendly smile of a pupil whom we meet in church, or in town, reaches deep into the heart. There are always those who cause little trouble and much joy; then again, there are those who cause grief and pain. So, all in all, each must be given the proper care, love, respect, and with God's help we can manage.

We may think we have our trials here, but compared to WORTH DYING FOR, we have had few and light ones up to the present.

May God bless you all.

Sincerely, - Lovina Hershberger

MILLERSBURG, OHIO
MAY 1, 1965.

Dear Bulletin Readers,

This is a bright sunshiny morning, with many blessings which the Lord has provided.

I want to try and share a few thoughts with the Bulletin readers, now that most parochial schools are closed for the summer. We have four school-age children, one each in the third, fourth, fifth, and seventh grades. The two older ones went to a parochial school (Weavers') for the first time this year. Their school has been closed for two weeks. The two younger children go to Chestnut Ridge Public School, where the last day of school will be around May 28.

At one time I was of the opinion that these private schools with their "untrained" teachers held to too low a standard of education, and that the parents were sending their children there to just pass the time till they were old enough to stay out. This may be the case to a certain extent in some schools, depending on the interest the teacher takes in his job, and on the co-operation he receives from the parents and school board. But this is definitely not the case in our school.

First of all, I think the teacher deserves ninety per cent of the credit for a successful school. Poor co-operation from parents and the board could make a good teacher look bad. Probably the most important thing is a teacher who loves children and loves his work, and has the qualifications spoken of in James 1:19, "swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath". This, of course, is needful for all of us, and not just for teachers.

The greatest advantage I see in our own schools is that we can teach the children only the subjects that are useful to them in life. In the public schools, especially in the upper grades, the pupils are given larger lessons than they can possibly do in school, so this means much homework. Most parents have work for their children after school. In the end, about the only useful things they learn are the 3 R's, which they also learn in the private schools, plus such worthwhile things as spiritual singing and learning Bible verses, German reading and spelling, all of which are so much neglected in these busy times. They also receive much Christian character training in many ways.

On May 4, the voters of our school district will be asked to approve or reject a $300,000 bond issue for building additional classrooms to three public schools in the district. Now, if only the money that would be paid by Amish people in extra taxes would be used to build and operate private schools in areas where there are none, every Amish child in the district could be put in a school of our own teaching, which with the prayer support of everyone and good dedicated teachers and the co-operation of parents would bring many spiritual blessings to us and future generations.

In 1 Tim. 5:8, we read: "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

Failure to provide pure and wholesome environment and education for our children could make us guilty of this sin. Also, if we know that our children would be better off in a private school, but we keep on sending them to a public school, are we not guilty of the sin mentioned in James 4:17, "..to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

In closing, I wish to say I want to be an instrument in God's hand, in creating more interest in church schools and spiritual living.

Written in love, and with concern for future generations.

- Ben L. Raber

IMMODEST CLOTHES

-By a Reader

I've finished reading the pamphlet, "The Purity of Little Girls" (available from Pathway Publishing Corp., Aylmer, Ont.- Ed.) It is well worth a person's time to read it. But it brought my thoughts still further down the line. In this trend among Christian churches to follow the immodest attire of the world, the children fall victim to this trend as well as the grown girls.

The thing that particularly comes to mind is the scant underwear that parents put on their little girls, just because others do. Somehow these same pre-school and school-age girls are not ashamed to sit in a manner so as to show their legs, or what they wear, to others.

This is rather an embarrassing topic to write about, but I feel it is very necessary, for the seed of fornication and impurity can be sown in childhood. And someone must bear the blame. Someone must pay.

I spoke to one little girl and told her I think modest clothing should be worn, and her answer was, "If I had to wear such underclothes, I would surely be ashamed if someone were to see them."

Yet, as long as their underwear is like the worldly styles, they are not ashamed if others see what they wear. We can well realize that school boys enjoy it. And so the seed of adultery is sown in the heart of the child. "Teach a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

MONTGOMERY, INDIANA
April 22, 1965.

Dear Readers,

First, a greeting of love. After receiving the April issue of the Bulletin, we realize how near this term is coming to a close. This being my first year teaching, I must say that there has never been any work that I have undertaken that requires so much weighing of every situation from every possible angle. What seems fair for one pupil in correction, doesn't bother another one if he has to the same. Therefore, it is no punishment for him.

The question arose at the last year's teachers' meeting, "What is a teacher's greatest reward?" With the first term nearly over, I think the most rewarding thing to me is the way the children have obeyed the teachers and respected each other. Grouping off and just having one or two friends makes a difficult thing for the teacher. What does this lead to? I think this is a problem every teacher should be watching for. Someone is usually being discussed, perhaps the teacher, but most likely another pupil. Therefore, all gossiping and "ear whispering" should not be allowed. Our group has done very well this year. May they continue to do so.

In our school we are required to have nine months of classes. Our last day will be the 4th. of May. It seems the trend is for picnics or something similar on the last day. Our group has taken an interest in singing, so it was suggested to the Board that maybe we could have a singing the last day of school instead of a picnic. The children can sing to the glory of God. If the church school wants to be different from the world, we must beware that we follow not in its paths, in whatever it may be. "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, ...but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." 1 John 2:16,17

Remember us in prayer.

- Mrs. Sylvia Raber

RIGHT AND WRONG

There are people who think some wrongs are rig
They try so hard thus to arrange it.
But wrong remains wrong and right remains righ
And a million men can't change it.

- A Reader

OLD-FASHIONED TEACHING METHODS STILL RECOMMENDED

- By Mrs. Allen A. Bontrager, Kokomo, Indiana, 46901

Way back in January we received a request for material for the B.B. Well, the writer's been fairly busy, as our home has been blessed with a little boy since the middle of February. Really getting the inclination to write hasn't hit me until just now. The three little girls are taking their naps and the dinner dishes are soaking in the sink. Baby Melvin is contentedly sucking on his pacifier.

What gave me the urge to write now is an editorial in our local paper. The title of it is, "End this Experimenting". It states that a high number of school dropouts are attributed to poor reading abilities. It also says, "Phonetic methods of teaching children to read are held far superior, on the basis of 25 years of research, to 'look-say' or 'sight-word' techniques.

It goes on to say that in the days of the little red schoolhouse, Johnny learned the sounds of letters and the structure of words. Educators today say children could learn economics, etc. while they are still in the first grade, yet they persist in teaching them to read with pictures!

Giving my opinion on the basis of experience: Use the 'look-say' and 'sight-word' methods, but only after the phonics method has been introduced. Teaching the letters and their sounds is excellent reading preparatory material for the first grader's first month in school. Phonics should be continued at least through the fourth grade.

If your school does not furnish phonics books, then use the chalkboard and give some kind of seatwork to accompany it. It would be better though to have the books. I taught from two different sets of phonics workbooks, but had to gain teaching knowledge of letter sounds from other sources. The teacher's editions of Scott-Foresman readers held a lot of helpful information, and I expect most other basic reading books do the same. If your school does not have the teacher's editions, ask for them, and if necessary, beg for them.

If you would like to study up on phonics this summer, then I can highly recommend the two sources I used. I'm not saying these are the only ones or the best ones, but can say they are very good and helped me a lot. If you get both, you will also find that they contradict somewhat in their teaching methods, as one introduces the vowel sounds first, and the other says the consonants ought to be taught first. Be sure to get teacher's editions of whatever books you purchase, as they contain so many suggestions and ideas you'd never have thought of yourself.

I must get back to my dishes now. Happy "sounds" teaching to all!

Write to: Educational Service, Inc.
P. O. Box 112,
Benton Harbor, Michigan

Ask for: "Steps to Mastery of Words" (Teacher's Guide, One Star and Two Star. Send on approval.)

Write to: J. B. Lippincott Co.
333 West Lake St.
Chicago 6, Illinois

Ask for: Reading With Phonics, Revised teacher's edition; by Julie Hay and Charles E. Wingo.

IN WHAT CLASS ARE WE?

- By Vernon J. Troyer

As our schools here in Holmes County are dismissing classes and locking the doors for the summer, it brings a sigh of relief for many teachers, pupils, and parents. This is in the way of teaching, studying, dinner buckets, and other duties.

Some people may not be aware of other incidents that take place at this time. I will try to relate a touching incident that occurred in one of our school districts. It concerns a pupil who didn't make the next grade.

Little children can be a lesson for older people, in a way that helps to bind the family circle. Trying to explain to their little girl why she wouldn't be in the same grade next fall with her classmate, was heart-touching for her parents. (They were the only two girls in that grade.)

After the parents had tried to comfort

her, she would just ask again, "Oh, can't there be a way?"

For a board member to say that rules have to be followed, was found to have more weight than had been expected.

Let us now go back a few steps and realize that another heavy-hearted person had to mark the report cards that divided the two girls, and that it wasn't done in a light and unconcerned way.

It is my humble opinion that these things that pull deep at the heartstrings will bring blessings that cannot be bought with money. Such things are the opposite of the modern trends that are taking over in America - pleasure, worldly lusts, drinking, hate, and money, to name but a few.

Oh, if we could all have the earnest desire and the feeling for our fellowmen as this little girl had for her classmate! Then, we could all be in one class.

Remember us in prayer; we are likewise minded in weakness.

- Baltic, Ohio

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
April 22, 1965

Dear Readers,

As I taught school the last five months of the 1964-65 term, my thoughts often returned to my own school days. I remember a poem about the presidents of the U.S.A. which we learned. With the help of one of my brothers, we put this poem together as we remembered it. I thought it might be of interest to Bulletin readers.

"First on the list was Washington,
  Virginia's proudest name;
John Adams next, a Federalist,
  From Massachusetts came.
Three sons of Old Virginia
  Into the White House go,
Twas Jefferson, Madison, and
  Then came James Monroe.
Massachusetts for one term sent
  An Adams called John Q.
Tennessee a Democrat,
  Brave Jackson, staunt and true.
Martin Van Buren of New York,
  And Harrison we see.
Tyler of Virginia,
  Polk of Tennessee.
Louisiana Taylor sent,
  New York Millard Fillmore.
New Hampshire gave us Franklin Pierce,
  And when his term was o'er,
The Keystone State Buchanan sent,
  War's thunder shook the realm.
Abe Lincoln wore the martyr's crown,
  And Johnson took the helm.
U.S.Grant of Illinois,
  He ruled with sword and pen,
Hayes and Garfield, who was shot,
  Two noble Buckeye men.
Chester A. Arthur of New York,
  And Grover Cleveland came.
Ben Harrison served four years
  And Cleveland ruled again.
McKinley shot at Buffalo,
  The nation plunged in grief.
Teddy Roosevelt of New York
  Served seven years as chief.
Taft of Ohio followed him,
  And Woodrow Wilson came.
New Jersey learned a Democrat
  War set the world aflame;
When his tide of strife and hate
  Its baneful course had run,
The country went Republican
  And Warren G. Harding won.
No duty did he shirk, he died
  While on a western trip.
Coolidge of Massachusetts
  Then assumed the leadership;
Hoover from California,
  His name was Herbert C.
Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York
  Our greatest chief to be."

This is as far as the poem went when my brother learned it, about ten years after I graduated. Now we have a few more presidents to add to the list: Harry S. Truman, Dwight D. Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy, and Lyndon B. Johnson.

Let's see who can finish the above poem. Send your finished work to me, at the following address:

R. 2, Box 280
Middlefield, Ohio 44062

- Peter E. Miller

"The Teacher I Remember Best"

-By Anna Byler

It is very interesting to read the articles in the Bulletin on "The Teacher I Remember Best". If only there would be more of them! Every time the Bulletin comes, I think, well, this time I'll write, but then I stop and ask myself, "Can I?" I do not feel worthy of writing to such a fine paper but I will try to write a few lines concerning the last teacher I had in school.

She was a widow, around 65 years old, and we knew what she expected from us. The three years before that we had had a teacher who couldn't keep order very well. Anyone can imagine what a job she had to get us all in order again. I still don't see how she did it, especially that first year.

We found out what she meant the very first day. An eighth grade boy did something he knew he wasn't supposed to do. The teacher gave him a spanking, and that was that. She had substituted at our school in previous years, so she knew us, and what we were like.

The parents didn't co-operate with the teacher as they should have, and of course, the children didn't either. Often the children came to school and said things their parents had said about the teacher. That's something our parents did not do.

One time Mother said something about the teacher when we were present. Dad told her, "You shouldn't talk like that in front of the children. We can think what we want to, but they don't have to know it."

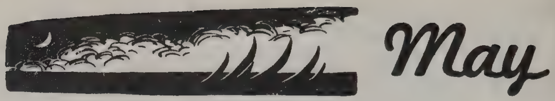
That should be a rule with all parents. They should not talk about the teacher in front of the children, if they come home complaining about their teacher. The best thing to do is to go to the teacher and find out if it is true.

I think it would do some parents good to be in the teacher's shoes for a while. I think our teacher did the best she knew. We were kept busy, and had to do our work neatly, or it had to be done over again. We had to know our lessons, too. No whispering was allowed. We thought she was too strict. The paddle was used when necessary, whether it was a small pupil or a big one. Now I can realize and am thankful for what she did for us. If I could live those years over, I would certainly try to do better. I didn't realize then how teachers feel toward their pupils.

I am a teacher myself, now, and have ten pupils in four different grades. It would be more interesting to have a larger class.

Written in great weakness.

- New Wilmington, Pennsylvania



THIS IS SUCCESS !

It's doing your job the best you can,
and being just to your fellow-man;
It's not just making, but keeping, friends,
and staying true to your aims and ends.

It's figuring how, and learning why,
and looking forward, and thinking high.

It's dreaming a little and doing much,
and always keeping in closest touch
With what is finest in words and deed.
It's being thorough, yet making speed.
It's struggling on with a will to win,
but taking loss with a cheerful grin.

It's serving and striving through strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest, — That's Success!

- Author unknown. Selected by Yost J. Yoder, Grantsville, Maryland, from his report card of 1927-28.

HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS NOW ARE ENDED

- Author Unknown

1.

Happy school days now are ended,
Problems solved and labors done,
Joys and cares will soon be blended,
Life's realities begun;
Sailing on time's mighty river,
Steering for that far off shore,
May the love of virtue ever
Guide our hearts in safety o'er.

2.

Friendship's links shall ne'er be broken,
Bright shall gleam her golden chain;
Tho' this last farewell be spoken
And we may not meet again.
Should the fairest vision perish,
Burst like bubbles seen no more,
Your kind precepts e'er we cherish,
Treasured up in memories' store!

Chorus:

Now we separate, but never
Shall these memories leave the heart,
Honored guardians, faithful teachers,
Grateful thanks before we part.

3.

Should the future breathing o'er us,
Wake the past, and like a spell
Bring this joyous scene before us
Of our school days loved so well,
Oh, the joy 'twould give to greet you,
Friends and loved ones, tried and true,
What a welcome would await you,
And till then, a last adieu.

-Selected by Mrs. Rudy Wickey

MONEY-MAKING SCHOOL PROJECTS?

- By Enos Yoder

First, a thank you to all who took time to send articles for the Bulletin, that we could enjoy another year of good reading, and to the editor for his faithfulness in getting it to us.

One topic that is often discussed, but about which little has appeared in the Bulletin until recently, is the financial problems. Apparently, it is keeping some of our people from giving their children an education in a church school. Yet their souls are worth more than all the riches of this world.

Having a good school is going to cost us money, but the most expensive system is not necessarily the best. Possibly there should be a central place or agency for obtaining books suitable for Amish schools. Possibly, also, there could be a wider selection and better books, more suitable and effective, at a saving in cost. Perhaps good used books could be exchanged, thus further reducing costs.

Probably some of the "old pro's" that have had schools for a number of years could give some pointers they have learned in the line of saving unnecessary costs.

I have even gone so far in thinking about this matter, that I am wondering if it might be possible to have a partial or wholly self-supporting school. If the pupils could work on an interesting project, quite educational in itself, in their spare time, thus bringing in an income. Such a project could be an incentive to pupils to complete their lessons promptly, so as to have more time on the project. Also, a per cent of the proceeds could be used to buy things for the school, so the children could see what their efforts have accomplished. For example, paints, supplies, educational games, new books for the library, and so on. It would contribute direct enjoyment and help make school more interesting.

Perhaps some directors or teachers with experience would know if this idea would be practical or not. I thought it might be, especially where financing is a problem. I would be glad to hear from anyone having had any experience with the subject.

– R. 1, Jackson, Ohio 45640

From the Bookshelf

NONE OF THESE DISEASES – Our Special for May. The effect of mental attitude on health. Written by a medical doctor. Available in paperback at 60¢, or cloth at $2.75.

MARTYRS' MIRROR – Special price extended. Your order must reach us by May 31. $7.50 ea. 2 or more, $7.25 ea. (These are the English Martyrs' Mirror; German are out of print.)

CHEER-UP AND GET WELL GREETINGS, eight different greetings with verses especially appropriate for various occasions. 60¢ dozen.

JoSEPHUS BOOK, paperback – $4.50;cloth $6.50
Bremers Hand Konkordanz, Ger. 6.00
CASSELLS GERMAN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY ... 6.00
Matthew Henry Commentary, $6.00 vol;set-$34.
Why We Believe in Creation, Not in Evolution (Good for schools) 3.00
Clarke's Commentary, $4.50 per vol; set-$24.
WORTH DYING FOR, $3.00 ea.; 4 for $10.00 ; paper – $2.00.
MAN IN BEARSKIN, $2.50; paper – 1.25
Stories for the Children's Hour ...... .85
HIDDEN RAINBOW, cloth -$3.00; paper ... 1.25
Not My Will , paper 1.25
Great Hymns and Their Stories 1.25
SEE IT AND SAY IT IN GERMAN ...... $ .50
McGuffey's Fifth or Sixth Readers ..ea. .75
THE BIBLE AND MODERN SCIENCE .... .35
Twig, the Collie 1.75
WOLF DOG 2.10
Flint's Best-Loved Poems 2.00
PILGRIMS' PROGRESS ...cloth, $1.00;pap. .55
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN ....cloth ...1.50
Mary Jones and Her Bible, paper .30;cl. .65
ANABAPTISM, NEITHER CATHOLIC NOR PROTESTANT, By William R. McGrath .... .50
Little Bibles, 5¢ each; 50¢ per dozen
CHALLENGE OF THE CHILD, Amish authors 2.00
ANWEISUNGEN ZUR SELIGKEIT, Mast 3.50

ORDER FROM: The Bulletin Bookshelf, or Pathway Bookstore, both R.4, Aylmer, Ont. Can.

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IF YOU HAVE DONE WRONG, ADMIT IT!

– By Mrs. Joseph N. Peachey

To do wrong is sin, but to deny it is still another sin. So, if you have done wrong, admit it! No doubt, we as parents, could learn some lessons from this also, but let us not neglect teaching it to our children. This would be helpful to the parents, the teacher, and to the child's future life.

Yes, it would be very nice to have our children taught to readily confess their faults. But how can we accomplish so great a task? Training the sinful nature of mankind to admit the truth instead of blaming it on others is not easy.

Possibly the younger this lesson is learned, the easier it will be on both the parents and the children. A small child can be taught much in this line. If he does a wrong deed (and we know that he did it), we can ask him about it. If he speaks the truth, he should be praised for his honesty. If he doesn't, he may need punishment.

Or ask a child what he did, and have him tell you all the truth about it (even though you already know). This will help him speak the truth in times when we do not know.

If you have done wrong, admit it! For my part, I feel I have often failed in teaching this properly, and that it might be more necessary for me to read an article on the subject than to write one. Does anyone have other helpful suggestions? Why not share them some time with the Bulletin readers? - Belleville, Penna.

* * *

"The Teacher I Remember Best"

Two of my teachers stand out from the rest. Not because they were alike, but because they were so different.

I had the first one for only one term. He was the easy-going type. He didn't take as much interest in his job as he might have. And he either didn't sleep at night, or he required an enormous amount of sleep. He napped during recesses and noons, and he even napped during reading classes.

Our school was small. In no time at all, the pupils learned to take advantage of the teacher's snoozing. And of his absent-mindedness. It seemed his mind was elsewhere and on other things.

I was the only one in my class. I didn't work much that year. Nor did I learn much, for that matter. Sometimes during my reading class when the story was a bit dull, and the teacher would begin to nod, I would read only a little from one page. Then I would quietly turn to the next, read a little there and flip on, until the story was finished. I did this several times and was never caught. When the teacher awoke, and found me on the home-stretch, he didn't seem to remember at all that I had been reading at the beginning of that story when he passed out. If he ever did notice, he must have been horribly shocked at himself for having slept so long!

He hardly ever gave me an assignment. I did as much or as little as I pleased. Arithmetic was a subject I didn't like. Any lesson that was too hard to suit me, I just skipped.

There was little order in the schoolroom. We whispered to one another. We wrote notes and shot paperwads. We whistled through our teeth to make a low noise like the wind. With two fingers aloft as a passport, I often ambled outside in the spring and took a walk through the nearby woods. Or caught frogs in the little brook that flowed behind the school.

Never do I remember anyone being strapped as punishment. I did have to hold my nose in a ring on the blackboard once, but the results were only temporary.

School with the second teacher was just the opposite. The room fairly buzzed with activity and interest. Yet there was order. And discipline. We didn't fear him, but we sure respected him. We could depend on his enjoying a good joke, as long as the foolishness didn't go too far. I drew a disrespectful picture once. He didn't whip me, but the punishment stung and I felt it keenly. I didn't do that again.

He made learning an adventure. Geography became alive by pretending the whole class was travelling through the countries studied. We were urged to read on our own. We wrote stories and essays, gave speeches and put on plays. We had tournaments and contests. We had spelldowns and nature hikes. When visitors came, he had them give us a short talk.

We were taught to have our work done on time. Once, in particular, I had trouble with my lesson. I needed help. Class time was getting uncomfortably close. I raised my hand but teacher was busy and didn't notice me right away. Precious moments were lost. I was certain I could never get finished in time. I was nervous and when Teacher finally did explain how to work it, I missed most of it. Feverishly I struggled on.

Our class was called. Choking back tears, I stammered out that I still couldn't get my work. My voice trembled. Teacher caught the tremble. He postponed the class till later. I still marvel at the tenderness with which he came to my side and helped me. I was amazed how easy he made it sound this time. I remember being impressed, "He's not like some machine that just grinds right on through on schedule, in spite of what's in the way. He's a person and he understands and he cares." I felt better and the problems were soon solved.

I remember having thought up several tricks to play on Teacher. Clever little tricks but mean. Somehow I didn't feel right. I read a story about a strict, harsh teacher whom the pupils hated. I read how they took revenge by playing a dirty trick. Then I knew what was wrong. A person couldn't play that kind of trick on our teacher. And for a moment I wished he were hateful so I could match my wits against his. I didn't realize then but I was learning what so many have missed in life -- that love is the strongest force in the universe, or in the schoolroom.

He boarded at our home and I knew better than most of the many hours spent working overtime giving his job that extra touch. Tasks for which crowded class schedules left no time. Drawing maps, writing out tests, and filling in report cards. And he was always on the lookout for some good story or book to read aloud to his pupils. And some new idea to add variety and zest to daily routine.

- Anonymous

MY MOTHER

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother

Who drest my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I'd got to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy Book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me?
My Mother.

Ah! No, the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away.
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed.
My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My Mother.

- Selected by Daniel L. Stutzman from The United States Spelling Book, 1850; published by John H. Thompson, Wheeling, W. Virginia. It was used at one time by his great-grandfather.

CHALKDUST FROM GEAUGA

- By Uria R. Byler

School bells are becoming silent in these hills of Geauga these days. Following the last feverish "exam" days are the picnics, which to a pupil is the best school day of all; the day of the big verdict, "Did you pass? Let's see it." (Why do all the children look just a little different on picnic day? How easy it is for a teacher who only a short time ago had to fight back the urge to blow his stack completely, to now forget it all and feel a sense of loneliness come down upon him as picnic day is ended and one by one, group by group, they gather up their belongings and trudge down the road?)

Right now I'm in this empty schoolroom, making out report cards and getting ready for that day. My only companions are a few pesky flies that somehow survived the winter and are bzzzing around here. Outside, the redwings are beeping back and forth and an occasional buggy goes clattering by. Otherwise, all is silent.

Figuring up each child's averages brings out plainer than I ever realized before the different "gifts" or "talents", or whatever it is that a human has or does not have. For example: Dorothy had a rough time in arithmetic, but in English she excelled. Atlee's spelling average was quite low but he did O.K. in arithmetic. Seventh-grader Sarah's difficulty of the past winter with percentage and measurement is reflected by her arithmetic average in the low 80's, compared to a much higher grade in her other subjects.

Why is there such a difference? I had to wonder. Did they simply like one subject better than another, or did the teacher fail in his part? Go back forty years and did up some memories of your own school days. The subject you liked always came easy. History and geography were pie and cake; arithmetic and English were boiled cabbage and dandelion greens. The one you ate because you wanted to and liked it. The other you didn't eat, you swallowed it.

Another fact came out in the final averages, that is, the fateful little number arrived at by boiling down all the other averages, that number which determines next year's status for Johnny. Here is one whose number is 79. This boy did not read any library books, he didn't goof off, or sit there idle. He worked, and as a result he had this low, but passing mark. Across the aisle was another boy who, with a lot less effort, had a mark in the middle nineties. Both had the same subjects, the same assignments. This same pattern was repeated throughout the entire schoolroom, from the first grade to the eighth. Again, I wonder why there is such a difference. Then again, it shouldn't be such a question in anyone's mind when we remember that no two persons are created or gifted with the same "whatever it is".

Figuring up report cards brings out these hidden mysteries as nothing else does.

This is the third forenoon that I am here at my desk. At times I'm lost in thought so deep that I almost jump and wonder why I can work like this without hearing, "May I use your ruler?" "I don't got no eraser." "May I ask Martha for paper?" "Do you got a pencil for me?"

It seems you can almost see them, and hear them. Then you look around the room and all you see is empty desks staring back. Peaceful? No. Tranquil? No. Just empty and a little spooky.

They why, you ask yourself, were you looking forward so anxiously for so long to this very moment when school would be out, and you would be free from school worries?

That brings another question. Is a school teacher ever entirely free from school "worries", or at least school thoughts? You may try to be, or make a pretense of being, but deep inside your subconscious mind there is a little voice reminding you of school; of what you should have done to discipline certain children, of your mistakes and failings, of how this, or that, thing should have been handled differently, and you marvel at the patience of the parents in putting up with their teacher.

A teacher may unload his physical burden of teaching when school closes, but the moral burden remains as strong, or perhaps stronger, than ever. That is when your mistakes stand out. You can see the trees better from outside the woods sometimes.

There are plans for building two new schools in Geauga County this summer. One will be in Troy Township, relieving Troy Parochial of their overcrowding problem. The other one will be about three miles west of here, and will cut us back to about 56 pupils from our 77, with which we closed the term. We'll miss them.

Yes, Jonas, we were really surprised to see you and the Slabachs walk in here on your trip to Geauga. It was all so sudden that I didn't quite realize it until after you left. Come again and spend time as our guests at home. School is not suited for conversation. It always does one good to talk about school matters, whether with teachers or other school-minded people like you. It's encouraging and upbuilding. Thanks for the visit.

Right now we have the bear by the tail. Meaning this: A mother sent in a suggestion on making recipe books and selling a few. We investigated by asking Amanda Hershberger about it. They did it in their school and it worked out all right.

Amanda gave me her story, adding that we should be prepared for a lot of work. That was no overstatement as we soon found out.

The idea is this: Ask each parent to send in three or more of their favorite recipes. Put these into a booklet. Give each parent one copy free and sell the rest.

We have made about 120 copies now, and have sold them all (except for the free copies to parents). Plans are to make some more. Profit? We don't know, but if we haven't spent ourselves bankrupt by buying duplicator paper and other expenses too numerous to mention, we may tell you more about it some day.

- Middlefield, Ohio

ARE WE IMPLANTING SELFISHNESS?

- By Mrs. Roy W. Miller

No one likes to see disrespect and selfishness in children, nor in other persons, for that matter. But if it's in our children, then it will soon be in our grown-ups, too, unless remedied. And we already have too many such.

I have wondered if we as grown-ups are perhaps unknowingly implanting in our children the very traits we dislike. How often we have heard remarks like, "Let the children go first, they're the hungriest. We can wait."

Certainly, they may be the hungriest, and we would be practicing unselfishness on our part, but would it be helping them to lay down their selfishness. Would it help them remember to always think of others first? Indeed, I think not. The more they are given their own desires first, the less they will care what happens to the other person. We ourselves may be upholding their ego.

Children should be taught to respect their elders. In China, yes, even among the heathens there is an attitude of reverence toward the "old gray head". Then why in our own Christian circles is there sometimes seen "spotting", or sarcastic imitations of dear old gray-haired Mommy and Dawdy's "gebrechliche Wege"?

The letter by a young mother in last month's issue struck a chord within me. I noticed how nearly parallel her experience was to my own. Our oldest son was 1½ years old when I had a number of just such trials with him. With him, too, it was usually just a little thing to begin with, but it was his own stubborn will that made the big item. A child will surely try you to the breaking point, and you'll think you cannot go on spanking, but once you have started to break a child's will, there is no giving up. I shudder to think of what our home would be like if I had given up before he did. As this mother also said, it still takes a lot of patience, and there are other things that I am sometimes at a loss how to teach him; to get him to see that he shouldn't want to do this, or he should want to do that, thus getting him to act differently at times. But I have never had such a battle with his stubborn will since that summer at 1½ years. Just as this mother also said, always when he at long last gave up, he was such a happy humble child! Often, too, I could just feel a surge of love go through him, as at the end of each battle, I took him in my arms and reassured him that it was because I loved him that I had thus dealt with him.

In thinking on the subject, "The Teacher I Remember Best", I find myself making a comparison. There were two young girls fresh out of college who had come to our school. They had been roommates and best friends. Now they had come here to teach, the one to teach English and history, the other to teach Home Ec. But one was cut out to be a teacher; the other was not. They were both friendly, but one lacked firmness and steadiness. When she tried to look stern and lay down a rule of some kind, there was a certain jerkiness about her, and often we could detect something closely akin to a giggle in her voice. Her words never quite carried with those who were of a more mischievous nature, like the words of the other girl did.

I'll never forget how on that first day of school, those adventuresome eighth grade boys were going to find out what they could do with this new "gal teacher". Instead of setting out the chairs in nice rows, they perched themselves on counter tops and window ledges. Then Miss A. said, "Chairs are to sit on!" And everyone in the room knew she meant what she said. At the end of two years, one teacher was planning definitely to go on teaching, the other was planning definitely to quit.

Humbly, - Mrs. Roy W. Miller
Middlebury, Indiana

RONKS, PENNSYLVANIA
April 12, 1965

Dear Readers of the B.B.,

I have a task at hand, writing a letter for the public to read. Writing is one of the easiest things for me to push into a corner for some other day. I wonder, is there anything lower than an F, in case I should be graded?

The March Bulletin, as usual, was interesting and worth its money.

The school days at Belmonte are numbered. The final day will be May 18.

It looks as if teachers everywhere have the same complaint, "Parents are not visiting the school". I'd like to share with you readers what was organized at the Belmonte School at our last Parent and Teacher meeting. So far, it has been a 100% success.

A parent suggested, "Why don't we visit school weekly?" It was brought up for discussion. The parents then decided to take turns, one couple each week, in the order of their ages.

Every week since that time we have had visitors. In each case, the father and mother have both come. Of course, it is too much to expect to think they can always both be present.

Here are the advantages of this plan:

1. Teacher gets an opportunity to visit with the parents.
2. Children get the feeling they are a part of the school. It makes them feel important; they are being looked after.
3. The students have brushed up considerably in their lessons. They aren't going to be caught standing in class looking like a dumbell.
4. Respect in many ways has greatly improved.
5. Teacher has the privilege to discuss discipline problems, if there are any, with the parents.

Here are the disadvantages if parents do not visit school:

1. Teacher has no fellowship with parents.
2. Children become careless; after all, no one is coming in to check on them, except the teacher.
3. Children become rude.
4. Teacher has to work doubly hard to keep everyone happy and friendly.
5. Parents can not understand John's low report card marks.
6. Discipline problems are hard to overcome.

Concerning the disadvantages, to the child who has an attitude as stated in No. 2, the teacher is merely an object instead of a humble human being. Any teacher will readily admit, "It's no fun being an object."

Did you ever try working at a place for nine months and you never had the opportunity to converse with the person you are working for? Try it once. It's no fun!!

The parents, I'm sure, could understand their son's low marks should they visit school some unexpected day.

At Christmas, parents try to find a gift for their teacher. Sometimes it is a costly one. This, of course, is appreciated. Still, it isn't worth to the teacher what a visit from the parents is.

How very inexpensive a visit is! Yet it means so much. Why not give this gift? It's worth a great deal to your teacher.

Wishing all readers the grace of God as you go forth in your tasks day by day.

Humbly, - Sarah Beiler

BALTIC, OHIO
APRIL 30, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Today is the last day of April. By May 1, the days are often warm enough for the children to go barefooted. Not so the last several years here in this part of Ohio. The wheat fields, as well as the hay crop, are greening up nicely, but pasture is slow in coming, and no wonder, for the tender green shoots were touched with frost the last two mornings. The children came back home from the woods without any mushrooms in their bags. There is sufficient moisture, but not enough warm sunlight.

Work in the fields and gardens is under way again for the farmer and his family after a lapse of four days from continued showers.

Yesterday morning, while out in the field plowing, I saw a passenger bus going by. No close view could be gotten of who were the occupants, but the way the bus sputtered, it must have been pretty well filled. Later in the day it came to my mind what it all meant. Parents, and no doubt, eager and happy children, were on their way to the wedding of their school teacher, Miss Gertrude Yoder to Roman Hershberger. Congratulations, and a calm voyage is our wish as you sail life's journey together.

Someone else will have to step into the place Gertrude has patiently filled for four or more seasons. She has now chosen to take "life easy" on a farm. Glad we are to hear that another parent will be taking up the responsibilities of teaching next year. This parent was one of my schoolmates, which means all the more to me.

Some time ago I tried to explain how eating more than is necessary can be dangerous to our health. Later in the school year, we came across a very interesting little story in the 2nd. McGuffey Reader, that strengthened my point. Those of you who have a set of McGuffey Readers in the home, turn to page 124. The title, "The Greedy Girl", points to over-eating as greediness; for it mentions in the story that a squirrel would not eat more than is good for him even if he had a house made of acorns, and that a bee, instead of over-eating, carries its surplus to the hive. In the first paragraph of the story, we read that the greedy little girl was quite a glutton, and at the end of the paragraph we have the definition of gluttony, as eating too much because the food tastes good to us.

Among last month's Bulletin letters, I was happy to read of other districts where they have board-parents- teachers meetings every month.

These were evenings to which I looked forward last winter. It was a delight to me, as the teacher, to see the men coming toward the schoolhouse along the children's paths, carrying lanterns, and entering the basement, tramping off the snow as they came. This shows interest. And an evening together discussing farm sales, wood cutting, manure hauling, and school work is helping to lay a foundation for the future generation.

For a suggestion to set a growing teenager's mind to some real worthwhile task, I have this to offer. Give him (or her) a start with honey bees. These humble little creatures are working and acting entirely according to nature, and their finished product, honey, is one of the most perfect foods that man can eat. You can get a 10% discount on "Beginner's Outfits in Beekeeping" at the A.I.Root Bee Supply Co., Medina, Ohio, if you tell them it's to be an educational proposition.

Today one of my young first grader's has a birthday, and as school is closed, he will miss the privilege of sitting up in his seat and blushing while the whole school sings Happy Birthday for him. I suppose I'll have to tuck something in an envelope and have our children deliver it to his mailbox today.

Last winter on my birthday, the children said nothing all morning or during recess. It was customary to sing a German song that had been copied on the blackboard in the English alphabet. Every Monday morning we would write a few stanzas of a new song, and at noon, before we went for lunch, the children would take turns in leading one stanza each. By the end of the week, many of the lower grades pupils could repeat the words. The younger children, especially, were often heard trying the song at recess.

Now, just before we dismissed for noon, two Wayne County teachers and several pupils came to visit us. One teacher was Elizabeth Raber and the other was my sister, Lizziean. We decided to sing awhile before going to lunch. When I asked the child whose turn it was to lead the song to begin, there was a moment of silence, and strange but understanding looks flashed over the group , as they all joined in singing Happy Birthday to the teacher. Even the teacher blushed a little because of the children's well-planned joke,

- Jonas Nisley

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
918 N. Rochester Ave.
April 28, 1965.

Dear Readers,

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Ps. 46:1.

I have enjoyed reading the Blackboard Bulletin for a few years already. Every time it comes, it seems to tell me I haven't done my part in writing.

It always means so much when the pupils smile or talk to you, and ask when you are coming to school. A few weeks ago, my husband and I had the privilege to visit Plain View School (near Middlebury, Indiana) where I had taught the lower grades for two years. The teachers at present are Martha Helmuth and Martha Farmwald. They seem to have the school busy, interesting, and cheerful. And very quiet while studying.

I was asked to teach a few classes. I felt sort of rusty and nervous on the job. I hadn't expected this! It seemed to tickle the children to see me at work.

My husband and I don't get to visit schools very often, as we are in 1W service.

I hope you all have a nice ending to the school year. And that there will be many able teachers available in the coming years.

- Mrs. John Lehman

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only practical way to start in with these books would be to start Grade 1 the first year, then add a grade each year, as the vocabulary and content of these books are so different from other series, it would be difficult for a Gr. 2 class to start with them in their second year.

If you discuss these books with the school board now, there would be time to make arrangements before the opening of the fall term. - J.S.

A RECIPE TO LIVE BY

Blend one cup of love and one-half cup of kindness; add alternately in small portions one cup of appreciation, and three cups of pleasant companionship into which has been sifted three teaspoons of deserving praise.

Flavor with one teaspoon of carefully chosen advice. Lightly fold in one cup of cheerfulness to which has been added a pinch of sorrow.

Pour with tender care into small clean hearts and let bake until well matured. Turn out on the surface of society, humbly invoke God's blessing and it will serve all mankind.

It takes real strength to welcome even merited reproof.

THE WATCHER

She always learned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late.
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate.

And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such loving care,
The long way home would seem more safe,
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were full of us,
She never could forget,
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet.

Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late --
Watching from heaven's window,
Leaning from heaven's gate.

-Selected by Martin Shirk

SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD

- By A Mother,

Dear Parents,

If I am in time before this paper goes on vacation, I will try to bring one thing before your mind, as God gives me grace.

Do you as parents feel it is more pleasing in the sight of God for the husband and father of the children to go away from home to work and earn a living, than it would be for him to stay at home as much as possible and earn his living by working at home where his children are?

As a mother of two small children, I've had the opportunity to experience both ways. My husband worked away for some time, but most of the time we have been married he has worked at home and helped me with the children a lot. By staying at home, which I believe is God's law and order, we have the blessing which comes from working together, both in caring for the children and training them, and also in earning the few natural needs to keep our children and ourselves in food and raiment, and other necessaries.

If my husband works away, he comes home in the evenings with the feeling of "not much worthwhile done today -- only earned some natural bread." In the meantime, I have, as the weaker vessel, been left alone all day with the greater part of our cares to bear all by myself -- the children to care for and train. Do you believe this is a blessed married life in the Lord? A union with strength in God?

Even though many of our plain people own farms and stay at home to work, some of them have so many cares on their big farms that they still do not have much time to be with their families.

Jesus said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and all these things (our simple physical needs; He compared them with the needs of the birds and grass. Let us recognize this simple way and not reject it for a more popular way) will be added unto you." Are not the children that God put into our care, a part of the Kingdom of God? Why neglect their souls to care for their bodies?

Is it because we do not believe and trust that which Christ said? He said, "All these things shall be added unto you." Many people believe that God cares for us in miraculous ways, and He does, but I believe it is through His natural creation that He promised to provide for us, and not through a second-handed program of men. By this I mean, we should as much as is possible in our time, receive this promise directly through the yield of the soil instead of first earning the government dollar, and then buying our needs from men. There is danger that, with the resulting high cost of living, we begin to put our trust in this "government circle" to supply our needs, instead of looking to and trusting in God's promise.

Is it the work of faith to have to have everything mapped out before us before we can trust God to fully provide for our needs? He gave us a natural body and life, as Jesus says, the natural way; why could He not also give us food and raiment the natural way? If we would be more content with such thing as we have that are by nature at hand everywhere (except in towns), then we need not be away from home so much to earn our needs, nor out on our big fields so much of the time.

Even the farms, in our modern day, are under great pressure to squeeze out the dollar, whether through feeding livestock or by selling the crop, so we can buy our needs.

If we keep the simple faith of our forefathers and live the simple life, there is no need of going deeply into debt to buy large fields, barns, cattle, and machinery. If we must have the most expensive and well-furnished homes, does it look as if we have the simple faith and are seeking a Country beyond?

If we want an extra dollar to give to the poor, why don't we save it for that, rather than living in greater extravagance ourselves, saying, "We can afford it better now."? Oh, men can always think up excuses when it comes to justifying all manner of covetousness!

If we do seek first the kingdom of God, we will be content and patient, and God will provide for us so that we will not suffer. (Ed. Note: This is a matter of putting first things first. It is our Christian duty to provide for our own, but this must be done without neglecting our spiritual lives. God will supply our needs, but not always our "wants". We think the sister is right in suggesting a simpler standard of living.)

Husband and wife are joined together by God, and let not man or work or anything else come between them. In unity and partnership there is strength, but divided we fail.

When the children are small they need a father's loving care just as much as when they are older. And only by experience can someone know how much it helps the wife if he helps train and care for the young children. Many, many times he will see a need for timely correction where the mother overlooks the small faults. And remember, the small things are large things to small children. Children need to be under training and instruction all the time, for they are growing and forming habits and characteristics every day.

Some husbands may feel it is impossible under their circumstances to make a living at home. Could circumstances perhaps be changed for the sake of the Kingdom of God and the provision of your family? If he believes and obeys the words of Christ where He says to be content with food and raiment, I think the great problem is solved, for it doesn't take much if we raise our own food, and do not own a great many changes of raiment. Oh, there is much to learn, and if one does what he knows, he will be given greater understanding and more to do.

If we search the Scriptures, I believe we find that child training and teaching is commanded to the fathers, and to the mothers only as help-meets.

If we leave child training entirely to the women, we will soon have women ruling our churches and everything else, for the children will grow up and be in control. When Israel was in a fallen condition, the Lord exclaimed through the prophet Isaiah, "As for my people, children are their oppressors and women rule over them. O my people, they which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths." Isaiah 3:12.

Is this perhaps the great reason for the church's downfall today? Men are out in the fields or in the factories, ambitiously seeking the dollar to pay for luxurious living, and the women are left with the children to train them? Could this ambition not be covetousness and the love of money, which is the root of all evil. Hence the downfall and soon the end.

- A Mother

AN IMAGINARY PARENT-TEACHER CONVERSATION

By Rebecca L. Wengerd

FIRST PARENT: Since we parents have come here for discussing school problems with you, may I ask you a question?
TEACHER: Yes, indeed.
PARENT: There is one thing about which I have wondered. What is the greatest single problem of teaching?
TEACHER: Well, not all teachers would give the same answer; but to give my opinion, I would say, discipline.
PARENT: What kind of discipline do you mean?
TEACHER: Keeping order and quiet during school hours is one point. Another problem is to get pupils to speak and read loudly enough in classes. There are others.
SECOND PARENT: As to order in school hours, I would give them enough work so that they wouldn't have time left to play.
TEACHER: There is more than one good reason for not doing that. In a school with all eight grades such as ours, I find it difficult to give large assignments to the younger grades. They just can not do as well if the teacher is not with them, and they are among the most mischievous. Another thing that happens when big lessons are assigned is that it puts parents on my back. Some will say, "Give them bigger lessons; they can't behave if they have nothing to do." While right in the next seat is a child whose parents say, "Why do you bring so many lessons home?"

What dows the child answer? "Oh, but Mother, I just don't have time. She gives us such big lessons. I'm busy all the time and can't get them done."

Now, what is Mother going to say? I know what some have said, "Why does she give you such big lessons? That is too hard on you."

Right there they make a big mistake in putting confidence and respect in the child

where they should be putting it in the teacher. Do you see the difference in the parents, and how hard it is to please them all?
ANOTHER PARENT: Have you honestly heard that parents have answered in that way?
TEACHER: I surely have. Of course, there may not be too many of those. The thing that perplexes me is why some parents believe everything right to the word that their children bring home from school. That makes it so hard for the teacher. I have often wondered if they don't realize that things aren't always so exact at home.

Didn't you ever have the experience of saying, "Susie, did you fill the woodbox?" "Oh, yes," she said, but when Mother looked, it was only half full. Well, that is the way with tales they bring home from school. Half of the time it's not said the way it really was. If a child sees he can make you believe everything he tells you, he is sure to do it again and again.
PARENT: How shall we know if what they say is exact or not?
TEACHER: If I were to give my opinion about that, it would be like this: Children who have a habit of bringing home tales, complaining about this and that, are often their own trouble makers. The greatest help the parents can be is to encourage the child to trust and respect the teacher in all ways. I know we teachers are far from perfect. But to cause a child to lose respect for his teacher is certainly not helping matters any. It is tearing the school apart.
PARENT: I never realized teaching included such problems.
TEACHER: It has problems, true. But not all pupils are that way. I have heard parents say, "Our children hardly ever complain about school. They seem to like it. And they're well satisfied with everything." Parents, I can tell you, those are the pupils a teacher appreciates!
PARENT: May I ask another question?
TEACHER: If you wish.
PARENT: Who is your best student?
TEACHER: Best student? I doubt whether it would be possible to answer that down to one name. There are several that are outstanding.
PARENT: How about pets?
TEACHER: Indeed, I wouldn't know who it would be. Have you heard any complaints about that?
PARENT: No, not lately. I just wondered.
TEACHER: To surprize you, I should have said, "Yes, one of your boys."

ANOTHER PARENT: Tell us some more of your interesting experiences while teaching school.
TEACHER: Now, let me think. I believe I have forgotten most of them. One day in English class the sixth grade had a lesson on adjectives. They had a list of adjectives which they were to put into phrases such as "bright as the sun". The word slow was on their list. One boy had written, "slow as a teacher", and it so happened that when his turn came to read his sentences, he had to giggle like a chicken. The nearer he got it read, the harder he giggled. I just had to laugh to see how it tickled him to read that.
PARENT: Which do you have more of, joys and pleasures, or sorrows and headaches?
TEACHER: To answer that, I would say, one day one, the next day the other. It changes with the days and seasons. But I must say teaching is a greater pleasure than it was my first few terms.
PARENT: What is your greatest desire in teaching?
TEACHER: That will take a little thinking before I can answer. One desire is that I could lead these pupils as a shepherd leads his sheep, that my fold could stay together in a peaceful, forgiving and loving manner. And that they would follow the Golden Rule. Also that I could do likewise, and be trustworthy, and lead them in a way that they wish to be obedient to their parents all through life. It pierces a teacher's heart to see any of the pupils after leaving school fall into worldly sins and lusts.
PARENT: We feel thankful for your interest.
TEACHER: I also feel thankful that the pupils are doing as well as they are. The main point is to try to get along peaceably, and have patience with each other in our shortcomings; To have peace with all people is worth more than gold. After all, we are only here a short time, not long enough to waste any of it in quarreling. If we want to have our own Christian schools, we might as well get along in a Christian way, so that the world can look on us as God-fearing people. We can be a light for them in this way.
PARENT: We feel the same way. Well, I believe it is about time we went home. Good-by, and thank you. I think it was worth a lot to be here tonight.
TEACHER: Good-night, and come again sometime. It has been worth a lot to me, too.

- Belleville, Penna.

(Reprinted by request, from the December, 1959, issue of "THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN")

* * *

"The Teacher I Remember Best"

The teacher I remember best is the best teacher to remember. His earthly life is now past, yet what He taught those few short years He lived, are lessons I am still learning.

He was a Master Teacher. Those who heard him marveled at the way He taught, for He taught as one having authority. His lessons were full of common earthy illustrations, deep with meaning. One could sense that He had a very unusual knowledge of nature (including human nature!).

I have several copies of a book about him. It is a biography written by a number of his closest friends. Many of the lessons He taught are written in this book. I am sure that those who have read this book about him, realize why He is the teacher I revere most highly.

I had other teachers, yes, but they were nothing compared to the teacher I remember best. I was in great need when I first really learned to know him. For many years I had heard of his fame, of his power to help people, and though I learned much about him from what I had heard, I had not yet become his pupil. It was only when I saw how little I knew, and how badly I needed help, that I consented to his becoming my teacher.

He taught me more as a tutor than as an ordinary teacher. Though I am unable to even attempt saying how many pupils were under his care at the time, He still worked personally with me as if I were the only one in the class. I read and reread the lessons He taught, and a great change was brought about in my life. Because of his influence, the whole course of my life was altered.

I lost interest in the passing pleasures of my previous life. Instead, I found pleasure in my lessons, and in carrying out the instructions of my teacher. My greatest wish was to please him.

But I was not a star pupil. Far from it. Many times I have regretted that I did not do better. My teacher was firm, but gentle. He led me to see my errors, and his methods of discipline helped me to correct them.

Here I have been speaking in past tense. Perhaps it should be in the present tense, for, to tell you the truth, He is still my teacher today as much as ever. Every day I learn new lessons from him.

You do not understand? That's right, I did say his earthly life is past, didn't I? In fact, it was past before I was born. Long years before.

And though I can not be his pupil in the way his chosen class of twelve were, I do not mind. For He is my teacher, in the fullest sense of the word. And though I cannot see him with my eyes, or hear his spoken voice with my ears, I am very conscious of his presence as I study and learn my lessons.

The wonder of it is that such a good teacher does not have more pupils. He gladly accepts new students at any time of the year. There are some requirements to meet before admission to his "school" is granted, but I agree with the Apostle John (one of his students of an earlier age) that they are not grievous.

It seems that among many people, interest in his school is low. I do not know why, unless it is because they are not willing to learn. Or perhaps they are not really his pupils as they suppose. For I have found there are people who would like to have the name of being in his school, yet they prove by their disorderly conduct that they are not. No pupil of his willfully disobeys his commandments.

When do I expect to graduate? I really don't know. That may sound queer to you. But I'm leaving it up to my teacher. He knows better than I do. I do know He has a wonderful place prepared for successful graduates, and until my teacher beckons me to come, I want to continue learning from him, and serving him with my whole heart, mind, and body.

As I look back over my years of schooling under my favorite teacher, I can see where my grades have not always been as high as they might have been. When my teacher sees I'm truly sorry for this, He never fails to gladly forgive me. I have read in his biography that He has paid the cost of my schooling, and if it were not for this, I do not know on what I should base my hope of attaining a crown at the end of my school life.

How did I first learn about this teacher? Someone told me about him. If no one would have introduced him to me, I might still not know him. I might never have gone to his school.

Then I am made to wonder. Am I doing what I should to tell others about my teacher? I know there are many who do not know him, or have only a passing acquaintance with him. Is it my fault they are not learning from him? Perhaps it is.

So it was, that I decided to write about this Teacher I remember best. Are you one of his pupils? If not, why not become my fellow-student of this greatest of all teachers, Jesus Christ?

- J.S.

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"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.

A REPORT ON THE NINTH ANNUAL PENNSYLVANIA DIRECTOR S MEETING

By Ezra Kanagy

This year the annual school directors' meeting for the state of Pennsylvania was held here in the Kishacoquillas Valley (Big Valley) at the home of Joe I. Peacheys.

The first of these meetings was held eight years ago on May 18, 1957 at Noah L. Peacheys, south of Allensville. The purpose of these meetings is to help each other where we can in operating our schools, and to compare ways of levying taxes so as not to be a burden on a few. And another matter, since we have permission from Harrisburg, our State capital, to operate our parochial schools, it is important to have them working together and as nearly uniform as possible.

In the nine meetings the directors have held, they have made much progress in getting cooperation among parents and teachers. However, I might add that most of our people, once they see the need for our own schools, are more than willing to do their part.

I said the directors made progress, yes, but we still have a lot to learn to get our schools up to "perfection". So really, that is one of the main purposes of these meetings. Each year some district somewhere runs into problems, and pretty often when it is discussed at our meetings, someone has had the same problem before, and found a solution. It is amazing sometimes how simply someone solves a problem with which others have wrestled without success.

As I started to say, the meeting this year was held at Joe I. Peacheys on June 4, in their barn. This year they didn't register, so it is hard for me to tell just how many people and from how many communities attended. Counting the directors' wives and the school teachers that were present, I would guess there were close to two hundred people there, representing most of the Amish communities in Pennsylvania. There was also a station wagon load from Indiana, and Henry Miller of Ohio was there. Lancaster County being the largest settlement, it had the largest delegation of directors present.

The meeting was called to order by Andy S. Kinsinger of Gordonville. A time was given for meditation and silent prayer. The minutes of the previous meeting were read, followed by a question and answer period. Among the many subjects discussed were three important ones. First was the new school bus law which is going into effect; the public school buses will now haul parochial school pupils free of charge. The large majority of the group felt it would be better if we could operate our church schools without this state assistance. In the first place, church and state should be separate. In the second place, if we accept state assistance, the state will have good reason to say more concerning how we operate our church schools.

The second item was school attendance. What should be done if pupils are illegally absent ? It would seem the best procedure is for the teacher to notify the Amish school directors immediately, and then the directors shall speak to the parents about it. If that brings results, well and good, but if they still don't send them, then the next move is to notify the public school board as required by the law.

The third item - a director was to be elected to the state Amish Book Society board. In recent years this board has also been working on a state treasury, so as to have a fund available to help in building new school houses. The idea of the treasury is to take the burden off the districts that need to build new schools, especially where new settlements are started and most of the group have their money tied up in land. If all districts participated, it would probably cost only a dollar or two per member, which would be no hardship on anyone, yet be a big help where needed. So far the districts are not all going along with it.

Benuel Stoltzfus had served the unexpired term of Daniel King, who was called away unexpectedly in an accident a few years ago. Two candidates were nominated, Benuel K. Stoltzfus and Ezra Kanagy. A vote was taken, the position going to Benuel K. Stoltzfus.

Each year at the close of the meeting, a vote is taken to decide where the next year's meeting will be held. This year Lancaster County carried the most votes, and Samuel Lapp offered a place to hold the meeting.

The meeting was then closed by prayer, led by Bish. John B. Renno.

Here in the Valley we are at present getting ready to build another school in the Allensville section, with school opening August 30. This leaves us only five weeks, but after the oats is harvested, which is now in progress, the building will probably go up in a hurry.

- Belleville, Pennsylvania

GOD'S SETTLEMENT

A farmer once wrote to an editor:

"Dear Sir: - I have been trying an experiment. I have a field of corn which I plowed on Sunday. I planted it on Sunday. I cut it and hauled it in to the barn on Sunday. And I find that I have more corn to the acre than has been gathered by any of my neighbors this October."

The farmer sent his letter, sure that the editor would have no answer to the sneer implied in it. But imagine his feelings when in the next issue of the paper he read his own letter in print, and at the end of it this one sentence:

"God does not make full settlement in October."

- Selected by John D. Hershberger
Millersburg, Ohio

MY TEACHING EXPERIENCES

By Lyndora Messinger

For some time I have been reading the Bulletin, and I appreciate the writings in it very much. It first came into my possession through the thoughtfulness of a school teacher. Yes, it was the teacher with whom I taught last year.

Would you like to hear about my first year of teaching, and the benefits I received from it? During the summer of '64, I was privileged to travel with the teacher of our Christian Day School. During our travel we talked about the coming school term, discipline problems, art ideas, and teaching in general.

Prior to this time I had said, "One thing I'll never do is teach school." Did you ever hear the saying, "Don't open your mouth too far, or you might get your foot in it?" Well, that is just what I did. Now I don't mean that I put my foot in my mouth; I mean I took back what I had said. It pays well to heed the saying, "Think twice before you speak once."

After some discussion and making of plans, I agreed to help teach the first grade. On the first of September I found myself in the school room with four innocent pairs of eyes looking to me for direction and love. As this was my first experience, there were some struggles to pass through. But a silent prayer to the one who knows all our needs helped greatly. I dare say I will never regret a moment I spent with each one.

I appreciated a small class like this for my first year. The lesson can be taught each pupil more thoroughly, and a teacher is able to really learn each pupil's personality. But there are disadvantages to a small class, too! The pupils are likely to depend upon the teacher too much, and do not learn to work independently. This is my main objection.

All in all, I had a very interesting year in teaching. In many ways it helped me, such as relearning things I had forgotten. Most important of all, it taught me the lesson of PATIENCE, a lesson I think it is hard for most people to learn.

I also found that trusting in the Master Teacher gives one assurance, patience, grace, strength, and courage when the way seems drear. I would like to add that teaching school is good for any young man or woman. Why? Because it is a worthy responsibility. For myself, I can truthfully say I enjoyed my year of teaching immensely.

- Abbottstown, Pennsylvania

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

By the time this issue reaches the readers, most of our schools will be ready to open another term. The school houses will have had their summer face lifting, the teachers their annual rest, and the pupils will again be eager to go to school.

There will be new teachers, eager and thrilled, yet a little fearful, not knowing what to expect. There will be experienced teachers, too, determined to make this a better school year than last year.

A brand new first grade will come timidly to school on Opening Day. How the teacher's heart goes out to them as they start the Long Journey, so fresh out of babyhood, and so innocent. Missing are last year's eighth graders, leaving a vacant space in the classroom and one in the teacher's heart.

Yes, once again school is getting under way. Once again we must all join hands and hearts for the sake of our children — praying, laboring, teaching, training. May God's blessings rest upon our efforts.

* * * * *

SCHOOL PAPERS EXCHANGE:

Last spring the suggestion was made to arrange an exchange of school papers. We received a number of letters expressing interest.

Here are the details of the program. Time will tell how well it works out.

1. Any school that plans to print a school paper is eligible to enter. It doesn't matter how often your paper is issued, nor what size it is.
2. You agree to send a copy of each issue of your paper for the 1965-66 term to each of the other schools participating in the program.
3. You will then receive copies of the school papers of each of these schools.
4. There are no fees or charges. The program will be handled by the Bulletin as a free service.
5. The deadline for entry is Sept. 15, 1965. Write to the Blackboard Bulletin before that date, giving the following information:

___ Your full mailing address
___ The name of your school
___ The name of the teacher
___ The name of your paper, and how often you plan to print it
___ The subscription price per year

Soon after September 15, a list of the schools taking part in the exchange will be sent to each participating teacher, and you'll be ready to go to work.

We hope a large number of schools will want to join this program. It should be interesting and worthwhile at very little expense.

Note: For those schools who are not equipped to print a paper of their own, yet would like to receive the papers of other schools, we will send a list of school papers upon request, and you can subscribe to those you wish.

* * * * *

A WORD TO OUR WRITERS:

To our many faithful writers, and to the new writers that need only a little prompting, may we have this to say?

1. We need your letters and articles. Without them there can be no Bulletin. Let us strive to raise the quality of the Bulletin. Write and send in materials that are sound, well-written, serious, and worthwhile.
2. The new deadline is the 25th of the month. Therefore, material for the September issue should be in to the editor no later than August 25, and so on. We realize this will give very little time after receiving one Bulletin to write for the next, but we hope it will be enough. The mailing date will remain unchanged, being the 15th, of each month.

However, brief news or announcements will be accepted later than the 25th., possibly until the 5th. of the month of issue.

3. You can make our work easier by:

___Typing double-space, one side of the page only, using standard 8 1/2 x 11 sheets.
___Or if your letter is hand-written, writing clearly, rewriting and checking your work.

4. The series on "The Teacher I Remember Best", and a similar one, "A Lesson I Won't Forget" are still open. We also invite selections for the heading, "Voices of the Past", which we would like to run as a feature each issue of this year.

* * * * *

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS:

A large number of subscriptions expire in

August and September. You can help us by renewing promptly, after receiving a notice of expiration. We are planning things for the coming issues that you will not want to miss.

A young man from Pennsylvania and his wife visited the Bulletin office yesterday. I asked him, "Are you a subscriber?"

"No," came the answer, "But we are readers. We cheat a bit; we read Dad's copies."

As far as we're concerned, that is not "cheating", but quite sensible. We are glad to see each copy being passed around, shared by many readers. Of course, if you want to save your copies, you might better subscribe for yourself, and not beg someone else's.

Someone has to subscribe, understandably, or we would not long be in business. Like anything else, the Bulletin would not long exist once the income drops below the outgo.

Our costs are over four times what they were eighteen months ago, mainly because of an increased circulation, but also because of the change in printing methods, a larger paper, and higher prices for materials.

The Bulletin, as most of the readers know, is a non-profit venture, and our concern is that our subscription price is neither too high or too low. One way to keep it at its present low rate of $2.00 for two years is to keep the circulation growing. If every subscriber would make it a point to gain just one new subscription for us each year, we would very likely be able to reduce the subscription rate. However, that's a big IF.

J. S.

* * * * *

EDITORIAL

WHEN IS CRITICISM JUSTIFIED?

The teacher works under the watchful eye of the public. This is one reason some people have never become teachers, and also why some teachers have left the school room. "It is difficult to work for so many 'bosses'," or "I don't like a job where I am so open to criticism," they say.

Other teachers do not seem to mind this. Perhaps it is a difference in "nerves". Again, it may make a difference how and for what reason the teacher is criticized. For there are two kinds of criticism, constructive and destructive.

If given in the right spirit and accepted on the same terms, criticism is a wonderful help to a teacher. It is a particular weakness of most of us that we can see other's mistakes better than our own.

The trouble starts when a teacher, or anyone else, is not humble enough to want to be shown his faults. And we might as well face it, very few of us are as humble as we should be. There is a saying that "Truth doesn't hurt unless it ought to", or as Gladstone said, "Criticism never hurt anybody. If false, it can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character. If true, it shows a man his weak points, and forewarns him against failure and trouble."

It is up to the teachers, then, to accept all criticism graciously. If it is true, don't blame the one who brought it. Blame yourself, and do something about it. If false, and you are being slandered, or unfairly criticized, try to be big enough not to let it hurt you. With true Christian spirit, forgive the one who brought it against you, and do not put yourself down to his level by trying to get even with him.

A writer said, "The severest critics are always those who have either never attempted, or failed."

In a similar vein, C. B. Amstutz wrote in 1883, "Because we poor mortals can not see into the hearts of our fellows, we must be careful not to find fault with or judge others, lest too much criticism flow from our mouths, or from our pens,—for experience teaches us that the greatest faultfinders are rarely the most perfect men."

* * * * *

While speaking of criticism, we might mention that constructive criticism is always welcome with regard to the Bulletin. We're very human and we make mistakes; so we should not object if someone points out those mistakes; rather, we are in debt to those who, in the past, have shown enough love and concern to correct us when we needed it.

However, we know it is impossible to please everybody. In fact, we have been recently criticized for trying too hard to do just that. If the Bulletin was what it should be, this person told us, it would not be growing so fast, for "people don't like to read something which reprimands them, so it must be the Bulletin doesn't."

This letter caused us to do some serious thinking. Has the Bulletin been too slack in warning its readers of the dangers of the present age? It's very possible. Perhaps we should "step on a few more toes".

On the other hand, fault-finding and finger-pointing is dangerous muddy ground to tread upon. So we know nothing better than to do our very best, calling black black and white white to the best of our ability, and as God gives grace and understanding, letting the chips fall where they may; yet, at the same time, using the utmost tact and care in presenting the truth as we see it, lest in our efforts to help others we actually make them stumble.

At the best, we can expect honest differences of opinion. By peacefully discussing these differences, admonishing one another in Christian love, and praying for each other, we can be a help to each other. If, however, we are nothing more than "chronic faultfinders", we'll be helping no one, least of all ourselves. For, even though we can always find enough of what we're looking for to keep us "happy", the motes we gather will never equal the giant beam that is blinding us. "Greater, often, than the sin being criticized — is the sin of criticism."

A writer of almost a century ago bemoaned the lot of an editor, thus, "One reader says, 'This article is extreme, and that one has not the basis of truth; the third is not evangelical, the fourth has no name signed to it, so it is not worth reading.' The fifth article does have the writer's name, and another reader is quick to say, 'Ho, he signs his name because he wants to be honored.' Other readers say, 'The Bible is enough for us; we need no other writings,' yet it is evident they do not read the Bible much, nor obey it as they should."

"Wer's allen Leuten treffen kann,
Der streich mich aus, und schreib sich an."

We are thankful our readers have not been so overly critical as this of the Bulletin. Yet we feel there is a need for honest and helpful criticism, humbly submitted. And humbly received.

J. S.

* * * * *

SPECIAL OFFER

We still have about a hundred copies of the book, The Challenge of the Child, left. These books are a collection of articles from The Blackboard Bulletin, 1957-63. There are ten chapters, in three sections: The Home, The Church School, and Teaching.

These books are particularly valuable for the teacher, but there is almost as much material for the parent.

Order from THE BULLETIN BOOKSHELF, at $2.00 each; 6 for $10.00.

½ PRICE OFFER: With your order for 1 copy Worth Dying For, cloth ($3.00), and 1 two year Bulletin subscription (new or renewal) at $2.00, your copy of The Challenge of the Child at ½ price - $1.00 only. This offer good during August and September.

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A MOTHER'S VISIT TO A SALOON

A reader from LaGrange County, Indiana sent the following translation of a German article, requesting that it be published, with the hope that it may lead young men and others to see the evil of liquor.

The article relates how a woman and her little daughter entered a saloon, and found men carousing there. The bartender asked her why she came into such a place.

"Sir," said the woman, "I can tell you in a few words what brings me here." Then she told him the reason. "There was a time when I was well off and had many friends, and enjoyed the companionship of a kind and loving husband. But in an hour of temptation, he was led astray and had no power to resist the temptation, and in short time my happy dreams were gone. Soon everything was lost. Now he is only a shadow of his former self. Without home or a means of living, he left me in this world. I have nothing left but this child."

She cried bitterly, and broke down when she looked at her child. Yet, composing herself, she turned to the bartender, and said, "Sir, the reason I go into taverns like this one is to tell people that sell this poison to give up their work, as it ruins families and sends people into misfortune for time and eternity. Oh, think but a moment of your loved ones, and then consider in what a situation my child and I are in. Can you sell another glass of this poison?

"Will you quit doing this dangerous work? Just think, the money these fathers give for their liquor will take the bread out of the mouths, and the clothes off the backs, of their families. It will destroy their joy and too often undermine the poor fathers themselves."

The little girl sang a touching song of how a drunken father caused misery for his family.

After the song, many men in the saloon were weeping, some who had not shed a tear for many a year, who had never given a thought to the needs of their families—all were now crying like little children. One young man, who with scorn had turned from the admonition of mother and sisters, grasped both hands of the little child and said through a stream of tears, "God bless you, my little angel. You have saved me from destruction, from need, and the grave of a drunkard. What mother and sister could not do, you have done. God bless you."

With this he gave the mother a banknote, and said, "Take this as a token of my thankfulness, and when you are in need, you will find in me a true friend, for the child has saved my soul." Then he gave his name and address. After giving heartfelt thanks, the woman and child left.

"My friends, this lady is right, and I have sold my last glass of whiskey," said the bartender.

"And I have drunk my last glass," said a young man, who was already almost hopelessly lost.

Thus fifteen men said they would stop drinking, and the next day the tavern remained closed, and the bartender got another job and prospered. and lived peaceably with his family. All thanked God for His love, and that He had saved them from destruction.

- Selected by a Reader

A REPORT ON THE SECOND INDIANA STATE SCHOOL MEETING

By Dan A. Hochstetler

Greetings to all Bulletin readers, in the name of our Redeemer, from whom all blessings flow. I was asked to give a report on the Indiana State School Meeting, so I will try in my weakness to comply.

The meeting was held Friday, June 25, 1965, at the home of Dan A. Hochstetler, near Topeka, La Grange County, Indiana. Bishop Eli S. Lehman opened the meeting, and gave reasons for having our own Amish parochial schools. Chairman David Schwartz of Allen County gave a very interesting talk on the need of such schools. He expressed much concern about the generations to come, especially because of the great changes that are taking place in the city schools. Committee-men John M. Bontrager, Middlebury, Joni Gingerich, Nappanee, Jacob Girod, Berne, and Jerome Raber, Montgomery (Daviess County) also gave brief talks on the subject.

It was decided to vote for the offices of State Committee-men. Three Pennsylvania committee members, Andrew S. Kinsinger, John F. Beiler, and Benuel Stoltzfus, were present, and they helped organize the voting. Eligible to vote were the ministers who were present, and the men of the districts now operating schools. The results were as follows: Chairman, David Schwartz of Allen County; Secretary, John M. Bontrager of Middlebury; and Treasurer, Joni Gingerich, Nappanee.

David Schwartz read the minutes of the first State meeting, which was held in June, 1964 in the school located on the Jacob J. Graber farm, Allen County. The minutes reminded us of the valuable information we gained from that meeting.

We feel very grateful to the Pennsylvania folks who attended our meeting, especially to Andrew S. Kinsinger, John F. Beiler, and Benuel Stoltzfus, who gave talks on the Amish schools, and brought out many interesting points. We are sure the subjects they covered will create an interest in schools among those who attended a meeting of this kind for the first time.

When a group of people are together there is always much to learn, especially when they gather from different states, and from different sections of the home state. I have attended a number of these meetings in the past four or five years, and I think it is well worth the time and effort spent. Such meetings can also be a great help to the disinterested person, if he attends to learn instead of working against our schools, as has sometimes happened.

There was a discussion on the vocational school set-up. Who is eligible to attend? Although this is partly up to the Amish school board, the law says the pupil should be one who has been attending an Amish Parochial School. We know there are some who would be interested in the vocational schools, yet have no elementary school of their own. Where this is the case, there should be some steps taken toward building a school, within a reasonable length of time. If so, the local Amish school board where the pupil wishes to attend vocational classes, would probably co-operate. Mention was also made that now since the vocational program is available to us, we should use it where there are pupils through the eighth grade, 14 years old or older.

Sharing of expenses throughout the State was discussed. Such a plan would cover the expenses of building new schools, the costs which resulted while getting an amendment to the school law on the vocational set-up, the expenses of printing forms, trips to the State House, and so on. It was partly agreed on $2.50 per member, collected once or twice a year, depending upon needs. The ministers are to have a meeting and plan further.

The afternoon seemed very short. Time passed fast, and four o'clock came up in a hurry. A few more experiences were related, and there were no objections to the plans brought up. The meeting was closed with a prayer, led by Bishop Henry N. Miller of Middlebury.

Those attending the meeting from other states were Andrew S. Kinsinger and wife, John F. Beiler and wife, Sammie Lapp and wife, Benuel Stoltzfus, Christ, S. Miller, Christ. E. Fisher, Jonathan Zook, John L. Stoltzfus, Amos K. Beiler, Joseph B. King, John A. Kauffman, and Eli Zook, all of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; Miss Emma Yoder and Dan J. Shetler of Kalona, Iowa; Preacher Atlee Miller of Holmes County, Ohio; and the following number from Indiana: 18 from Nappanee, 32 from Allen County, 34 from Adams County, 7 from Daviess County, 4 from Howard County, and Jacob and Noah Schwartz from Steuben County. With those from the local districts that attended from Noble, Elkhart, and LaGrange Counties, the total came to 217. The attendance from the local area was not as good as had been expected, but we are thankful for those who did come.

We were indeed much disappointed that Lydia F. Beiler (Secretary-Treasurer of the Blackboard Bulletin), as well as the rest of the load, could not stay for the meeting, as they had to start on their homeward journey. A bus load of forty men from Lancaster County, who had come that week to help in the tornado area, also had to start home while the meeting was in session. We know there were several on the bus who would have liked to have been present.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6. This verse certainly fits in, and means much, to our parochial schools. When we have the opportunity to train our children under the influence of our own teachers, we feel it's time to look into it. Now is the time to pay attention to what our children are learning in the public schools. Now is the time to examine their books and lessons. "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." Eccl. 3:1.

I will close, hoping to be remembered in each and everyone's prayer. We are likewise minded, but in great weakness.

– Topeka, Indiana

"The Teacher I Remember Best"

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding." Proverbs 3:5.

I have already read many articles in the Bulletin on "The Teacher I Remember Best", and I had a feeling that I should also write one. Often, I think back to my school days, with gratitude for such a patient teacher.

When I started Grade One, there were five girls and one lone boy, myself. School was fun, but at times I felt odd with no other boy in my class.

The teacher allowed us first graders, and sometimes the second and third graders, to go out to play between periods if our work for the day was finished. When only the first grade went out, there would be no other boys with which I could play, so I played with the girls. The older boys teased me for playing with the girls. School was no longer as much fun for me. The days dragged slowly by. The lessons grew more difficult.

I was slow in learning, but the teacher worked hard to help me. Sometimes arithmetic and English were so confusing and boring, that I wished I were old enough to quit school. Then geography added to the confusion. I disliked geography. I hardly had time to study, but when I came up to class, the teacher asked questions. Because I hadn't studied, I couldn't answer them. He told me I should study more.

I knew my teacher disliked it if anyone wasn't finished with his work. So I tried hard, but sometimes I came up to class with, "Teacher, I'm not done." It also hurt me when I wasn't done, so I tried staying in noons and recesses, doing my lessons. But I couldn't keep to my lessons. I found that I would be farther ahead if I went out to play. I would be refreshed and better prepared for the work.

When I was in the seventh grade, I still didn't know the adjectives and adverbs as I should have. All I really knew were nouns and verbs. I just guessed at the rest, and often I guessed them wrong. I still remember the day when teacher discovered my trouble, and explained and explained them to me until they were clear. (And I haven't forgotten them yet.)

The days dragged on and on... UNTIL, in March of that year, we heard that a new family was moving into our settlement. There was a boy my age!! My joy knew no bounds. I sincerely hoped he would be in my class.

On the tenth of April they arrived. I had been eagerly waiting for many days. He was in my class! School became more fun than it had ever been before. I was very happy. School dismissed for the summer. Toward fall, we two boys were eager for school to open again.

When it finally did open, we sat at the back of two rows of seats, right across the aisle from each other. I loved school now; we had lots of fun. We often pulled off stunts, then sheepishly looked around to see if the teacher had been watching. Sometimes we got caught.

In a few months one of the girls in our class went to Massey, Ont. for the winter. Then one day the teacher asked my friend to sit in her seat as he needed the chair elsewhere.

My friend chuckled to me and said, "I think there's more reason for moving me up there than that." He sat ahead of me with one girl between us.

But our teacher was kind to us. He let us do things for him. I also typed a bit during school hours when I had my work finished. I enjoyed typing very much.

That winter the teacher told us we may have a carpentry shop down cellar in one of the empty wood bins. He didn't have to mention it twice! He gave us some advice, and we brought along tools, nails, and scraps of boards. Then the girls started knitting. When they had their schoolwork finished, they practiced. We begged our teacher to let us work in our carpentry shop when we had our work finished. But, "No," was his firm reply. And we knew why, too!

So we worked in our shop at recesses and noons only, and sometimes in the morning before school started if we got there early enough.

We built a few bird houses, repaired the younger boys' sleds, fixed the wash sink in the cellar. We got no money out of it, but we had fun.

One day a crew of people stacked all the bins full of wood, and we were crowded out of our shop. Spring was near and we were soon playing ball.

School was dismissed for the summer. I had thought it would be nice to quit school and never have to worry about lessons anymore. But in the fall I began to miss school.

My friend and I once got on the subject of our school days. We agreed that we should have behaved ourselves better, and thus set a better example for the younger grades. I'm very grateful to my teacher for being so kind, loving, and patient, as he helped us to understand the ways of life better, when we did like we did.

To Pupils: You'll never be sorry if you behave your very best at school (also at any other place).

May God bless you all. Humbly yours,
- Leroy Eicher, Aylmer, Ontario

From the Bookshelf

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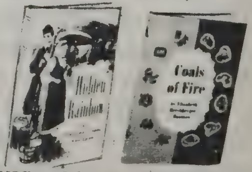


NOTE: PATHWAY PUBLISHING CORP. has three new books in preparation for release this fall and winter. Watch for announcements.

WHAT IS A TEACHER?

- By Jane C. Butler

Between the innocence of infancy and the dignity of maturity, our children fall under the influence of a group called teachers.

Teachers come in assorted sizes, weights, and colors. They have various interests, hobbies, religions, and beliefs; but they share one creed: To help each child to reach the possible degree of personal development.

The teacher is a composite. A teacher must have the energy of a harnessed volcano, the efficiency of an adding machine, the memory of an elephant, the understanding of a phychiatrist, the wisdom of Solomon, the tenacity of a spider, the patience of a turtle trying to cross the freeway in rush-hour traffic, the decisiveness of a general, the diplomacy of an ambassador, and the financial acumen of a Wall Street wizard. She must remember always that she teaches by word but mostly by precept.

A teacher may possess beauty, grace, or skill; but mostly she must possess love, a deep love of, and respect for, children individually or enmasse. She must love your little girl who has the song of a bird, the squeal of a pig, the stubborness of a mule, the antics of a monkey, the spryness of a grasshopper, the curiosity of a cat, the slyness of a fox, and the mysterious mind of a woman.

She must also cherish your little boy who is inconsiderate, bothersome, an intruding bundle of noise with an appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword-swallower, the energy of an atom bomb, the lungs of a dictator, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, and the enthusiasm of a firecracker.

A teacher must teach many things: reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, music, art, health. She also manages during her 6½ hours to teach manners and morals to children whose parents have despaired of the task during their 17½ hours.

A teacher is Truth with chalk dust in its hair, Beauty with an aching back, Wisdom searching for bubble-gum, the Hope of the future with papers to grade. A teacher must possess many abilities. She must not mind explaining for the tenth time the intricacies of two-place multiplication to the whole class, then explaining it again to one child who wasn't listening. She must learn to judge between encouraging and pushing a child. She must sense what decisions to make and which must be made by the child.

She must be steadfast without being inflexible; sympathetic without being maudlin; loving without possessing. She must live in childhood without being childish; to enjoy its great joys, satisfactions, its genuine delights, while understanding its griefs, irritations, embarrassments, and harassments.

A teacher must, each year, send thirty children to another teacher --- proudly, lovingly, sadly --- and await thirty more with ready wit, love, and eagerness.

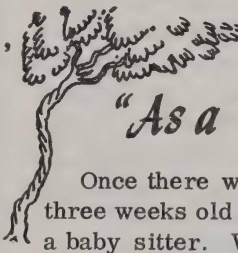
She must do all this while worrying about how to pay the utility bills, what to have for supper, whether her baby has the chickenpox, if her lesson plans will meet the supervisor's requirements, how Mrs. Smith will take the lower grades on Johnny's report card, where to get the extra money for summer school, and who took the dime out of Susie's purse.

For this you pay her more than the garbage man, but less than the garage mechanic; more than the grocery clerk, but less than the postman; more than the ditch-digger but less than the trucker.

The most amazing thing about a teacher is that she wouldn't trade jobs with anyone she knows. She likes to teach.

- Selected by Edwin Kuhns, from "Sunshine Magazet"; originally in the "Illinois Education Magazine".

(Write a letter or an article for the Bulletin, so there will be no empty spaces like this one.)



"As a Twig is Bent"...

Once there was a little boy. When he was three weeks old his parents turned him over to a baby sitter. When he was two, they dressed him in a cowboy suit and gave him a gun. When he was three, everyone said, "How cute!" as he went about lisping a beer jingle.

When he was six, his father occasionally dropped him off at church on his way to play golf. When he was eight, they bought him a BB gun and taught him to shoot sparrows. He learned to shoot windshield by himself.

When he was ten, he spent his time after school squatting at the drug store news-stand reading horror comics. His father wasn't home and his mother was busy.

When he was thirteen, he told his parents other boys stayed out as late as they wanted to, so they said he could too; it was easier that way.

When he was fourteen, they gave him a deadly two-ton machine, wrangled a license for him to drive it, and told him to be careful.

When he was fifteen, the police called his home one night and said, "We have your boy, he's in trouble."

"In trouble?" screamed the father. "It can't be!" But it was! Now the moral is, as the twig is bent, it may slap back in your face.

Make your resolution to teach your children how to live Christian lives by YOUR example.

– Selected.

BABY

Two dear little toddling feet,
To be led in the upward way;
Two knees, that are dimpled and sweet,
To be taught how to kneel and pray.

Two weak little fluttering hands,
To be shown how to "help" someone;
Two ears just awaiting commands
So they'll know what to choose and shun.

Two eyes that should learn to behold
Only things that are true and right;
A tongue to be trained not to scold,
Or to say bitter things that smite.

A body still perfect and pure,
To protect from all lust and pride;
A temple that long may endure.
Where the Master can now abide.

– Selected by J. L. G.

HEART-BROKEN

(A grief-stricken mother relates the following account of her dear little daughter's sudden and unexpected death:)

One day when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offense, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and upon sending her to her little couch, I said, "Now, my daughter, to punish you and show you how naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you tonight."

She stood looking at me with astonishment, with her great mournful eyes wide open; I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then. I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her little red lips quivering.

Presently she called me, "Oh, Mamma, you will kiss me! I can't go to sleep if you don't." She sobbed, her voice trembling, and she held out her hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said, "Give her a kiss of peace," but my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. This was the way I had been trained, till I was a most submissive child. I remembered how I had often thanked my mother since for her straight-forward course.

I knelt by the bedside. "Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement. She turned her little grieving face to the wall; I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with self-suppressed sobs, and I said, "Mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this." I left the room for the night. Alas! In my desire to be severe I forgot to be forgiving.

It must have been twelve o'clock when I was awakened by a servant. Apprehensive, I ran eagerly to the child's chamber. I had had a fearful dream!

Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up in bed, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glances.

From that night a raging fever drank up her life; and Oh, the incessant pain and grief that poured into my heart at that moment! "Oh, kiss me, Mama, do kiss me, I can't go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me." These beseeching words constantly accused my stubborn heart.

Little angel! She did go to sleep one sad morning, and she never woke again, never! Her hand was locked in mine, and my hands grew cold with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out of the beautiful eyes. Whiter and whiter grew the sweet little lips. She never knew me, but with her last breath she whispered, "I will be good, Mama, if you'll only kiss me."

Oh, God knows how passionate but unavailing were my kisses upon her cheek and innocent lips after that fatal night. God only knows how deep and tearful were my prayers that she might know, if but only once, that I kissed her. Oh, how I would have yielded up my very life, could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child before she passed on.

Grief is unavailing now. My darling little daughter is gone away. She lies in her little tomb close by where other little children sleep. A rose bush grows at her feet, and there grow sweet summer flowers, and the grass waves silently day by day. There lies buried the sweetest treasure of a broken-hearted mother

– Selected from
THE LANGUAGE OF THE DEATHBED

WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN?

- I -

(Note: This is the first installment of a writing prepared this summer by the editor. Plans are being made to print it in booklet form as soon as possible, for general distribution in the interests of the school movement. Watch the Bulletin for announcements when this booklet is ready, the cost, etc. The greater part of the booklet will be run in the Bulletin in installments, D. V.)

I. What are the duties of Christian parents?

In today's world, Christian parents are in a difficult position. In a sense, this is nothing new. There have always been problems. But in many ways, our age is not to be compared to former ones, for the Twentieth Century has troubles peculiar to itself.

In the early days of the Christian church, and again in the days of our Anabaptist forefathers, the powers of darkness ruled in fury. Thousands of devout believers were martyred for their faith.

It was not easy to be a parent in time of persecution. One or both of the parents were frequently placed in prison, or executed. We have several letters in The Martyrs Mirror from parents in prison to their children. These touching letters show clearly the deep concern they felt for the welfare of their children. This concern for their orphaned children was one of the sharpest thorns of a martyr's crown.

The parent of our day faces the same foe, but the Enemy has changed his tactics. The Bible describes Satan as both "a roaring lion", and as one who poses as "an angel of light". Today in our country we have not experienced the persecution of former years. Satan, instead, comes to us in a subtle way, setting before us enticing temptations, or bringing about changes so gradually, we are not aware of what is happening until it is too late.

This is not to say that persecution is out of date. Christians in other lands have been severely persecuted, and thousands martyred, in the last twenty years. It is not at all impossible, nor even improbable, that we, too, may yet have to stand for our faith, even unto death.

We do not know what the future holds for us and our children, but we do know Who holds the future. Were it not for this consolation, the uncertainties of the years ahead would be even more frightening.

As parents we are challenged with rearing our children to serve God. There are many things to hinder us, and Satan has set many snares. But the outlook is not hopeless, if we are willing to do what is required of us, and seek help from the Lord. "(His) hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear.) Isaiah 59:1.

But we must meet the requirements if we expect God to help us. The Bible clearly states what are the duties of parents. If we neglect these duties, how can we expect His blessings?

Years ago the Lord had the following to say of Abraham: "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment."

Likewise, the Israelites were instructed to diligently keep the commandments of the Lord, "and teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Solomon, the wisest of the kings, had much to say on the training of children. Perhaps the best known of his sayings is Proverbs 22:6, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

In the New Testament we read Paul's advice to parents, "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Ephesians 6:4.

Teaching, commanding, training, bringing them up, these are the duties of parents to their children. But we might ask ourselves a question. Are we training and teaching our children, if we send them to state schools five days a week? Is not the state training them then? One writer has said,

> "I never read anywhere in the New Testament that the church is supposed to expect the state to educate our children. When this country was founded, all education was parochial school education, that is, controlled by the church. Is it any wonder that so many of our youth go astray when they are educated by the state for five days a week and by the church for two hours a week?" [1]

It is the concern of this writing to state the case for church schools, explaining why they are necessary, what is involved, and what to do about it. May the Lord bless the efforts of all concerned parents who seek the will of God in this matter.

* * * * * *

[1] Wm. R. McGrath, in "The Budget", June 3, 1965

(Next month: The Record of History)

THE GREATEST REWARD

By Christian G. Esh

An aged lady sat all alone,
Her friends of youth from earth were gone;
Her days were long and nearing end,
It seemed in the world she had no friend.
While sitting rocking one cloudy day
With little hope of brighter way,
Her gloom was pierced by the postman's call,
"Post card for you," but that was all.

With trembling hands she grasped the card,
Tears in her eyes made reading hard,
But her heart grew warm with joy's embrace
For on this card these words were placed:
"Dear teacher of my tender youth,
You taught me then to love the truth,
It brought me now to higher ranks,
Please accept my humble thanks."

Oh, little Jim, that boy of boys,
Brimming full of childhood joys,
Sometimes in mischief as all boys are,
Yet he did not let it his conscience mar.
He drove himself hard at work or play,
Helping others along the way;
Leaving an impression on young and old,
With his cheerful smile and heart of gold.

In memory she could see him still,
That noble lad with might and will.
Never stunted by selfish fears
His character grew through all these years.
Now this pupil's thoughtful ways
Cheered her heart for many days,
And she realized in measures full,
The greatest reward of teaching school.

- Gordonville, Penn,

Voices of the Past

MENNONITE CHURCH SCHOOLS

(A translation of "Mennonitische Gemeindeschulen", Herold der Wahrheit, July 1, 1882)

Because the editor of the Herold has again requested more original German articles, I will try in the following writing to speak of a topic that has recently been much on mind. It is the school question, or to state it better, the anxiety that results because there are no Christian schools in these parts where one can with a good conscience send his children.

Many of our dear brethren are not truely informed on the matter, and seem to think the existing public schools are sufficient and quite satisfactory. They are of the opinion that if there is a good Sunday School nearby, everything is as good as can be wished for. This understanding of child-training reflects the commonly accepted, but shallow, views of the American people, and may I be excused for daring to say it—such a viewpoint belongs to the materialistic spirit of the present age.

Earnest and thinking Christians can not and will not approve of sending their children to these schools to be educated. Not only are they a true likeness (Abbild) of the popular churches, but frequently they are very hotbeds of the kingdom of darkness. I will gladly furnish proof of this in a later article if so requested, but I do not believe anyone will ask me to. For whosoever is even in a small measure familiar with the spirit that rules in the public schools, and compares it with the Biblical command to bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—such a person must admit that the true Christian can not, with respect to the training of his children, walk hand in hand with the world, for if one allows his children to go to the worldly schools, how can he expect anything else than that his child will later go to the worldly churches? Is it not downright cruel to thus expose a child to the spirit of worldliness and conformity that rules in the schools, with the intention of later purging the child of this spirit? Is there in all of wide America even one farmer who gathers extra weed seed and sows it, with the noble intention of digging up the weeds after they are grown? No, my beloved, the responsibility of rearing children is heavy enough without doing that which we plainly know will make it heavier. This, all readers of the Herold will admit, for it seems that we Mennonites have the greatest pains in winning our children to our church. For the liberties which the popular churches offer and their not observing definite commands of our Saviour, have succeeded in luring many of our youth away from us. Already in school our children are nursed in these things, so that a preference for other churches towers higher and higher, finally becoming a dividing wall between them and their parents.

* * * * *

If in the above paragraphs I have succeeded in pointing out the dangers which arise from sending our children to public schools, ...I want to now make a suggestion how our brotherhood, so richly blessed with earthly goods, may overcome this tragic situation, namely, by establishing church schools. That is, private schools in which brothers of the church are the teachers. It is evident that this will mean a sacrifice of money if the church is to build a school house, buy supplies, and hire a teacher. But where are the parents who should not willingly make this sacrifice for their children?

Unfortunately, however, our brotherhood has not shown a lively interest in such schools, because of their cost. This is evidence of a love of money, which is the root of all evil.

Let us observe the Catholics, how important they consider and know this matter to be. The teachers are thought of as servants of the church, and consider their work in the schools as a service to the Lord, much the same as our ministers, being satisfied with food and raiment.

Therefore, the bishops see to it that in each community where their members are found, a school is established. If the congregation is too small or too poor to finance a school themselves, brethren from other areas help them.

They know that if the church is to prosper, they must begin teaching their children when they are young. Is this not worth observing in our brotherhood, too? I believe we should be willing to learn from anyone who has something for us to learn that is to the honor of our Lord and Master; therefore, I see no harm in speaking with people of various denominations concerning ways and means by which they are able to keep their respective churches in growth. Two years ago my Catholic friend, Z____, explained to me their school system, in which I was much interested, especially so when he disclosed their plans to build a school here in Elkhart. He showed me a choice site along Main Street which they had purchased at a high price, and said they were ready to begin with the building. Since then, as mentioned, two years have passed, and their simple but roomy school stands there completed. Two school mistresses teach regular sized classes the common subjects fully as well as in the public school. In addition, they also give teaching in the Catholic faith.

I have watched the pupils with great interest, and find them on the whole better-mannered and more respectable than those children that attend the nearby public schools. The cause of Catholicism is being strengthened in Elkhart by this school. Though we certainly do not like to see this, it is nevertheless a fact, which we can not ignore.

More and more it seems to me, that no church has greater right or reason to teach its children the foundation of the Christian faith than we Mennonites. Think about it, my dear writers, yes ministers and bishops, and weigh the matter truely—Are we doing enough for our children or not? Think, is it possible in two hours of Sunday School instruction to build up what the thirty hours of week-day school tear down!

– A Brother

A WARNING

From "The Gospel Banner", 1880

I am often pained to see how lightly religion rests on our youth. They can laugh and jest with other young people, with scarcely a thought of the judgment, or of the great responsibility that rests on them to set a right example for other young associates. They can deck their bodies with all the fashionable abominations of the age, talk about parties, rides, marriage, beaux, and other foolish things, little thinking they are telling the world by their actions that they do not believe a word of what they profess.

If they wish to be like the world, why not give up the name of Christian and cease to be a stumbling block to their young associates? If they believe the Bible and that Christ is coming soon, let them give some evidence of it to the world; for no one will ever believe in a profession that does not make a radical change in the professor.

Many of the young seem to think that their probationary time is one grand holiday. Many parents who are asleep excuse their children by saying that young folks must have their fun—must sow their wild oats. But what says the Scripture? "Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient, but rather giving of thanks." Eph. 5:4. The wise man says, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Eccl. 11:9.

These passages and many others in the Scriptures are true to the letter, then why are they not heeded by young people? Christ says that "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

The young can have a great influence for good if they will carry out the instructions of God's Word; but none need expect a place in God's Kingdom who have spent butterfly lives here, and have done nothing to bless fallen humanity.

– Selected by O. F. W., Elmira, Ont.

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BALTIC, OHIO
July 26,1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

We greet you all in the name of the Highest, as I sit here at the desk in the corner of our living room, writing. The summer is fast fleeing, and in five more weeks, many a teacher will have to get up in front of his assigned group of school children, ready for business.

Here in the living room the silence is broken by the prattle of the baby in her crib. The time is 9:45 A. M., so it is of little wonder that she woke up happy, after her long night's rest. Mother and two of the children left home earlier this morning to visit and help along in the home of a loved one where there is sickness.

As my own body was sickly for a number of years, I now get a deep satisfaction from talking and writing to people about health matters. Some people laugh at me, some admit that health is important, but , only a few rare individuals take it seriously enough to quit their present habits of eating and drinking.

The majority think that medicine, and if necessary, the surgeon's knife, is the proper way to take care of the body. Others think that chiropractors are just the answer, and that regular visits to him is what they need. My opinion is that both are all right when the need arises.

But we can take a lesson from the mechanic who fixes our washing machine motor when it starts to act up. Two questions he may ask are, " Have you been using a good grade of oil?" and "Are you sure the gasoline is pure?"

Does it not make sense that learning to enjoy and eat only pure wholesome foods and drinks, plus proper exercise and breathing would in many, many cases take care of our bodily ailments?

As September nears, I can say that school teaching looks brighter to me than it did a year ago. The need is felt for your prayers, and for the visits again from the parents; thereby we may again with love and understanding accept the responsibilities of a teacher, and hope that the same may continue throughout the term, so that by next spring, each child will have received his share of education.

- Jonas Nisley

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IOWA CITY, IOWA

Greetings to all readers of the Blackboard Bulletin. We have had the privilege of reading your little paper several times, and enjoyed it so much that we'd like to receive it ourselves. It made me think how much I would have enjoyed teaching school when I was younger! Here in our community attempts are being made to close all the small schools, which we do not like to see. A church school sounds interesting, but it probably has its problems, too.

Uria R. Ryler's letter of last spring brought deep meditation, for we were blessed with a family of eight interesting children, and one by one they have left for homes of their own. Now we are only three at the table, except over weekends, when we are four.

Just today we moved son Vernon and wife to their new home, and our house seems so quiet tonight. What a contrast to the time when we were ten at the table, and never a dull moment. Now the grandchildren come, and we do enjoy them.

"There is nothing quite as empty
As a house that has been home,
For lively growing children
Gone to new homes of their own.

"The chairs all stand in neat array,
No coats are tossed about,
No one dashes down the stairway,
And no merry voices shout.

"But cooky baking time is worst,
For not one disappears.
You wish it would, just once again,
As you brush away the tears."

- Mrs. Eli S. Bontrager

TOMMY'S PRAYER

In a dark and dismal alley,
Where the sunshine never came,
Dwelt a little lad named Tommy;
Sickly, delicate, and lame,
He had never yet been healthy,
Since the day that he was born;
Dragging out his weak existence,
Well nigh hopeless and forlorn.

He was six, was little Tommy,
It was just five years ago,
Since his drunken mother dropped him;
And the babe was crippled so.
He had never known the comfort,
Of a mother's tender care,
But her cruel blows and curses,
Made his grief still worse to bear.

There he lay within the cellar,
From the morning till the night,
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated;
Naught to make his dull life bright.
Not a single friend to love him,
Not a single thing to love,
For he knew not of a Saviour;
Or a heaven up above.

'Twas a quiet summer evening,
And the alley too was still;
Tommy's little heart was sinking,
And he felt so lonely till
Floating up the quiet alley,
Wafted inward from the street,
Came the sound of someone singing,
Singing oh! so clear and sweet.

Quietly did Tommy listen,
As the singer nearer came;
Oh, that he could see the singer,
How he wished he wasn't lame;
So he called and shouted loudly,
Till the singer heard the sound,
And on noting whence it issued
Soon the little cripple found.

'Twas a maiden, rough and rugged,
Hair uncombed and naked feet.
All her garments torn and ragged
Her appearance far from neat;
"So you called me", said the maiden,
"Wonder what you want with me,
Most folks call me 'Singing Jessie,'
What may your name chance to be?"

"My name's Tommy, I'm a cripple,
And I want to hear you sing;
For it makes me feel so happy,
Sing me something, anything."
Jessie laughed and answered, smiling,
"I can't stay here very long,
But I'll sing a song to please you
Which I call the glory song."

Then she sang to him of heaven,
Pearly gates, and streets of gold;
Where the happy angel children,
Are not starved or nipped with cold,
But where happiness and gladness,
Never can decrease nor end,
And where kind and loving Jesus,
Is their Sovereign and their Friend.

Oh! how Tommy's eyes did glisten,
As he drank in every word,
As it fell from singing Jessie,
Was it true what he had heard?
And, so anxiously he asked her,
"Is there really such a place?"
And a tear began to trickle
Down his pallid little face.

"Tommy, you're a little heathen,
Why, it's up beyond the sky,
And if you will love the Saviour,
You will go there when you die."
Then said Tommy, "Tell me, Jessie,
How can I the Savior love,
When I'm down in this 'ere cellar,
And He's up in heaven above?"

So the little ragged maiden,
Who had heard at Sunday School
All about the way to heaven
And the Christian Golden Rule,
Taught the little crippled Tommy,
How to love, and how to pray,
Sang a song to him of Jesus,
Kissed his cheek and went away.

Tommy lay within the cellar,
Which had grown so dark and cold,
Thinking of the little children,
In the streets of shining gold,
But he hated not the darkness,
Of that black and chilly room,
For the joy of Tommy's bosom,
Could despise the darkest gloom.

"Oh! if I could only see them,"
Thought the cripple as he lay;
"Jessie said that Jesus listens,
So I think I'll try to pray."
So he put his hands together;
And he closed his little eyes,
And in accents weak yet earnest!
Sent his message to the skies.

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me,
For I never knew before,
That You cared for crippled children,
That are weak and very poor;
But I never heard of heaven,
Till that Jessie came today,
And she told me all about it,
So I want to try to pray.

"You can see me, can't You, Jesus?
Jessie told me that You could,
And I almost must believe it,
For it seems so kind and good;
And she told me if I love You,
I should see You when I die,
In that bright and happy heaven,
That is up beyond the sky.

"Lord, I'm only just a cripple,
And of no use here below;
For I heard my mother whisper,
She'd be glad if I could go;
And I'm cold and hungry sometimes,
And I feel so lonely, too;
Can't You take me, gentle Jesus,
Up to heaven along with You?

"Oh! I'd be so good and patient,
And I'd never cry or fret;
And Your kindness to me, Jesus,
I would surely not forget;
I would love You all I knew of,
And would never make a noise;
Can't you find me just a corner
Where I'd watch the other boys?

"Oh! I think You'll do it, Jesus,
Something seems to tell me so,
For I feel so glad and happy,
And I do so want to go;
How I do so long to see You,
You and all the children bright!
Come and fetch me, won't You, Jesus,
Come and fetch me home tonight?"

Tommy ceased his supplication,
He had told his soul's desire;
And he waited for the answer,
Till his head began to tire;
Then he turned toward the corner,
And he cuddled in a heap,
And he closed his eyes so gently,
And was quickly fast asleep.

Oh! I wish that every scoffer
Could have seen that childish face
As he lay there in the cellar
In that damp and noisome place;
For his countenance was shining
Like an angel fair and bright,
And it seemed to fill the cellar,
With a holy heavenly light.

He had only heard of Jesus,
From a ragged singing girl;
He might well have wondered, pondered
Till his brain began to whirl;
But he took it as she told it,
And believed it then and there,
Simply trusting in the Saviour,
And His kind and loving care.

In the morning when the mother
Came to wake her crippled boy,
She discovered that his features
Wore a look of sweetest joy;
Then she shook him somewhat roughly,
But the crippled face was cold,
He had gone to join the children
In the streets of shining gold.

Tommy's prayer had soon been answered,
And the Angel Death had come
To remove him from the cellar,
To his bright and heavenly home,
Where sweet comfort, joy and gladness
Never can decrease or end,
And where Jesus reigns eternal
As his Sovereign and his Friend.

– Selected by a Reader

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SEPTEMBER, 1965

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.

A VISIT TO CANADA

- By Lydia F. Beiler

Christian greetings to all Bulletin readers.

Today a group of us were cleaning the school house, a sure sign of the approaching school term. The schools of Lancaster and Lebanon Counties plan to open between Aug. 30 and Sept. 6. There will be at least nine new teachers this year, either in new schools or as replacements for teachers who have left the classroom.

The writer returned last Thursday, Aug. 19, from a pleasant and interesting trip to Canada. Included in the group were Fannie King, the ex-teacher from Lebanon County, and Susie F. Lapp, the greenhouse girl. Though our interests differed somewhat, we got along fine. Our driver humored us by taking us to only one greenhouse, and only one schoolhouse. However, I managed to get to the Aylmer school house without his help.

On the way up we stopped at Corning Glass in New York State, at Niagara Falls, and the Welland boat locks, but that was just a side line. Our main object was to visit in the Tavistock and Aylmer sections. At Tavistock we found the people well and busy, and not too unhappy with their small group of five families. They have a wonderful privilege to live a life a little apart from the world and its evil.

At Aylmer we visited the Pathway Bookstore at the home of David Wagler, the Pathway printing shop at Jacob Eichers, and Joe Stolls, from where the Blackboard Bulletin originates. We found all three places interesting and educational, yet the occupants were not too busy to accommodate visitors. We just missed the job of helping to put the August issue of the Bulletin together, and get it ready for the mail.

I think I can understand better than ever just what has to be done and how it is being done, before the B. B. comes to our homes. It is quite a time-consuming job, and I think we would all do well to help keep the editor supplied with material, so as not to make his task greater yet. Yes, rather help to lighten his load by contributing material at least once or twice in a term. But before you write, read again "A Word to our Writers", on page 3 in the August issue, and follow instructions.

We also visited Daniel Stutzman, teacher in the Norwich section, and stopped off at Lakeside and Mt. Elgin. In all five places, I was impressed deeply by the simplicity in the lives of these people, away from so many worldly amusements and attractions. What better way is there to strive toward the salvation of the soul?

We missed the Kuhns-Borkholder families

by two hours at Aylmer. However, we had a most pleasant visit with them in Lancaster County later in the week, they again being two hours ahead of us. They left here on the following Monday for Delaware and Ohio before returning home. Thanks for the visit.

Aug. 25, 1965, ... Today thirty-two of us, including 4 ex-teachers, 8 new teachers, and 6 of the Plain Mennonites, spent the day at Black Rock Retreat about twenty miles south of here. This is a very private place in the woods, but it has picnic tables, swings, slides, and so forth. In the forenoon we went over some of the trails, one leading to a place where water gushes out of a rock. After a dinner of chicken and potatoes fried on a grill, we had a school discussion in the afternoon. One row of teachers wrote questions on slips of paper, and the second row wrote answers. These were then mixed up, and each teacher drew a paper again and read it to his neighbor across the way. All the questions and answers had to pertain to school. Although the answers were chance-work, some of them made real good sense. One question was, "What would you do if a parent sent you a cross letter?" The answer was, "I'd give him 8 hard arithmetic problems to do." Another one was, "What if the first punishment doesn't better the situation?" The answer, "Make him chew something bitter."

As each question was asked, we also had an open discussion on it. One question being asked was about whispering, or any misbehaviour in general. From one teacher we got this response, "For the first offense, have the pupil stay in. For the second one, send him to the cellar where he can study by himself that day. These first two punishments are to be warnings against being sent home on the next offense. After a pupil is sent home, a parents-teacher meeting is to be called."

Another question was about breaking window panes. Most of them are broken accidentally, yet someone has to fix them. In our township, we have the parents of the child buy the glass and put it in.

But as is usual on such a day, we ran short of time. In the midst of our discussion, two more of our ex-teachers arrived, bringing a birthday cake, presents, and ice cream for our hostess, Sarah S. Beiler. After these refreshments, the Mennonite girls left for home, and the rest of us went to Long-Wood Gardens to see the lights displayed on the fountains there, which is being done between 9:00 and 9:30 every Wednesday evening. It was quite a display, and to my opinion, more beautiful than Niagara Falls with the lights turned on.

All in all, the day proved worthwhile and I hope no one went home the worse for the experience. We trust each new teacher, as well as the rest of us, received encouragement to go on with our appointed tasks this coming term, with the help of the Lord. For without Him we can do nothing. Let us labor and faint not, so that in due time we may receive the reward of our labors.

Pray for us.

Sincerely yours,
Lydia F. Beiler, Ronks, Penna.

P. S.

In writing "Sincerely yours", I always think of an article I read once on the derivation of that phrase. It read, "In ancient Rome there were potters who were particular about what they did, and also those who tried to cover up their mistakes by filling in the cracks with wax. If heat was applied to such, it melted, and the pottery showed its defects. So we have our phrase from the Latin—"sin cera", without wax, or genuine. Thus we have the words closing our letters, "Sincerely yours,". A sincere person is one who does not wax up his life. Sooner or later insincerity is revealed. Like the defective piece of pottery, people who are not sincere are discovered to be a poor risk. No one wants to do business with them. Sincere products alone live. A sincere person may be wrong in some ways, but not dishonest. Between friends or strangers, this ending of a letter means much."

- L. F. B.

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GREEN RIDGE SCHOOL DAYS

By Melvin E. Hershberger

I am writing this August 17, and in about two weeks school will start again. That means we must get the school house ready for 50 pupils, 11 of them in the first grade. The teachers will be Jonathan L. Raber and Jacob N. Yoder.

We have the unpleasant task of replacing 48 large window panes and 9 small panes in the school house. Who broke them? We don't know. At present there is considerable feeling against the Amish among some of the people. There is a new beer joint in New Bedford, and a petition was circulated to get it on the November ballot. Now it is up to the people in Crawford Township, Coshocton County, Ohio, to vote it dry. I guess we will do as Abraham did when his enemies shut up his wells. He just dug new ones. So we will just replace the windows if they break them.

Here is a short story I will share with the

(Continued on page 21)

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

1. Did you forget about the school papers exchange? We had set Sept. 15 as the deadline, but if you forgot it, and send your entry in right away, we might still accept it. But hurry! See August issue for details.

2. By request, two reprints of former Bulletin articles have been made available. They are "An Imaginary Parent-Teacher Conversation", and the pair of editorials entitled, "How to Grow Mountains", and "How to Kill Molehills". The price of either of these reprints is 40¢ per doz.; 50 for $1.00; 100 for $1.50; 1000 for $10.00. Send for samples.

3. During August we were blessed with "schooly" visitors. Especially noteworthy was the visit of Lydia F. Beiler, our secretary-treasurer. Accompanying her was Fannie S. King of Lebanon, Penna., a teacher who is resting this year.

The night before the Pennsylvania visitors came, we were privileged to have as our guests teacher Edwin L. Kuhns and his new bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Borkholder, she being the former Ruth Ann Schwartz, also a teacher before her marriage. They were from Nappanee, Indiana.

We appreciate visitors, and extend a welcome to anyone who is interested to see how and where the Bulletin is prepared.

4. To New Teachers: If you do not have a copy of The Challenge of the Child, we suggest you order one now. The price is $2.00 each, or you may get yours at half price by buying a Worth Dying For, cloth ($3.00) and a new or renewal subscription to the Bulletin for two years. (See August issue for details of half-price offer).

5. One of the most interesting features the Bulletin has ever run! — That is what our report on the very first Amish School, (Apple Grove, Dover Delaware, 1925) promises to be. We have a number of persons working on it the past few weeks, and expect it will be ready either for the October issue, or in November. If your subscription is expiring, renew promptly, for you will not want to miss this report, written on the 40th. anniversary of the beginning of Amish parochial schools.

6. Also in preparation is our annual directory of Amish schools and teachers. We ask for co-operation in gathering this information. This year we have appointed one person in each of the three "big" states, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, to gather the information for us.

—All PENNSYLVANIA teachers—send your name, the name of your school, your address, and the enrollment to Lydia F. Beiler, Box 16, Ronks, Penna, as soon as possible.

—All OHIO teachers, send the same material to Mary W. Weaver, R. 2, Fredericksburg, Ohio 44627.

—All INDIANA teachers, send yours to Martha Helmuth, R. 1, Box 185, Middlebury, Indiana 46540.

The directory usually appears in October, but because of space problems, it will have to be in a different issue than the Delaware school report.

7. Continuing in this issue is the lengthy writing on "Who Shall Educate Our Children?" Last month's chapter was, "What are the Duties of Christian Parents?"; this month's is "The Record of History". To follow are, "What is Wrong with Public Schools?", "What Do Church Schools Offer?", "Some Objections to Church Schools Answered", and "How to Establish a Church School". Plans are being made to print this writing in booklet form.

8. Especially for parents is the advice in our "Voices of the Past" articles this month. Read D. E. Mast's rules carefully and prayerfully.

9. And to writers, wake up! We had to get out and scratch for most of the material in this issue. Please join us next month. The deadline is Sept. 25. Thank you.

10. Have you gained that subscription yet? Remember our goal. Every subscriber gains a subscriber each year. Wouldn't that be a bold plan for Christians, too?

J.S.

* * * * *

Editorial

VANDALISM

Fifty-seven broken window panes! That's what our Baltic, Ohio writer reports at their school. Who did it? And why did they do it? The last question is a hard one to answer.

It is difficult for the average person to see any sense or purpose in cases of vandalism like this. Nearer home, we learn that the city fathers of St. Thomas, Ontario are alarmed by more than $1000 worth of damage done to a city school. Windows and glass blocks have been broken, and walls defaced. Police are on an around-the-clock alert, but still the destruction continues.

Vandalism is merely one indication of the age of lawlessness and fear we are entering. A prominent law-enforcement officer made the statement, "If this present increase in our crime continues, in five years we will not be able to walk safely at night in any large cities. Our land is crumbling under the pressures of bribery, debauchery, and licentiousness." According to the American Bar Association, the U. S. A. is of all nations the most criminal.

A Canadian immigration officer told me recently he can see a noticeable difference in the peoples' moral outlook today as compared to just ten years ago.

When youth, or whoever it may be, do such senseless things as placing nails and broken glass on the highway, or breaking fifty-seven window panes, or doing $1000 damage to a city school, something is badly wrong.

Though destroying other people's property is detestable, parents and teachers should be careful that they show a Christian spirit toward the culprits. The right attitude is the one expressed by Melvin E. Hershberger, "We'll do like Abraham did. When his enemies shut up his wells, he dug new ones. When they break our windows, we'll replace them."

That is the Christian non-resistant attitude toward vandalism. With Hallowe'en coming up, now would be a good time to be prepared, and have a quantity of "coals of fire" ready. (See Romans 12:20).

* * * * *

BORN TO TEACH

"He's a born teacher," or "She's a natural teacher," are expressions we've all heard. True, talents do differ. We do not all have the same ones, nor the same interests, nor even the same likes and dislikes. Some people are especially suited for teaching, and once in a while we find the rare jewel of whom it can be said, "a born teacher".

But for most of us teaching is hard work. If we are true teachers, it is pleasant enough work, and it holds our interests, but it is not an easy task. We have our ups and downs, we make our mistakes, and we learn as we teach. We're even a little bit "touchy" with anyone who can teach without half trying.

In this issue we have a writer quoting his former teacher as saying, "Teachers are just naturally born to be teachers, rather than educated for the undertaking." His point is that no amount of educating will make a teacher out of a person who is not built of the right material.

We agree with this, but we can't go along with the common temptation to reason further, thus: 'If a 'born' teacher can teach without preparation, while all kinds of education can't make a teacher out of a person born wrong, what's the use of education anyway?"

Which is poor reasoning, indeed! We might as well say, "Some horses don't need breaking, and others are unbreakable, so what's the use of training and breaking horses anyway?"

If we're going to keep supplied with horses and teachers, we'll have to do one of two things. We're going to have to either find some method of obtaining tame colts and born teachers or we're going to have to train the ordinary colts and teachers we have to pull our carts and teach our children. And if we're forced to choose the latter method, as I very much suspect we will, we might better quit looking down our noses at the worth of proper training.

To be sure, college training is not what we want. Going to college is a dangerous occupation, spiritually speaking, and we don't want our teachers trained there. If we did, we might as well send our children to the public schools, and forget the whole thing.

But, anyone who has tried teaching knows how much there is to learn. Many have testified how much they have profited by visiting other teachers and schools. Surely there is some way that we could help our new teachers be better prepared for that first day of school.

Teachers are scarcer this year than ever. Why? And what shall we do about it? It looks like our children are being born faster than our teachers! As one writer mentions, new schools are being built purely on faith that someone will be found to teach it. Though no school has ever had to stop because no teacher could be found, there have been cases where a school term was badly crippled up when substitutes had to be called in until a teacher was found.

This matter of a teacher shortage is serious. Equally serious is the situation when a school board, in a pinch, has to call on someone who is more available than valuable.

Our schools can be no better than our teachers. Many new teachers, drafted in at the last moment, would make able classroom leaders with a little help. As it is, one year may be more than enough for them. Others refuse to try it at all because they feel themselves "not quite up to it."

The newest (and one of the best) ideas in teacher training is to put in new teachers to work side by side with experienced ones. Would there be some way we could do this? Would there be some way beginning teachers could profit from what our experienced teachers have learned the hard way?

I think it is time we seriously consider a summer study class, or something of that order, where teaching applicants could gather with a few experienced teachers for several weeks of down-to-earth training and studying. This could be kept entirely informal, without diplomas or anything of that sort, just an opportunity for teachers-to-be who mean business to start meaning it.

- J.S.

* * * * *

(GREEN RIDGE SCHOOL NEWS, from P. 18)

Bulletin readers:

A man complained to the Lord, "Lord," he said, "My cross in life is too heavy to bear."

To which the Lord replied, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put all of man's crosses in one container and you may choose the one you want."

The man agreed, and then proceeded to lift one cross after another. Finally, he came upon one cross that was much lighter than the rest. So he said, "Lord, this is the one I'll take."

The Lord replied, "You may have it. It's your very own cross."

So, no matter how heavily we are burdened, it could be worse.

While reading in an old book, I came across this expression,

"Was der Vater will, und der Mutter spricht,
Schweige still. Warum, frage nicht."

Couldn't we use the above advice in a spiritual sense, too? "Siehe, die Furcht des Herrn, das ist Weisheit, und Meiden das Böse, das ist Verstand." Job 28:28.

We wish you all a happy school year. Remember us in your prayers.

- Baltic, Ohio

* * * * *

MEMOIRS OF A SCHOOL GIRL

- By a Reader

I was a timid child - or maybe you would prefer to call me a coward. It is difficult at times to define the difference between timidness and cowardice, just as it is between nervousness and impatience, for how many people say that "so and so makes them nervous", when it is merely impatience. Nervousness is no sin (although some sins cause nervousness in people), but it is wrong to become impatient.

Anyway, I was not the type to fight for my rights and so I was an easy target for Marge who was an only child of a divorced and remarried mother, and she was spoiled and had a very bold, domineering spirit.

There were just 3 girls and a group of boys in our class. The other girl, Paula, was of Italian parentage and came from a large family.

We were more suited to each other than Marge and I, but we had little privileges to become good friends for always Marge was in the center—working one against the other, although Paula was mild-mannered and we never had cross words with each other, nor can I recall of ever having bitter feelings toward her.

One day, for no reason, Marge would snuggle up to Paula, and then look at me and say, "We are mad at you". This hurt, and I would try and coax Marge with some of my prized possessions, so she wouldn't bear hard feelings toward me. This, my things, is what she wanted.

Maybe the next day, also for no reason, she would draw me to her side and say the same thing to Paula, and how I glowed in having this bold character now on my side.

Thus the years continued and I do not think the teacher had an inkling of what was going on.

When those two were together I often stood by the window alone and watched the other children, play, but at times the younger children took me into their company.

Then the time came when we passed into the 5th grade—into the grammar room where we faced a man teacher; but still Marge's tricks were the same, despite the fact that Paula had another sister, Ellen, in this room and I had two sisters in higher grades.

It was a rather large, country school, and then we had no buses, and we were the only Amish children to go there. The children all seemed to accept us, even if we were dressed differently—but Marge, and that was only on certain days.

Then one day began a new era. Several new pupils came to school, which brought another girl into our grade.

She was quite small, had dark straight hair, and a dark complexion, and was not very pretty. We'll call her Irene.

She had not been in our school long, and I wasn't acquainted with her yet, when in class one day she sat between the other two girls and me, and I soon noticed that they were whispering.

Afterwards Irene turned to me, "They were talking about you," she said, "But don't mind what they say."

(over)

I soon discovered that Marge had met her match now in this spunky, little, dark-skinned girl—and what a fight that was!

Of course, I stood on the side lines and watched the proceedings. My oldest sister joined and many others and soon the two girls, Marge and Paula, found themselves pitched against the other scholars in the room.

No fists flew, but words were plenty. Irene and I became staunch friends. What caused her, a stranger, to help me along I may never know, but school-life became different.

The following morning when we came to school I soon sensed a different attitude. Paula came to me with a bag of popcorn and offered me some, then she said, "Mother and Dad said I have to be good to you. Ellen went home and tattled." Undoubtedly she received a hard punishment. Marge stood off a little ways and was taking it all in, listening to the conversation. She realized that she stood alone, and after that she too became friendly, and didn't cause any more trouble.

Years have passed since then, and I'm glad that on my part no angry words nor bitter feelings marred those days, even if the heart was sad at times.

Looking back it seems to me
All the griefs which had to be
Left me, when the pain was o'er
Richer than I'd been before
And by every hurt and blow
Suffered in the long ago
I can face the world today
In a bigger, kindlier way.
Pleasure doesn't make the man.
Life requires a sterner plan.
He who never knows a care,
Never learns what he can bear.

(Author unknown)

* * * * *

"The Teacher I Remember Best"

By Mrs. Amos G. Esh

My conscience and my family have both been urging me to write about a teacher I remember well. He taught only two years, but I learned as much from him in that time as I did in the rest of my school years combined.

His word was law and demanded prompt obedience. Many a time he would talk to us for an hour or more, explaining what we should do, and what we should not do.

His favorite subject was spelling. This naturally had an influence on the pupils. When visitors came to school, we often had a spelling bee instead of singing. One fall he and three neighboring teachers decided to have a spelling match to see which of the four schools could get the most perfect spelling days that year. The winning school was to receive a prize from the three losing schools.

Of course, our teacher demanded our best, and got it. Our school had so many more perfect spelling days than the others that their teachers thought we weren't being truthful, and we never got a prize. Needless to say, that experience was valuable even if we didn't get a prize.

One day he told us there would be no school the next two days. Afterwards we learned he got married then. When we next heard from him, after he left our school, he was no longer teaching, which seemed to us like a great waste of his education.

- Gordonville, Penna.

* * * * *

PEACE

If everyone would kneel and pray
And ask for guidance every day,
If every heart would be sincere
In deed and goodness all the year,
Then strife would end and conflict cease,
And all the world would be at peace.

- Selected by Mrs. Jonathan S. Fisher,
Quarryville, Penna.

* * * * *

WHO DESERVED THE CANE?

A magazine writer vouches for the truthfulness of the following sketch:

"Mamma, please give me another piece of cake." "No, darling, one piece is enough." "Half a piece—please, mamma?" "No, Freddie, no more!" "Just a very little piece, mamma, dear?" "No, Freddie, no!" "Do give the child a piece," says the husband. "I'll risk its hurting him." And the mother gave it! What else could she do?

"Mamma, may I go out to play?" "It's very damp, and you have a cold. I do not think it is best." "I won't take any cold." "I fear you will. You must play indoors today." "Just a little while—please, mamma?" "No, Freddie, you must not go out today." "Do let the child go. What a girl you are making of him! Dress him warm and let him go. It will do him good." And Freddie went out!

"May I have my blocks in the drawing room, mamma?" "No, Freddie, make your block house in the dining-room. Miss Smith is an invalid, and I wish the room very quiet." "I will be very quiet." "You will intend to be, but you cannot help making some noise, and as Miss Smith very rarely goes anywhere, I fear she will be very tired at best; so be a good little boy, and play in the dining-room this afternoon." "I won't make a bit of noise, nor tire her one speck." "You must play in the dining-room, Freddie, and not say any more about it." "Nonsense! It will do her good to see a happy little face, and give her something besides her own pains and aches to think of. Let him bring his blocks into the drawing-room." And he brought them in.

"What a torment that boy has got to be!" says the father, later on. "'Tis tease, tease, tease, from morning till night. 'Tis enough to wear out the patience of Job. If you won't whip him, I will." And he whipped him.

Query: "WHO OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN WHIPPED?"— Selected.

WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN?

- Part Two -

II. The Record of History

Perhaps the greatest military general of all time, Napoleon Bonaparte, made the profound statement, "Public instruction should be the first object of government."

Why should Napoleon say something like this? Always through history the responsibility of education had lain at the doorsteps of the church and the home. Why should the Emperor of France want this responsibility turned over to the state?

The answer lies in the changes brought about by the Protestant Reformation. The Roman Catholic church had held, and still holds, that education is a religious responsibility. But Luther and the Calvinists urged universal education under state control. This was not as great a change as might be supposed, for they maintained a union of church and state, but it did do one thing. It marked the first step by the Protestant churches to turn education entirely over to the state.

By the time of Napoleon, the idea of public education had gained favor, but it was not until the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries that it reached fulfilment. A program of state-supported and state-controlled education was introduced in the U. S. A. by Horace Mann during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. It was not generally accepted until after 1850. In other words, public schools as we know them are little more than a century old.

By contrast, church or parochial schools in some form or other have existed for many centuries. An article on schools in the Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary gives us some facts concerning elementary school training in Bible times.

> "In the early ages most of the instruction of young children was by the parents. The leisure hours of the Sabbaths and festival days brought the parents in constant contact with the children. After the captivity, schools came more into use, and at the time of Christ were very abundant. The schools were in connection with the synagogues, which were found in every city and in almost every village of the land. Their idea of the value of schools may be gained from such sayings from the Talmud as 'The world is preserved by the breath of the children in the schools'. 'A town in which there are no schools must perish.' 'Jerusalem was destroyed because the education of children was neglected.'
>
> "Josephus says, 'Our principal care is to educate our children.' Mamonides thus describes a school: 'The teacher sat at the head and the pupils surrounded him as the crown the head, so that every one could see the teacher and hear his words. The teacher did not sit in a chair while the pupils sat on the ground, but all either sat on chairs or on the ground. The chief studies were their own language and literature, the chief school book the Holy Scriptures; and there were special efforts to impress lessons of morality and chastity.' " 2

In the year of 200 A. D., the Christians of Alexandria had a school where the children were given instruction in the Christian faith. These schools are thought to have been founded in the days of the Apostles. We read of children ten to twelve years old attending the school of Alexandria.

Down through the ages, there were always minority groups that were strict Biblicists, holding to the faith "once delivered to the saints". These groups, such as the Waldensians and the Albigenses, had a great zeal for learning and knowing the Scriptures. Of the Waldensians, John Horsch writes,

> "Bibles were not plentiful before the invention of printing, but of the Waldensians it may be said that for their use of the Scriptures they were to a considerable degree independent of the possession of copies of the Bible. They followed the usage of committing large portions of the Scriptures to memory. Many members of the Waldensian Church could recite whole books of the Bible from memory. Even such as were not able to read knew some of the most precious parts of the Scriptures by rote." 3

During the early days of Anabaptism in Europe, organized parochial schools were almost impossible. The heavy hand of persecution kept the brethren from publicly establishing schools. But the Anabaptists were not slack in teaching their children and new converts to read and write. In the homes, or in small groups secretly, the young were taught their letters, so that they could understand the Bible, admonish each other, and help spread the Gospel message.

A lengthy debate in 1559 between Friar Cornelis, a Catholic monk, and the Anabaptist Jacob de Roore is recorded in the Martyrs Mirror.

"Before you are rebaptized," said the monk, "you can't tell A from B, but as soon as you are baptized, you can read and write. If the devil has not a hand in this, I do not understand anything about you people."

"I can well hear you do not understand our way of doing," replied Jacob, "for you ascribe to Satan the grace which God grants our simple converts when we with all diligence teach them to read."

The Anabaptists thought it was necessary to learn to read and write, but they did not think the schools of the state church was the proper place for their children to learn these skills. For over a century the Swiss Brethren of the canton of Schaffhausen suffered various forms of persecution, fines, loss of property, imprisonment, and banishment. One measure was to forcibly take the children to Reformed church services and schools. We read that as late as 1648, the Anabaptists refused to send their children to school and to church. The government then took over their farms and possessions and ordered them to leave.

The Dutch Mennonites who moved to Prussia and later to Russia were the leaders in setting up well-organized church schools. Horsch, in his book Mennonites in Europe, relates the following:

> "In the year 1737, King August II of Poland published a manifesto stating that the Mennonites had been called into the country to clear and bring into cultivation the swampy wastelands of the region, and they had given proof of their expert knowledge of the most practical methods for accomplishing this task. For this reason, the manifesto stated further, they were granted the privilege of freely practicing their religion, of holding religious services in private homes and other places, of having their own schools with teachers of their own communion, of instructing and baptizing their own youth, and so forth." 4

These same rights were granted by the Russian government when a large group of Prussian immigrants settled on the steppes of Russia, beginning in 1789. These immigrants brought with them the conviction that it is the duty of parents to provide for the elementary instruction of their children. The Mennonites set up their own villages, and each village had its own school. These schools were well-planned, and by World War I had reached a high stage of development. With a total population of about 110,000, the Mennonites of Russia had about 450 elementary schools in 1920, with 16,000 pupils.

The schools of the Russian Mennonites were definitely church schools, and not mere private schools to teach the secular subjects. Religion was always one of the principal subjects of instruction. A statement to the government officials at St. Petersburg in 1870 made clear the Mennonite position on this:

> "Both the village and secondary schools .... must have absolutely the character of church schools, and only if they are confirmed as such do they fulfil their purpose, since in these schools not only our teachers, who must also be the religious instructors of our children, but also our preachers and pastors must be trained. All schools under us must be so definitely founded on the Mennonite Confession that the students can acquire a religious training that will qualify them to assume the office of a preacher or an elder, for according to our organization and the Holy Scriptures, these officials must be chosen from among the people." 5

This high regard for parochial schools the Mennonites brought with them when a migration to Canada began in the 1870's. The Canadian government granted them the privilege of operating their schools on the same plan as in Russia. But, following World War I, the Manitoba Department of Education took steps to replace the Mennonite schools with public schools. This resulted in wholesale emigration of the Old Colony Mennonites, the most conservative group in Canada, to Mexico and Paraguay during the years 1922-27. In Mexico today, the Old Colony settlers live in villages and have their own schools and self-government exactly as their forefathers did over a century ago in Russia.

In colonial Pennsylvania the early Mennonites established schools in their communities, but these were usually private subscription schools. Often school was held in the local church. Silas Hertzler states that by 1776, at least 16 schools were being conducted by the Mennonite groups in Pennsylvania. The noted teacher, Christopher Dock, taught such a school in the first half of the 1700's.

The public school system was not introduced a century ago without some notable opposition. Dr. A. A. Hodges said, "I am as sure as I am of the fact of Christ's reign that a comprehensive and centralized system of national education, separated from religion, as is now commonly proposed, will prove the most appalling enginery for the propagation of anti-Christian and atheistic unbelief, which this sin-rent world has ever seen."

Though there were voices raised against state-controlled education, it appears that the Amish and Mennonites in general accepted the plan without protest. This was especially true in the central and western states where the settlers were scattered and poor. Here church schools had been largely neglected. The children were not being taught what was needful to make a living, or to read the Bible. When the government began to establish schools, the Amish and the Mennonites were glad for the opportunity afforded their children to obtain "book-larnin" during the idle winter months. The program at the outset may have appeared harmless enough. Attendance was not compulsory.

But before the end of the century, many leaders became alarmed at what was happening. Attendance laws gradually drew more and more children into the schools, and kept them there for longer and longer terms. The churches began to realize what they had lost when they turned education over to the state. An anonymous writer lamented in an article to the Herold der Wahrheit in 1882,

> "(There is) great anxiety because there are no Christian schools in these parts where one can with a good conscience send his children. Many of our dear brethren ... seem to think the existing public schools are sufficient and quite satisfactory..... Their understanding of child-training reflects the commonly-accepted but shallow, views of the American people. ... Such a viewpoint belongs to the materialistic spirit of the present age.
>
> "Earnest and thinking Christians can not and will not approve of sending their children to these schools to be educated. Not only are they a true likeness of the popular churches, but frequently they are the very hotbeds of the kingdom of darkness. For whosoever is even in a small measure familiar with the spirit that rules in the public schools, and compares it with the Biblical command to bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—such a person must admit that the true Christian can not, with respect to the training of his children, walk hand in hand with the world, for if one allows his children to go to the worldly schools, how can he expect anything else than that his child will later go to the worldly churches?
>
> "I want to now make a suggestion how our brotherhood may overcome this tragic situation, namely, by establishing church schools, that is, private schools in which brothers of the church are the teachers. It is evident that this will mean a sacrifice of money if the church is to build a school house, buy supplies, and hire a teacher. But where are the parents who should not be willing to make this sacrifice for their children?" [6]

Similarly, an Amish writer, publisher, and lay leader, Samuel D. Guengerich of Johnson County, Iowa wrote in 1896,

> "Many a well-meaning friend will say, 'If we must pay the tax anyway, to support the public schools, then I want to send my children there. Otherwise, I will receive no benefit from it.'
>
> "This I will not try to contradict. We believe that the lessons taught in public schools have their worth in that for which they are intended, namely, to prepare a person to make a living. But, if our children are sent only to these public schools, their minds will be so saturated with this world's wisdom that little room will be left for Christianity. Nor will they have a desire for it. Then will the Christian life, yes, the better part, which Mary chose, be given second place. Yet the Bible plainly says that we are to seek first the kingdom of God, and set our affection on things above, not on things of the earth.

> "Once a generation of such children has grown up, we will find many of them believing it is enough to have an outward form, and thinking it most important to provide their children with earthly possessions. But, my dear friends, this does not agree with God's Word. For, as we have shown above, our duty is to seek first the kingdom of God and the well-being of our souls. The righteousness which counts before God is neither sought nor found in the public or free schools; they are intended only to impart worldly knowledge, to ensure earthly success, and to make good citizens for the state." [7]

S. D. Guengerich took the lead in Iowa to found several German schools, or "Deutsche Gemeinde Schulen", as they called them. The above words were written in 1896, and for a decade or two, we find winter German schools were fairly common among the Amish groups from Pennsylvania to Iowa and Kansas. These schools had two objectives, to teach German and to teach the message of the Bible. Only too often the latter aim was lost sight of in pursuit of the former, but all the same, these German schools were our first attempt in recent times to educate our own children. They continued for three or four months during the winter, and the pupils were often divided into grades, or classes, quite similar to our elementary schools today. The greatest difference was in the subjects being taught.

Abraham S. Yoder of Belleville, Pennsylvania taught at least five terms of these German schools. He writes,

> "In the year 1902, a German school was organized (in Big Valley) ... and I was asked to be the teacher. I was paid five cents a day per pupil, and I would furnish the fuel." [8]

The following year the same writer states,

> "When we arrived in the Middlefield section, the Amish folks had learned that I had taught German school. So friends in Troy Township asked me to teach for them in a building on the Peter W. Swartzentruber premises, which offer I accepted. They paid me twenty dollars a month, and I helped with the chores and worked Saturdays for my board and lodging, all of which I appreciated." [9]

In a few communities these schools have survived until the present, but on the whole they lasted only a few years.

As we have noted, several Amish and Mennonite writers tried hard to promote parochial schools before 1900. But no full-fledged elementary school came into being until January, 1925, when the Apple Grove School, near Dover, Delaware first opened its doors for classes.

According to Samuel Hertzler, first secretary for the school, and one of its leading supporters, construction on the school building was begun in October of 1924, and the school was ready for classes in January. It was founded mainly to evade the state's move toward consolidation. Grades 7 and 8, in particular, were to be taken to the high school in Dover. This move the Amish opposed, and they finally decided to open a school of their own. In this they succeeded with the co-operation of public school officials.

For thirteen years Apple Grove was the only Amish parochial school in existence. The neighboring Mennonite settlement at Greenwood, Delaware opened a school in 1928. But the second Amish school was to be Green Hill, also at Dover, in 1938. This was the same year, however, that Pennsylvania's first Amish school was opened.

Since that time, and especially in the last ten years, new Amish schools have been going up each year in widely scattered communities. Today Ohio leads the states with almost 70 schools; Pennsylvania has 40 and Indiana 15. Missouri has 10 schools, New York 5, Wisconsin and Ontario each 3. Having 2 schools each are the states of Michigan, Iowa, Delaware, and Tennesee.

In some of these states the Amish had a legal struggle obtaining permission to operate their own schools. There are indications that the worst is now past, and in those states where Amish schools already exist, very little "red tape" is encountered in establishing a new school.

* * * * *

[2] Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary, as quoted by Stephen M. Stoltzfus, "Why a Christian Day School Today?"

[3] John Horsch, Mennonites in Europe, page 5

[4] Ibid, page 229

[5] Elder A. Goerz, as quoted in Mennonite Encyclopedia, Vol. 2, page 154

[6] A Brother, "Herold der Wahrheit", July 1, 1882

[7] Samuel D. Guengerich, "Deutsche Gemeinde Schulen", published by the author, 1897, Amisch , Iowa

[8] Abraham S. Yoder, "My Life Story", 1965, page 12

[9] Ibid, page 15

(Next Month: "What is Wrong With Public Schools?)

* * * * *

(Excuse us for using this space, but we thought of something. How about some gift subscriptions? Are all the parents in your or more 1-yr. gift subscriptions, — only $1.00 each. Give some gift subscriptions now at the beginning of the school year.)

WARNING! BOOKS! HANDLE WITH CARE!

Books play a rather important part in our lives today. Although we are likely to take them for granted, yet it might be well to stop and consider how much time and energy has been spent in order that we can have them.

There are a number of reasons why any book should be HANDLED WITH CARE, at least in some snese of the word. The first reason is that if it is a worthwhile book it did not just happen, SOMEONE WORKED TO BRING IT INTO BEING.

The BIBLE is the prime example of a great book and the influence that it can have on people. Both historically and as the divine Word of God, it is the only altogether reliable book. But many people have toiled long and weary hours to copy it, translate it, and in later years to print it in large quantities.

John Bunyan spent years in prison and lay on his bed of stone for many a sleepless night thinking of the poor pilgrim on his journey through life. But out of his trials was born an immortal book, PILGRIMS PROGRESS which has been a blessing to many Christians on their pilgrimage to the Celestial City.

Alexander Cruden, a London bookseller and proofreader, spent years and years working on a book which he hoped would be of benefit to the Bible readers throughout the world. Meeting with failure and discouragement, he was ready to despair and quit. Finally however he managed to complete the work. Although he did not live to see the time that it was generally accepted, yet today CRUDEN'S CONCORDANCE is found the world over.

Annie Johnson Flint, with a promising career ahead of her, became crippled for life at the age of fourteen. Suffering for countless hours on her wheelchair, she wrote poems which have given hope and encouragement to millions of readers.

A toiling housewife, struggling to make ends meet for her family, was touched by the cruel lot of the unfortunate slaves. Taking her pen in hand she wrote a story portraying life among the lowly. It brought a response from the hearts of millions upon millions of readers who have since read UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

A young bishop in the Netherlands labored night and day in compiling the accounts of his persecuted brethren. His writings include a number of books dealing with doctrine and the faith of the forefathers. By the time he died at the age of 39 years he had written a monumental work which has endured through the ages. It is called MARTYRS MIRROR.

Probably very few books of our time will ever have such a wide distribution as those mentioned above. They are all masterpieces in their own field, written by persons who were especially gifted. But there are encouraging signs even in our day. Needs for uplifting reading materials are being met among our own groups by writers from our own people. Although the ability may not be as great as that of the authors of the aforementioned works, yet the talent they have is being used in a worthwhile way. The attitude seems to be "If you can't do a lot then do a little, but do the best you can".

"Worth Dying For" is a good example of what an amateur writer can do if he realizes the need for worthwhile reading matter. Although only published recently, it has received a wide acceptance and is still selling well.

An aged brother who is now partially disabled spent a lifetime gathering testimonies of persons who died with a living hope and of those who did not. It is now being published in a clothbound book and should be ready for distribution this fall. (The title is, Language of the Death Bed.)

A brother in Indiana has spent considerable time and effort compiling a listing of all the Bible texts to which references are made in Martyrs Mirror, Menno Simon's Writings and Dietrich Phillips Handbook. When completed it will enable the reader to locate any references to any particular verse in the Bible in either the German or English edition of these three books. This should be a great help in the study of doctrine.

The life story of an Amish girl, (now an aged woman) has been prepared and is to appear this fall in story form. The title of this book will be, The Lord is My Shepherd. The gathering of this history required considerable work.

An account of the Palm Sunday tornadoes in the midwestern states is being written and should be ready this winter sometime. (The Mighty Whirlwind). This appears to be a difficult assignment, to give a representative picture of events before, during, and after the storms.

Since being connected with the Publishing company, we have learned that there are many persons who have written poems, collections of poems and other writings, many of them showing considerable talent. We know that these were not produced without much time and effort on the part of the writers.

The Blackboard Bulletin can also be mentioned as an example of a periodical which would never have come into being without the tireless and persistent efforts of certain interested individuals.

All the above examples concern people who managed to find time between the cares of making a living or supporting a family to do what they thought ought to be done. We would be safe in saying that each one required days of work in bringing their dreams into reality. Some have worked late in the evening and burned the midnight oil while others arose in the wee hours of morning in order to concentrate and be alone. Every one has spent time and often considerable effort in obtaining the desired information and putting it into proper form. The compiler of the reference book mentioned above has probably seen what seems to be endless columns of references, and the writer of the tornado book, although he never witnessed an actual twister, has seen many in his dreams.

Books do not grow on trees and it takes more than water and sunshine to produce them. If it's at all a worthwhile book then it took a lot of work to write it. Someone got busy and did it because they thought it ought to be done. Likely you will be able to find mistakes and points with which you disagree, because humans make mistakes and people who write books are very human.

So the next time you pick up a book, think of the effort that has gone into it, and you will want to handle it with care. - D.W.

* * * * * *

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AMERICA'S ONLY HOPE

The Bible Back into Our Schools

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

It is our aim to get the Bible into every prison cell. It is the best cure for evil and crime. But the Bible in the school would be a preventive of crime which would be of far more value. But we are told that we cannot have the Bible in public school because it is a sectarian book. This is rather too coarse an excuse for the Christian people to swallow. You might as well say that the sun is a sectarian sun, or that God is a sectarian God.

Christ and the Bible are the light of the world. Where people have not the Bible, they are in darkness (ignorance).

It was Walter Scott who on his dying bed said to his servant, "Get me the Book".

"Which book?" the servant asked.

"There is but one book," the gentleman said.

You will find that so when you come to die, that there is but one Book. And if it is the only Book for death, why not make it a Book for life?

Please, let us have the Bible in every school room and in every prison cell.

But, the Bible, which is the foundation of

American liberty, has been barred from the public schools in several states, and in some states it is an actual violation of the law to read the Bible, even without comment, in the classroom.

When I go back in history, I find that a group of men put an open Bible on the desk of America's first little red school house, admonishing the teacher to read it each day to the pupils assembled.

In those days we were building a real America. But today we have people who do not believe the Bible should be read because of the mixture of faiths, creeds, and cults we have in our schools. I believe that the darkest day this nation ever faced was when the Bible was taken out of our public schools, and many anti-Christian teachings were ushered in.

One of these teachings, of course, is pure, unadulterated communism, training an army of young so that in a few years they can march down the streets of our American cities waving the red rag of anarchy, damning this government and trampling the stars and stripes under their feet.

Christianity was the inspiration that gave birth to this nation, and this faith is still the cornerstone of our republic. We should remember that one hundred men and women knelt in the cabin of the "Mayflower" with an open Bible before them, raised their hands and hearts to God, and vowed to keep the Bible an open book in the new land which they were approaching.

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The above writing was selected from a leaflet distributed by the Emmanuel Bible Tract Depot. May we prove all things and hold fast to that which is good, and abstain from all appearance of evil, as the Apostle Paul teaches us in I Thess. 5:21, 22.

We learn that our forefathers of the Christian churches did not send their children to the public schools of this world until perhaps sometime in the nineteenth century. They considered the church and school to be one, or united to a certain extent. And it seems it was Satan's way at that time already to creep into the churches to destroy them, although for many years the effects were so little they could hardly be seen. But if our forefathers saw the danger at that time already, how much more should we be able to see it today.

Little by little Satan is getting the Christian churches to yield, whereby he is undermining and overthrowing them. I myself went to a public school throughout my school years, and do not know that it was just so much harm to me, but at the same time I think I can see that there is much more danger today than there was at that time.

If we send our children to the centralized schools of today until they are grown to manhood, they can already be very much devoted to worldly things... styles of dress, a desire for going to shows, dances, ball games, and all sorts of amusements and entertainments to pass the time. By the age of sixteen they are filled with the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, thinking they are ready to start out into life to have a good time. Whereas, at this age they should be spiritual-minded. The parents should already have them well acquainted with the Bible, having memorized Bible verses and quotations, wherefrom they may have many Christian thoughts and ideas seeded into their hearts, starting out into life with their religion being their life.

But if they are being sent to the public schools where they hear nothing of Jesus and His saving grace, with no Bible in school anymore, and such teachings as mentioned in this tract to lead them away from a faith in the true living God who created heaven and earth, "who is and was and is to be—the Ruler of all", what can we expect?

Now if our state laws have given us the privilege of setting up our own schools, why not take advantage of it, and try to bring the church and school together more as one unit, of one faith, trying to train the children and get them interested in spiritual things from childhood up? "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6.

In this way much could be accomplished, if we all stand together and help each other. We pray that we all may be moved by the same spirit of grace which our forefathers had; and that God may lead us and give us strength, knowledge, and wisdom to understand and see what is happening. Only one life, and it will soon be past. Only what's done for Christ will last.

Dear beloved reader, let us awaken before it is too late. The great Judgment Day is drawing nigh where we all must meet to receive our reward. Jesus may come some night and find many young boys and girls out entertaining themselves as before said, in the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

– Peter Yoder

(From "Herold der Wahrheit", Feb. 1, 1952)

* * * * *

Voices of the Past

HOW A CHILD MAY BE SPOILED

- By Daniel E. Mast

1. Give to the small child everything he desires and tries to get by crying.

2. And when he is grown older, and he is overcome with anger, then fondle him and offer him all kinds of playthings, and if he throws them away, laugh a little, as though it were only a trivial matter to let him have his own way. Scold him as a real stubborn-head, but out of natural love abstain from the use of the rod—this would break his self-will.

3. Tell to others in his presence how smart and intelligent he is. And clothe him in worldly fashions as far as regulations of the church allow.

4. If you tell him to do a thing, and he pays no attention, then tell him again and again, and if he does not obey, then threaten to punish him. If this does not avail, then to end the matter, go and do the thing yourself.

5. If Father and Mother do not agree on matters concerning him, then discuss this in his presence with angry disputings, so that he may see that you disagree in your opinions, and thereby cause your words to mean very little to him.

6. Let him know, Mother, that you think Father is altogether too strict, and chastens too soon, and that after all, it does not matter so much.

7. And you, Father, tell him that Mother is not master in the house, and that her words do not count for much.

8. Let him choose his playmates himself, and do not concern yourself whether he keeps company with good, or with ungodly children.

9. Let him read everything that comes through the mails, and anything which is handed to him by others. And when he tells funny or foolish stories, laugh heartily, so he will think he is smart.

10. When he is grown up so far, and has playmates that do not go to church or Sunday School, then let him have his own way to spend the Lord's Day as he pleases. Or, while he is still small, take him along to church and pay no attention whether or not he keeps quiet and listens to the preaching, or whether he has fun with others, perhaps even playing outside during church time.

11. Allow your child to consider himself "grown" at an early age, so that Satan can start early to implant his destructive work. The younger Satan can reach your child, the more sure he is to get and keep him.

12. Give him as much spending money as he cares to have, and allow him to buy for himself anything he wishes.

13. Never take time to answer his questions carefully, especially when he asks questions about religion. If he asks, "What for?", then say, "Oh, because."

14. Let your Bible remain covered with dust, and teach your child diligently how to make money and to accumulate earthly possessions. He can easily enough gather spiritual treasures when he needs them.

15. Tell him nothing about Jesus as the Redeemer from sins, who by love came to save mankind, and to bless them already in this life of infirmities, and to make them perfect in eternity. Tell him nothing about the glorious story of Jesus' birth, lest he become curious and seek further truth. Keep your child in the dark as long as possible so that your lies may seem as truth to him. And tell him nothing about Jesus being in the temple when he was a boy of twelve years of age, sitting among the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions, so that all who heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers.

16. Never read verse-about from the Bible with your children, lest they become interested and inquire what this or that means.

17. Do not acquaint your child with the eighteen articles of our Confession of Faith, which have provided much hope and consolation to many, and have given them a better understanding of the Scriptures. Instead, let your walk of life conform to the eighteen damaging articles herewith presented in this writing.

18. And if all this does not ruin your child, then make it a rule at the dining table, when the whole family is together, instead of thanking God for grace and food, to speak jokingly about the weaknesses of your ministers. Above all, do not speak of them in a prayerful way. Rather than praying for your ministers, continually find fault with them.

If all this still does not bring your child into ruin, tell him he needs no Redeemer from his sins, and no new birth, because he is ready to be received into the Church of God as a member of Christ's body, having been born pure and holy into this sinful world, without the Adamic guilt. Tell him he is a good child of God by nature, and he does not need any parental influence or assistance.

Children are largely what we parents make them, with the help and grace of God. Many complain about the corruption of their children, not realizing that they themselves are responsible first of all for the conduct of their children.

I do not feel entirely satisfied with the way my large family was brought up, yet we did the best we knew at the time. Now, when it is too late, I can see where we could have done better. But thanks be to God that I do not need to do it over again. I wish to say this, however, that young people lie close to my heart, and if I can be of help to anyone in bringing up their children, I want to be willing to do it. To God be the glory.

I hardly know whether to sign my name to this, or not. However, an unsigned article is not worth as much to me as one that is signed, if it is someone I know, and I have confidence he is trying with God's help to live what he teaches.

I have written this in weakness, and lack much myself. Pray for me, and give honor alone to God. Prove all things. Hold fast to that which is good. And abstain from all appearance of evil.

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Part Two

HOW TO BRING UP A CHILD IN THE LORD

After I had written the rules for spoiling a child, Grandmother Mast thought I should also write and explain the other side, or some people will misunderstand my writing.

1. Do not give the small child everything it desires to have, especially if it is something that is not good for him, which he tries to obtain by crying for it. Children are smart scholars, and soon learn to cry for a thing. If you give it to them, you will spoil them.

2. And when your child has grown older and knows what obedience and disobedience are, then teach him with fatherly and motherly love, to be obedient, cost what it may. And if he becomes unwilling and angry, try to distract him with playthings. If he becomes worse, and refuses the toys, and nothing else avails, then as a last means use the correcting rod in a way that you may overcome his anger. If a child's self-will is not conquered, you have lost much. But if you overcome it by force, then let him know that you are sorry it was necessary to punish him to break his self-will. The younger you break the child's own will, the easier it is done, and the better it is for both you and him.

3. Give credit to the child, and commend him for the good he does. But reprove him for wrongdoing, though with love and mildness and mercy. Cloth him modestly in a Christian way, according to the standards of your church. As soon as the child is able to understand, teach him why simplicity must be practiced, instead of conforming to the fashions of the world.

4. When the child is told to do something, see that he obeys. Obedience brings blessings and disobedience a curse. Recently I was in the waiting room of a depot in St. Paul. A child of about three years of age became disobedient. He became angry and cried with all his might. Everything that the mother and others offered him, he struck away. When she let him down to the floor, he threw himself on his back, and kicked and cried for all that was in him. When she started to walk away, he jumped up and ran after her, grabbing hold of her dress as though he wanted to tear it. She carried him back and forth for at least twenty minutes in an effort to quiet him. Finally she left the room, the child kicking and screaming and striking with hands and feet. And that was the end of it. Parents who do not train their children at home must endure such unpleasant experiences.

5. Father and Mother should agree in all things in bringing up their children. Where this is not the case, then there is much lacking, and no blessing can be expected. They should not let the child know of any disunity, but should decide matters among themselves privately, and in a humble spirit.

6. Let your children know that you as parents agree with each other, and that each one approves the other's words and decisions.

7. Watch and pray with, and for, your children, and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and lead such a holy life with the help of God, that your children may consider you as Christian parents. Be true to your word. Think seriously before you say yes or no, but once you have decided, and have said so, insist on it to be that way.

8. Be careful with whom your children associate. Evil companions corrupt good manners.

9. Be very careful what your children read. Story books and newspapers should not be in a Christian home. See to it that Christian books and periodicals are kept on the table. And if there is good opportunity at noon hours, and when there is spare time, let them read and

occupy their minds with spiritual things. The Bible is the Book of all books, and a portion of it should be read daily at the time of devotions.

10. Take the children along to church and Sunday School, helping them to become interested in the things pertaining to Christ's Kingdom and to the Church of God.

11. Keep them small in their own eyes as long as you can, because children who consider themselves bigger than they are easily fall into misbehaviour, which they will not forget all their lives.

12. Keep them from spending their money wastefully, which usually leads to ruin. Teach them that we are only stewards of the gifts of God, and that we must give account of every dollar that we wastefully spend, for that which does us or no one else any good. Cigarettes are one of these things.

13. Always take time to answer an honest question sincerely, for children are eager to learn, and what they pick up while they are young usually remains with them, whether it is good or evil.

14. Teach them to lay up treasures in heaven, and to first of all seek the Kingdom of God, trusting in Him who has promised blessings, yet not without labor.

15. Teach your child as early as possible to believe in Jesus as Saviour and Redeemer, and explain to him at Christmas what the day represents. Make your home a Christian home. If your child can leave home and find a better, more spiritual home, then something must be lacking in your home.

16. Read often to the children from the Bible, and when they ask the meaning of it, take time to explain the portion of Scripture that was read. Lead them to receive knowledge as much as possible. In this the Lord will bless you with more knowledge yourself, and a blessing will rest on each member of the family.

17. Acquaint the children with the basic doctrines of the faith, and especially the eighteen articles, which teach the true way of salvation in condensed form. By the grace of God live a life that conforms to our confession of faith, and not to the eighteen rules set forth in Part One of this writing, lest both you and your children go to ruin.

18. Your ministers are only human, called of God to preach the holy Gospel. Mistakes are easily made, but do not speak of these to your children, or they will lose confidence in them. Once their confidence is lost, much is lost. Pray for your ministers in the presence of your children.

For it is in our children that our hope for the church of tomorrow lies. Let us therefore do as Joel writes, "Tell your children about it, and let your children tell their children, and those children another generation." Joel 1:3. In this way we may hope to build up the good things of the Lord, that His Church may continue to grow, as long as the Lord tarries.

(These two articles originally appeared in Herold der Wahrheit. They were translated from the German by David J. Stutzman, Millersburg, Ohio. A collection of D. E. Mast's writings in book form, Anweisungen zur Seligkeit, 784 pages, is available from the Bulletin Bookshelf for $3.50).

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QUARRYVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
August 21, 1965

Greetings in the name of the Lord to all Bulletin readers,

I find the Bulletin a very interesting paper. Something has been tugging at me to write a letter for it, but the task was so easily put off. Somehow the call grew louder as September and the beginning of the school year drew nearer. My, how time does fly!

Yes, September will have a special meaning this year, as our oldest child will be starting as a first grader. I think back to 1939 when I myself started to school at Hickory Grove, south of Intercourse. That was 26 years ago, but it seems hardly half that long. I often wonder what I have accomplished for myself and others during those years. Many sweet memories come back to my mind of my school days. I remember a poem about September which we learned in the fourth grade. For seven of eight years, I was the only boy in my class of four.

Miss Jenny was our teacher. I understand she is still teaching at the same school. She was an honest-to-goodness, down-to-earth teacher, and if the children were not taught right, it was not her fault. She kept strict discipline. No pencils were sharpened during school hours. We could not leave our seats for any reason without her permission. Each pupil had to sit and stand erect, and pay close attention. We were never allowed to leave the school ground without asking. If a pupil was caught playing with a pencil or an eraser, she would walk up and offer him a toy.

It seemed to us Miss Jenny had eyes in the back of her head. She could be writing at the blackboard, and know what was going on in the room. If there was disagreement on the playground, she would immediately ring the bell and punish us all alike. If she gave us a lesson, we knew that it was up to us to do it, or stay in during recess or dinner hour.

In the seven years that she taught me, I can remember only one pupil not passing on to the next grade. This, I think, was quite a record. When there was mischief in the classroom, she would stare at the guilty one until he got red in the face. There was no way of hiding your guilt when she looked at you that way.

I well remember the grin on Miss Jenny's face one opening day when she asked a little boy in the second grade his name. He came right out with his full name and address. The whole school burst out laughing.

Yes, school has a different meaning to me now than it did in those days. Being a school director gives me a small glimpse of what goes on on the other side of the fence. We have our own Amish school here in Eden Township now for the fourth year, as we started out in the fall of 1962 with the one school. This year we built a new one, so now we have two to look after. It makes a lot of work, but I think it is well worth the time and effort.

In closing, we wish to be remembered in your prayers, as we are likewise minded, in weakness.

- Jonathan H. Beiler

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SEPTEMBER

The goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in the apple orchard
With fruit are laden down.

In the dewey lanes of morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise,
At noon the road's all flooded
With golden butterflies.

With all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer best for weather,
And autumn best for cheer.

- Selected by Jonathan H. Beiler

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SHIPSHEWANA, INDIANA
August 24, 1965

Greetings of love to all Bulletin readers,

I don't know if we can meet all the requirements in writing for the Bulletin—sound, well-written, serious, and worthwhile. What a challenge! That should be our goal, though.

Another Bulletin pretty well consumed, and its contents fairly meet the above specifications. May we profit thereby. I had been thinking of the editor, but failed to get anything together in time. We've had a pretty busy summer, running to and fro. I met more people than I can remember the names of. Also, a good many that I can remember

Now in a few days school will begin again. Many are looking forward to it, and perhaps a few dreading it a little. How I always enjoyed going to school! I learned a lot easier then than I do now. Eager and willing to learn as most young hearts are! Oh, how important to impress the Truth and Faith on those young hearts, as well as the necessary material facts and knowledge. And just as important to keep reviewing and "wearing in" the Rules of Life. And each new day strive to practice what we have learned, that He might show us a more excellent way. I Cor. 12:31.

As one hears of unrest and violence in the world, we are made to think maybe the salt has lost its savor. As our young folks also are a reflection of us, how soon do we think God will cast us out to be trodden upon? I have wondered, if the church had never lost its own schools, might it be better among our young folks? I'm pretty sure more worldly influences are implanted in the children going there now than the parents who are satisfied with the public school system realize.

But as this paper is primarily for the betterment of parochial schools, let's direct our attention to their problems. It just seems when a new parochial school is started, there is no teacher waiting to accept the job, although no school has had to stop for the lack of a teacher. I would like to encourage anyone who has felt the desire to teach, to further that desire and prepare thyself.

We read in the August Bulletin what a teacher is, humorously stated, but also seriously and truthfully. If the task does look to be enormous, it is possible with the help of God. Is there an occupation more worthwhile, more challenging, more rewarding? If we are contemplating marriage, and God blesses us with children, we will be teachers whether we like it or not.

Then, in the textbook line, let us ever be on the look out for books with truth and morals, not fairy tales. Would there be talent among us to prepare school books acceptable to our schools, similar to the ones Rod and Staff have printed? If for some reason or other we do not wish to use their series, are we sure we have something better, or as good? Can we meet the challenge to prepare acceptable textbooks?

From the poem of "Baby" to the one by a grandmother whose house is almost empty again, we are reminded of the ceaseless march of time. So let's accept the faith of Tommy, that when our race is run, we too can be with Jesus, our Sovereign and our Friend.

- John M. Bontrager

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BALTIC, OHIO
August 25, 1965

Greetings of love to all Bulletin Readers,

The days are getting shorter as the summer comes to an end. A bell hanging from a strap around Bossy's neck will help many a youngster locate the cows in the mist of the early morning. An elderly widow has related to me at different times how she, as a little girl, used to warm her bare feet where the cows had lain on frosty mornings. She said the children's shoes in her family were kept hidden until they were really needed, as her parents were so poor. A neighboring farmer tells me he likes to tramp after the cows through the frosty pasture because it gives him better circulation of the blood in his feet.

The evenings seem more pleasant since the days have shortened. The family gathers in the kitchen earlier. The older children are reading. The school age youngsters are cleaning out drawers in search of some special item to put with their school belongings. Mother is mending clothes, and Dad is wrestling with the youngest children in the easy chair. Long summer days are needed, of course, so we farmers can get the harvest in and all the work done, but I always cherish the approach of late summer and cooler nights.

All of the teachers present at the recent meeting near Mt. Hope, Ohio seemed to enjoy the day. If the beginning teachers learned as much as I did, they found it well worth their time. Another meeting is scheduled for Nov. 20 at Anderson School in Wayne County. Quite a number of teen agers, mostly girls, will try their hand at teaching this term. We are glad the younger generation takes an interest in teaching, but I would like to encourage more parents to consider the job of teaching.

While visiting with a middle-aged friend, I suggested to him that he should try it. For one reason among many, he has grown children at home to carry on the farm work. But he feels he isn't capable. To those of you who feel you just do not have a good enough education, perhaps it would be encouraging to hear what my former teacher, whom I had in the eighth grade in public school, told me lately. He said teachers are just naturally born to be teachers, rather than educated for the undertaking. In the state in which he lives now, he is required to take summer courses before the school officials will hire him for another term. He claims these actually do not make him any smarter.

Another item that the above-mentioned teacher of mine stresses is that good nourishment helps the child to learn more easily.

August 30 will be opening day in most of the schools through here. We hope all of you readers will remember us teachers in your prayers now and throughout the coming winter.

Jonas Nisley

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BURTON, OHIO
Aug. 20, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

I have been thinking of writing an article for the Bulletin for some time, so in weakness I will try and do so. With so many interesting and heart-touching articles, I feel almost too unworthy to write.

We are putting up a new parochial school, which we feel is a great necessity. As a mother of six young children, I try and realize what a big responsibility we parents have. On one of the last days of school this spring, our children came home and the one daughter said, "We had to say the Pledge to the flag," and another daughter said, "Today we saw a movie." How sad I was, but then joy filled my heart, for we had already then been planning to put up this new school.

The Bible says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me". This is the first of the Ten Commandments. What then is the flag (when they put their hand to their heart, and talk to the flag) if it is not as a "god"? And what is more popular and greater esteemed in the world than the movies?

Then comes Christmas, and these dear innocent children learn of a Santa Claus, which has no resemblance to our Saviour being born. And Easter, the most important event of all time, is when they learn of Easter rabbits and Easter eggs.

Why, then, should we not have our own schools? We can be thankful we have the privilege, without persecution or hindrance from the world.

Pray for us as we bring the children in through the new school doors, that this can all be done to the honor and glory of God.

- Mrs. Joe K. Yoder

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MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
August 20, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Only two and a half weeks till school starts.

According to reports, our school room will be filled this fall with 47 pupils. It's a pleasure to teach when the parents help, by encouraging and instructing their children at home. I am thankful for the co-operation I have had in this.

I am wishing all teachers a successful term.

The final verses to bring the poem of the presidents up to date were submitted by Eli E. Weaver of Dundee, Ohio, who is also a teacher.

"The fateful end of F. D. R.
Brought Truman into view,
Whose horrible atomic bombs
Put an end to World War Two

"By a great victorious landslide,
Came good old Eisenhower,
And he left a nation satisfied
By his eight years of power.

"The next was John F. Kennedy,
He was the voters' choice.
Then came that dreadful tragedy
That quickly stilled his voice.

"Then came a man from Texas plain,
Where his boyhood days were spent,
Lyndon B. Johnson starts to reign
As our next president."

Yours truly,
Peter E. Miller

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A GOOD BEGINNING

(The following material is selected from a booklet "Starting the Year Right", which can be ordered from Dept. T., The Instructor, Dansville, N. Y., at 10¢ ea.; ten or more copies, 5¢ ea. It was prepared by John L. Grindle of Woodward Parkway Elementary School, Farmingdale, N. Y.)

Be firm but fair from the beginning— Control must be gained at the start if an uphill struggle is to be avoided. It is easier to relax control than it is to impose it after it has been lost.

Know your pupils— Regardless of your school's grouping practices, you will encounter individual differences. Knowledge of the child is the first key. Study all the records. Most important, however, is your own observation.

Plan your work carefully— There is no substitute for good planning.

Observe other teachers— You can learn much from your fellow teachers. They are happy to share their experiences. But be yourself; do not copy.

Do not hesitate to ask questions— A question can often prevent disaster.

Start slowly— A good steady well-organized pace is far better than a big explosion that fizzles out. Remember also there are reasons why things are done in a certain way. Study these reasons before making big changes.

Establish routines— Whether it is a form for written work or a procedure for sharpening pencils, children need a way of doing things.

Set standards— Partial learnings, careless work, sloppy behaviour, and poor citizenship result from a teaching situation without standards.

Be patient— All children will not grasp your words of wisdom the first time. However, there are few who cannot be reached by patience and understanding.

Be calm— Fear, excitement, anger, and frustration are contagious. A calm teacher is the key to a calm room.

Keep your control— This cannot be overemphasized. No matter how great your store of knowledge, and how long your preparation, if you do not have the attention of the class, no learning will take place. Relax any control only when children are ready to assume added responsibility. Have something on the board for children to do when they arrive. You will be pleased how well this atmosphere will carry through the day.

Spend much time in preparation of daily lessons— There is no substitute for this on the road to successful teaching. Many persons fail because of poor preparation. Even the experienced must prepare.

Good Room Control

A sense of orderliness— A disorderly and disarranged room has a tendency to make children disorderly also. Arrange furniture to give maximum use of space, at the same time providing for free movement of children. Make sure the pupils can move into reading, science, or other activities without climbing over each other and without upsetting teaching materials. Have a definite place for each piece of material.

Security— When children and teacher both have a feeling of security, it is easier to approach harmonious and pleasant working relationships. Create an atmosphere of acceptance. Give praise where praise is due. Complimenting children on their work gives the feeling of achievement which is so necessary for security. Adapt assigned work to the abilities of the children, and make certain they understand what they are supposed to do. Make each individual child feel important to the group. Always be consistent in your treatment of children and their behaviour. Carefully avoid sarcasm.

Sincerity— Nothing will disrupt a room so quickly and easily as insincerity on the part of the teacher. Children have a keen sense of fairness and often become aware of attempts to camouflage or to deceive before the teacher even gets started. The teacher in turn needs to develop sincerity on the part of the children. When children subscribe to a rule and are continuously allowed to break it, they are learning insincerity. Sincerity can be developed by following through continuously on every rule or standard which is set up.

Helpful Techniques

1. Share with the children the idea that everybody makes mistakes, but smart persons do not repeat them.
2. Do not bring your personal problems into the classroom.
3. Help the class to distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate noises in the classroom.
4. Treat each child as if he were the mayor's child.
5. Take the clinical point of view on your discipline problems. Your doctor treats your throat but he doesn't take it home with him.
6. Call on all pupils in a discussion. Don't let the extroverts dominate.
7. Help the child to belong to his group. Do not set him apart by such labels as slow, lazy, and silly.
8. Seek the child's friendship, and give him yours in return.
9. Make directions clear and complete.
10. Radiate happiness and joy in your work. They are contagious.
11. Be sensitive to children's feelings.
12. Give children responsibilities that are challenging and interesting.
13. Use common sense at all times.
14. Be aware of everything going on in the room.

Remedial Treatment

Punishment must never be looked upon as an end in itself. It is merely a means of restoring the individual to normality in the group. The measures should be those most appropriate for the pupil's offense and personality.

1. Let a little time elapse between the time of the offense and when you talk to the pupil.
2. Be perfectly frank.
3. Never force apologies. Accept those freely given, but impress upon the child that future actions will speak louder than words.
4. Try to let the child decide his own punishment.
5. Do not make threats; but if you do, make sure that in some way the threat is carried out.
6. When a case is settled, drop it.
7. Before making an issue of misbehaviour, be sure it is worth the effort.

Keys to Success

Be Prepared— Have a clear, specific purpose for each lesson. Introduce each with a preview. Present your points one at a time and in logical order. Keep language simple and avoid involved sentences. Summarize from time to time. Relate material to everyday experiences. Provide for review.

Motivate and Maintain Interest— Show enthusiasm. Use variety in your presentation. Make your teaching personal. Help children to see the future uses of what they learn.

Use Your Voice Wisely— Speak clearly and loud enough so all may hear. Speak slowly enough for meanings to be grasped. It is better to cover less and cover it well. A little variation in your voice will avoid monotony. Talk to the class, not to the window or to the chalkboard.

Make Sure of Progress— Establish concrete goals, making sure they are something to work for. Know what you can expect from your pupils and hold them to it. Show genuine interest in class and individual progress and keep the group informed of its progress. Use praise frequently.

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The Blackboard Bulletin

SPECIAL FEATURE:
APPLE GROVE SCHOOL REPORT

VOLUME 9; NUMBER 3

OCTOBER, 1965

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.

APPLE GROVE MENNONITE SCHOOL, FIRST OF ITS KIND

By Effie Mast Troyer and Joseph Stoll

Forty years ago last January, Apple Grove Mennonite School at Dover, Delaware first opened its doors to pupils. For several months previous to that, the new building on the Dover-Hazlettsville Road had been under construction. Suddenly, now, in the middle of winter, the scene changed from that of a cold and bleak building where several carpenters put on finishing touches to that of a warm and cheery classroom full of lively youngsters. At the front of the room stood the Master, Franz Karbaum, a colorful and elderly German who had a twinkle in his eye and a long mustache.

The scene was no different from many other rural school rooms of 1925. Yet there was something special about this school, even though the main participants — the hard-working three-man board, the twenty-odd parents, the pupils, and the teacher — did not seem to realize it at the time.

All of the pupils were Amish, or more correctly, Amish-Mennonites. The school was a private school, the first Amish or Mennonite elementary school in the U. S. A. Today there are over 150 Amish schools alone, and perhaps a hundred more among the other groups of Mennonites. Of all these, Apple Grove was the forerunner.

Why was Apple Grove started? It was not, as some historians have deducted, because of the flag salute law which was passed in 1925. Nor was it because of any particular disagreement with the public schools as they had existed up to that time.

Instead, the problem seems to have been one of consolidation of school districts. The State of Delaware at that time was rapidly closing its one-room schools in favor of larger ones. Dr. Holloway, State Superintendent of Education, who had his offices at the Capital in nearby Dover, had listed as one of his main objectives, "The equalization of educational opportunity for every boy and girl in the State, regardless of where he or she may live; to which end the smallest number of one-teacher schools possible, and no such school with more than six grades."

The fact that the Delaware schools would now teach only grades one through six instead of the former eight grades is probably the foremost reason the Amish established a private school. Grades seven and eight would be transported to larger schools in town. This the Amish definitely did not want.

At the same time, a second problem had arisen at Rose Valley School, where the large number of new Amish families moving into the area had swollen the enrollment to overcrowded proportions. What was to be done about it? The public officials wanted to close the country schools, and they could see no future in building an additional room to the old frame schoolhouse. Their suggestion was to send a bus out to take the children to Dover.

It was at this stage that some of the Amish began to investigate the possibility of having a school of their own. They spoke first to a neighbor and acquaintance, Charles Hopkins, who at that time was a senator in the State legislature. He suggested an interview with Mr. Holloway, the State Superintendent. William A. Byler and Samuel Hertzler were the two men who went to see him. After Mr. Holloway had heard them out, he agreed to co-operate, and as they left, remarked drily, "If you take out some of your children, it will cost us less money."

A three-man board was chosen to see about organizing an Amish school district, and building a school house. The three who were selected were considered the most able, and had shown the greatest interest in the new school. They were William A. Byler, Noah Lee, and Samuel Hertzler.

The plan they worked out promised to be the answer to both of the school problems. In the words of Allen B. Clark, in his History of the Amish of Delaware, "Thus they build Apple Grove School about a mile away from Rose Valley School. They kept just enough students in Rose Valley to keep it open, and transferred enough to their own private school to relieve the congestion."

All of the Amish children from nearby families attended Apple Grove School, but only the seventh and eighth graders from a larger radius. This same plan still exists today.

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These developments took place in the fall of 1924. Already school had begun, and it was too late for the 1924-25 term. But the newly-appointed committee at once set to work choosing a site, and planning the school.

Where should the new school be located? Will Byler wanted it near his home. It would then be closer to the middle of the Amish settlement, he insisted. But Samuel Hertzler had picked a choice site in the corner of his orchard, and Noah Lee agreed with him, so that is where it was built.

The actual building began in October of 1924. Jonathan Beiler was the head carpenter, and much of the labor was donated. As winter drew near, the school rapidly took shape.

The board was fortunate to be able to hire Franz (Carl) Karbaum, an experienced teacher, to help them get started. Mr. Karbaum had been retired, and lived with his son not far from the new school. He assisted in setting up the school and accompanied the Amish board members to Philadelphia to select books.

All these things cost money, but the Amish saw in their new school an opportunity more valuable than dollars and cents, and the question of finances did not dampen the plans. A system of assessing each rate payer was worked out, based on his evaluation of real estate. In addition, $1.00 per pupil was collected to help pay for the books. Samuel Hertzler was appointed secretary, a position he held for twenty years.

The official name chosen for the new school was Apple Creek Mennonite Private School. The name Mennonite in favor of Amish was used because it was the term commonly used by the non-Amish of the community. Later the name was revised to Apple Grove Private, and within the last year to Apple Grove Amish Parochial.

Teacher Karbaum was paid $5.00 per day. Though he was of another faith, he was highly respected by both parents and pupils, and proved to be the outstanding teacher of Apple Grove. Samuel Hertzler has said, "There have been none like him since", and the many testimonies to this effect from his former pupils prove that he must indeed have been a giant in the school room.

Mr. Karbaum taught again the following term, 1925-26, with an enrollment of 42 pupils. Then he resigned to return to Massachusetts. The two following years, Mennonite teachers from outside the community were hired to teach the school. They were Herbert K. Maust and Anna Eby.

In the fall of 1929 the school board had trouble finding a teacher. At last they persuaded Esther Schlabach Swartzentruber, an Amish girl recently come from Ohio and newly married to a Delewarian, Norman C. Swartzentruber, to teach the term of 1929-30. This was a bold step, for she did not have the required teaching certificates. But there was no objection from the State officials, and for the next eight years, Amish teachers staffed Apple Grove.

Then for three years, and again in 1944-45 and in 1950-52, Conservative Mennonite teachers were employed. Amish teachers taught the remaining years, or a total of thirty-one of the forty years the school has been in operation.

No fewer than 28 teachers and assistant teachers have taught at Apple Grove, more than half of whom taught only one year.

By 1938 the Delaware Amish had spread out so far that it became necessary to build a second school. This was Green Hill, located at Seven Hickories. Today, in addition to these two private schools, the Amish children of Delaware attend three public schools, which, however, are controlled by the Amish themselves, though staffed by non-Amish teachers.

Co-operation between public officials and the Amish has been exceptionally good over the years. At first, a visiting teacher from the State would call at the Amish schools, checking attendance, etc. More recently, a monthly report of attendance mailed to Dover has been the only contact with public officials.

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As we look back over forty years, we may wonder that the opening of the first Amish or Mennonite elementary school did not create more of a sensation. There was very little publicity connected with the opening of Apple Grove. Many of the Amish in other states were unaware of the school. There were no headlines in the daily newspapers to announce the news, nor did it get much coverage in The Budget, though it was several times mentioned in a matter-of-fact way in the weekly newsletter from Dover.

Why did the Amish themselves not attach greater importance to the event? The answer lies in the fact that Amish schools were not entirely new. There were men and women living in Delaware who had attended "Amish schools" in their youth in other communities. Yost D. Mast had even taught one of these schools in 1909-10, in Lawrence County, Penna.

For this reason, too, it did not seem strange to the Delaware Amish to put one of their own members in as teacher in 1929-30, and in succeeding years. Indeed, in the Amish German schools of the turn of the century, it would have been unheard of to hire a non-Amish teacher.

The difference between the two types of schools is this. The earlier schools were German schools, and more of a religious nature. They were not intended to replace the public schools, but were supplementary in nature, teaching only that which the public schools could not provide. Apple Grove School was a full-fledged elementary private school, teaching the same subjects and following much the same program as the rural public schools of Delaware.

Thus, Apple Grove School was new, and yet it was not new. There is no disputing that the founders of Apple Grove owed a debt to the earlier German schools. But the debt was no greater than that which we in our turn owe them today, forty years later

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Editorial

THE APPLE GROVE REPORT

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN is a monthly published at Aylmer, Ontario, Canada, in the interests of Amish schools and homes. Rates: $1.25 per year; $2.00 - 2 yr.; Editor: Joseph Stoll, R. 4, Aylmer, Ont., Can. Secretary-Treasurer: Lydia F. Beiler, Box 16, Ronks, Pennsylvania, 17572.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

Extra copies of this "Delaware" issue are available at 10¢ each, or 3 for 25¢, while they last.

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Because of the Apple Grove Report, the annual directory of Amish schools and teachers was postponed to November. Also in November we plan to have reports on this year's new schools.

Some of the other material we received this month is likewise being held over. Keep writing.

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Correction: In the letter last month from Melvin E. Hershberger, Baltic, Ohio, mention was made of Abraham digging new wells. This was a mistake. Abraham had dug the original wells, but it was his son Isaac who dug new ones when his enemies filled them up. Sorry.

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Gift subscriptions! The past few weeks have brought in a number of gift subscriptions at our special rate of 5 or more 1-yr. subscriptions @ $1.00 ea. Many thanks. And those of you who neglected it, send yours in now.

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From The Mennonite Weekly Review: we quote the following:

"Mennonite schools in Mexico, especially those of the Old Colonies, have come under sharp criticism in the Mexican press in recent months, according to a Cuauhtemoc report. It appears likely that some standardization of the schools will be required by Mexico's department of education, perhaps in the not too distant future."

J.S.

Much of this issue is taken up with our special feature on the first Amish elementary school. Preparing this report took many hours of work, plus the co-operation of a number of writers. We are glad it is finished. We hope our readers appreciate this feature, and we are confident that those who attended or taught at Apple Grove will in particular find it interesting. If our other readers do not find it so, we beg their pardon.

Special thanks are due Effie (Mrs. Alfred) Troyer of Dover who did much of the "legwork" for the report. She looked up records, talked to a number of people, and in general took care of the Delaware end of the report, putting in a lot of time and effort without thought of pay.

Thanks are also due Allen B. Clark, who gave permission for us to freely use material from his book, History of the Amish of Delaware. Time and again we referred to his writing.

And we do not want to forget the exceptional co-operation received from those whom we asked to write. Their letters in this issue show how well they responded.

* * * * *

When we began working on this report last summer, the names of very few of the people connected with Apple Grove were known to us. Today, the names of three men stand out in our minds as having had the most to do with making Apple Grove in its early years a success. Of the three, two are no longer living.

The first of the three men we have in mind is William A. Byler. He was born Aug. 17, 1876 near New Wilmington, Penna. In the year 1900 he was ordained a deacon in the Old Order Amish church. At that time he was living in Geauga County, Ohio.

In the fall of 1923 the William Byler family moved to Dover. They had been there only a year when the first plans for Apple Grove were drawn up. According to reports, Will Byler was first of all an organizer. He is also remembered to have had an exceptional ability to settle disputes, and to work with people. This ability served him well as a deacon and on the school board. In later years he was a leading figure in organizing the Amish cheese factory and the Green Hill School in 1938. He died at Catlett, Virginia in 1952 at the age of 76 years.

The second man is Samuel Hertzler, Sr. He moved with his family to Delaware from Lancaster County, Penna. early in 1920. The school was built on his farm, and he became the first secretary, a position he held for twenty years. His children always attended Apple Grove, and later two of his daughters taught there. His present address is Mechanicsville Maryland.

The third man at Apple Grove is Franz Karbaum. The letters from his former pupils all read the same, "The best teacher...", "A wonderful teacher!", "A better teacher I never had." Somehow Mr. Karbaum had something few teachers have, and his ex-pupils get quite enthusiastic when they talk about him. Without a doubt he had much to do with getting Apple Grove started on a sound educational basis.

We have made an attempt to list the first-year pupils, and to give their present addresses. It is surprising where the Apple Grove pupils of 1925-26 have moved to in the past forty years! Five of the 42 pupils are no longer living. The remaining 37 are scattered from Oregon to Delaware, and from Tennessee to Ontario. They live in at least 18 separate communities, and only 9 are still in Delaware.

– J.S.

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PUPILS ATTENDING APPLE GROVE, 1925-26

Name:	Age:	Present address:	Remarks:
Byler, Enoch	11	Guthrie, Kentucky, R. 2	
Byler, Mollie	12	Staunton, Virginia	Mrs. Amos Zook
Hershberger, Andrew	12	Indiana Co., Penna.	
Hershberger, Annie	9	Dover, Delaware, R. 2	Mrs. Dave E. Yoder
Hershberger, Daniel	7	Mercer, Penna.	
Hershberger, Eli	10	Canton, Ohio	
Hershberger, Katie	10	Mechanicsville, Md.	Mrs. Samuel Hertzler, Sr.
Hershberger, Rebecca	8	Holmes County, Ohio	
Hertzler, Anna	8	Steuben Co., Indiana	Mrs. Noah Schwartz
Hertzler, Isaac	13	Mechanicsville, Md.	
Hertzler, Jacob	10	Tavistock, Ontario	
Hertzler, Samuel	7	Lakeside, Ontario	
King, John	14	Dover, Delaware, R. 2	
Lee, Albert	14	Anabel, Missouri	
Lee, Barbara	9 (deceased)		

Lee, Harvey	9 (deceased)		
Lee, Ivy	11	Mifflintown, Penna. R. 2	Teaching school
Lee, Lizzie	13	Belleville, Penna. R. 1	Mrs. Enos Peachey
Miller, Ada	13 (deceased)		
Miller, Adam	7	Stuarts Draft, Virginia	
Miller, Anna	7	Dover, Delaware, R. 2	Mrs. Henry Detweiler
Miller, Enos	9	Buffalo Valley, Penna.	
Miller, Henry E.	11	Wyoming, Delaware, R. 1	
Miller, John E.	10	Wyoming, Delaware, R. 1	
Miller, Joseph	11	Buffalo Valley, Penna.	
Miller, Lena	5	Oakland, Maryland	Mrs. Calvin Nissley
Miller, Melinda	8	Dover, Delaware, R. 2	Mrs. Dan A. Yoder
Schrock, Clement	10	McMinnville, Oregon	
Schrock, Effie	11	Wyoming, Delaware	Mrs. Henry E. Miller
Schrock, Matilda	14	Dover, Delaware, R. 2	Mrs. Dan J. Beachy
Swartzentruber, Caroline	9	Ethridge, Tennessee	Mrs. Levi Hostetler
Swartzentruber, Menno	11	Wayne County, Ohio	
Swartzentruber, Sarah	13 (deceased)		
Yoder, Daniel	14	Wyoming, Delaware, R. 1	
Yoder, Dora	6	Salisbury, Penna.	
Yoder, Freda	8	Grantsville, Md. R. 1	
Yoder, Iddo	11	Buffalo Valley, Penna.	
Yoder, Milo	16	Oakland, Maryland	
Zook, Emma	6	Wayne County, Ohio	Mrs. Uria E. Miller
Zook, John	13	Ethridge, Tennessee	
Zook, Jonathan	8	Wayne County, Ohio	
Zook, Leah	9	Wayne County, Ohio	Mrs. Rudy Yoder

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LETTERS FROM PUPILS OF FORTY YEARS AGO

1. Enoch Byler (present address: Guthrie, Kentucky)

Dear Friend,

In answer to your letter about the Apple Grove School in Dover, Delaware.... Yes, my Dad's name was William A. Byler. He was a deacon in the Old Order Amish church. If I remember right, three directors had been appointed to see about building the school. They were Dad and Noah N. Lee, both of whom are now deceased, and Samuel Hertzler, who lives in St. Marys County, Maryland.

One of the first days of school, Samuel Hertzler was there to see about the wood furnace. I remember so well Samuel lying on a bench to see if it would warm up.

My sister Ida (now Mrs. Alvin N. Yoder) and I had been going to Rose Valley School. I don't remember in what grade Ida was, but I was in the fifth grade. We had to walk almost three miles to school. We used to enjoy our trip walking to and from school.

Dad could not understand why Noah Lee wanted it where it was built at first. Dad wanted it closer to where it is now (The school was moved in 1948), where it would have been nearer the middle of the settlement. Of course, Samuel pulled to have it closer to him, so there were two against one. If I am not mistaken it is now on what used to be the Noah Lee farm.

The school was near the home of an old German college teacher, Karbaum by name. He taught for two years, and I can say he was the best teacher I had in my school years. He used to walk home for his lunch. I remember so well how it would suddenly get quiet when he walked into the door after lunch.

He had a good way with the children. One stormy day we did not go out to play at lunch, and when Mr. Karbaum came in he looked around the room, then asked why it was so dusty. But he had a smile on his face.

Another time I was out of school for two weeks. The first day I was back, when school had started and everything was quiet, he called me up to his desk. He had such a stern look on his face as he asked me why I had been out of school so long. I told him I had been expecting the measles.

He said, "That's a very good excuse, Enoch." I certainly was relieved.

– Enoch Byler

2. Ivy N. Lee (present address: Mifflintown, Penna.)

Dear Readers,

Greetings in Jesus Holy name. As I was asked to write for the Bulletin and give some details of the Apple Grove school, I will try to send in a little as I remember it to have been.

I did not attend there the first year, so as not to bring the attendance of the country public school too low. The next year, or the first full term for Apple Grove, I started to the private school.

There were 42 pupils. The seats were double, and as long as we behaved, we had choice of a seat mate. The school house was roomy, with a furnace in the basement. The two windows on the north side above the blackboard were more like ventilators. But on the south side the whole length was windows. The blackboard ran across the whole front of the room. At the back of the room was a cloak room.

The school yard was spacious, or so we thought. The big ball diamond was at that end of the school where there were no large windows. There were also two smaller diamonds for the younger children. Some trees had been sawed off real low, and the stumps served as bases. Once in a while some one would trip over them, but not often. It happened to me once, when I was running backward to catch the ball. I caught the ball, and the ground caught me.

The tree stumps also were bases for what we used to call "Single Gool". I rather believe it should have been "single Goal". We also played Prisoner's Base, and other games.

The teacher was a retired German, quite stern at times. Or so I thought. But a better teacher I never had. I liked his method of teaching and for keeping order. There were very few restrictions as to order, for his method was self-government. And somehow everyone seemed to know just where, when, and how things were to be done. A more orderly, yet free and pleasant school I never attended.

I was in the fifth grade the first year in this school. The fifth and sixth grade at that time were allowed two weeks off at the beginning of the term. The seventh and eighth graders were allowed four weeks, and the same again at the end of the term. This was thought of as an agricultural course for the boys and a household training course for the girls.

I was not exactly needed at home, so I started at the beginning of the term. As I was the lone fifth grader, and the books were different, and also, the teacher's methods were entirely different, he put me with the third and fourth grade.

Those two classes always went together as one. So did the fifth and sixth, and the seventh and eighth. That seemed to be the usual procedure in the public schools of Delaware, too.

Those two weeks in that class were just what I needed. I couldn't have kept up with my classmates if I hadn't had some foundation to start on.

We had everything in English until the last recess. Then everything was German. We learned to read, write, and sing in German, and also studied some grammar. I still have a notebook with some of the most important items in it.

- Ivy N. Lee

3. Albert N. Lee, (present address, Anabel, Missouri)

The first year Apple Grove started was my last year in school. Karbaum, an old German, I imagine in his 60's, was our teacher. He was the best teacher I ever had. When he said something, we all knew that's just what he meant. If any of us did anything we shouldn't, or that he didn't like, he just called the name and looked at the guilty one. And that was enough.

- Albert N. Lee

4. Lizzie Lee, now Mrs. Enos Peachy, Belleville, Penna.

I really don't remember much of the particulars, except that Karbaum was our teacher, and a wonderful teacher he was. He was a German and could speak a good many languages.

We had gone to Rose Valley school till some time in February (1925) when we started in our new school. Karbaum passed just two scholars that year, and they were Joe Zook's Johnnie and Jake Hertzler. He said the rest don't know enough to pass.

I remember just one time that someone got a whipping, and I forget who the boy was. The teacher took him to the cloak room to do it. He really had good order, and we liked him for our teacher.

There are two books that we had which I wish we could get now. The title was Knowledge, and there was one for the higher grades and one for the lower.

- Mrs. Enos Peachey

5. John B. Zook, (present address: Ethridge, Tennesee)

Sometime near midwinter of 1925, the new schoolhouse in the corner of Sam Hertzler's big orchard was finished, and classes started with almost full capacity. Some of the pupils, including this writer, had much nearer to the public schools. I believe our parents had faith in our Amish private school and willingly went to the extra trouble to provide us with a team and carriage to go the longer distance to this school.

Compared with Chestnut Grove School out along the Kenton-Dover Road, the new school house was a joy to be in. Not drafty, heated well all through, well-lighted, even though the windows were mainly on the south side.

Some years ago we were reminded that Apple Grove School was the first permanent Amish private school. It did not seem so much out of the ordinary to us youngsters. Our parents worked out the problems of extra expenses for the school house and books and teacher, so we didn't give much thought to the fact that it was a new venture for our people.

I think we were fortunate in having a good teacher. Frank (Franz, as he wrote it in German) Karbaum was a retired high school teacher, a German, and seemingly of high ideals. And I think we learned high ideals of hard work and thrift from him. He was a strict master; no monkeying around was allowed while school was "in", even if he had his back turned to us, which he often had. Some of us, to our sorrow, soon found out there was no way of getting mischievous without being caught at it. The rod and a hard hand were used sparingly by him. We all knew what to expect of him if we risked making trouble. He simply "nipped trouble in the bud".

There was no "back talk" allowed either. Once there was "back talk" from one of us and quite a scene followed. After school hours the pupil who was "in it" and his father called on Mr. Karbaum. Soon the difficulty was cleared up. The next morning as classes started, Mr. Karbaum told us all that the affair was now settled. He didn't tell us who was in the wrong though, and in not telling us that, I think he acted wisely. I think he earned our respect for him.

We worked hard in ways, for he had a system of keeping us occupied. But one thing I noticed, we weren't required to memorize dates of happenings and all such "dry stuff", and by not requiring us to learn these, I think he gave us more zest to learn the more useful facts and to memorize them without being forced to do so. We had geography, history, civics, and a book of facts which we called Knowledge Book for our Readers. Karbaum was a great story-teller. He would explain a word, or a sentence, or a picture in a way that we got a good lesson out of it.

One such instance I'll never forget. In our civics lesson we read of the merits of a good school education. On one page of our lesson was a picture of a well-dressed man at a big desk in a fine office. Under it was the caption, "This man studied in school till he was 21". On the opposite page was a picture of a ragged drooping man hauling garbage, with the words underneath, "This man studied till he was 14". Teacher told us not to take this too seriously, as we should be willing to do the lowly tasks as well as the better-paying work, and that it takes us all to get this life's tasks done. There were other lessons like this that I remember, but time and space will not allow me to write of them.

After the afternoon recess we learned German reading, writing, sentence construction, and — pronunciation. Being "dutch" we thought we knew how to pronounce German words, but Teacher didn't think so, and tried his best to get us to say "ah" for "aw", and "oy" at some places where we thought it was "eye", and to know where it was "ist" instead of "isht".

But the best of all was the singing. Not out of our usual singing books, but a few German songs imported from the Old Country, and suited to our age, all with a moral. One bedtime song seemed to be popular with everyone who heard us sing it.

I think Mr. Karbaum taught us to use our minds when using our pencils. He had a class in arithmetic once in a while where no paper or pencil was used. He told us to do better than a high school class he once tested. When he gave them a problem to find out how much butter can be made from a certain amount of milk, most of the class came up with more butter than they had milk to begin with.

At noon Mr. Karbaum always left for lunch at his son's house, a short walk down the road. How the tune did change when he entered the room again! Which goes to show that "well-behaved" children still need wide-awkae parents.

Near the end of the 1926 term, Teacher announced that he was going back to Massachusetts to teach high school again, and that our school would end within a few days. We were all glad to hear that school would be closing, but I felt sorrow that the next year I could not go on and learn from him. I think all of my teachers were good, but I just didn't get so much out of school after that winter.

– John B. Zook

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IS YOUR ADDRESS CHANGING?

Please notify us of your change of address. Return postage rates are high, and you can help us give you better service at less cost by informing us in advance. Thank you.

APPLE GROVE SCHOOL TEACHERS

Year:	Name:	Home:	Remarks:	Enrollment:
1925-26	Franz Karbaum	Dover, Del.	Retired teacher	
1926-27	Herbert K. Maust	Somerset Co., Pa.	Mennonite	
1928-29	Anna Eby		Mennonite	
1929-30	Mrs. Norman Swartzentruber	Dover, Del.	Amish	
1930-31	Yost D. Mast	Hartly, Del.	Amish	
1931-32	Yost D. Mast			
1932-33	Anna Mast	Hartly, Del.	Amish; now Mrs. Elmer N. Yoder	40
1933-34	Anna Mast			
1934-35	Mose Kanagy	Dover, Del.	Amish	
1936-36	Mose Kanagy			
1936-37	Mose Kanagy			
1937-38	Ruth Yoder	Greenwood Del.	Conservative Menn.; Now Mrs. Eli Bontrager	
1938-39	Ruth Yoder			
1939-40	Joseph Overholt	Hartville, Ohio	Conservative Menn.	
1940-41	Martin Beachy	Dover, Del.	Amish	32
1941-42	Martin Beachy			29
1942-43	Anna Hertzler	Dover, Del.	Amish; now Mrs. Noah Schwartz	41
1943-44	Dan S. Mast	Dover, Del.	Amish	
1944-45	Ruth Peachey	Somerset Co., Pa.	Conservative Menn.	25
1945-46	Lydia Hertzler	Dover, Del.	Amish; now Mrs. Sammie Stoltzfus	
1946-47	Lydia Hertzler			
1947-48	Susie Nissley	Dover, Del.	Amish; now Mrs. Myron Bender, Catlett, Va.	
1948-49	Mary Yoder and Sovilla J. Yoder	Wyoming, Del.	Amish	34
1949-50	Andy R. Byler	Wyoming, Del.	Amish	37
1950-51	Erma Bender	Somerset Co., Pa.	Conservative Menn.; now Mrs. David Miller, Mich.	
1951-52	Erma Bender			
1952-53	Andy R. Byler	Wyoming, Del.	Amish	
1953-54	Mrs. Rhoda Bontrager	Dover, Del.	Amish	
1954-55	Mrs. Rhoda Bontrager and Rosa A. Byler	Dover, Del.	Amish	50
1955-56	Mary W. Weaver	Fredericksburg, O.	Amish	39
1956-57	Mary W. Weaver			36
1957-58	Neil N. Hershberger	Dover, Del.	Amish	35
1958-59	Neil N. Hershberger			33
1959-60	Joe P. Stutzman	Dover, Del.	Amish	41
1960-61	Joe P. Stutzman			39
1961-62	Mrs. Eli Swartzentruber and Mrs. Jake Yoder	Dover, Del.	Amish	47
1962-63	Joe P. Stutzman and Mrs. Alfred Troyer	Dover, Del.	Amish	43
1963-64	Herman Stutzman Mrs. Alfred Troyer	Dover, Del.	Amish	37
1964-65	Lydia Mae Detweiler	Dover, Del.	Amish	41
1965-66	Lydia Mae Detweiler			

LETTERS FROM FORMER TEACHERS OF APPLE GROVE

1. Herbert K. Maust now lives at R. 1, Marietta, Pennsylvania. He taught the term of 1926-27. At the time our request reached him,

he and his wife were on a western trip. He has promised to write when he returns home.

2. Mrs. Norman C. Swartzentruber, Dover, Delaware.

Dear Friend,

Greetings and all spiritual good wishes. Received your letter of Sept. 8. Yes, insofar as I know, I was the first Amish teacher in a parochial school.

Teaching never did appeal to me, but I was persuaded to teach one term because of a teacher shortage. I taught the term of 29-30. I was twenty-eight at the time. My maiden name was Esther Schlabach. My father's name was John Schlabach and my mother's maiden name was Mary Yoder.

We had been married seven months when I started teaching. My husband was a widower of twenty-nine with three small children. So, of course, my chief interests were not where they did justice to the school. My home before my marriage was in Holmes County, Ohio.

We lived within walking distance of the school. I was paid $4.00 per day, which was considered good wages at that time. There were forty some pupils. Samuel Hertzler was secretary of the school, and a very able and capable man. There were four of his children in school, all good scholars. Deacon Will A. Byler was also a member of the school board and a helpful one.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Norman C. Swartzentruber

3. Yost D. Mast, Hartly, Delaware (1930-31, 1931-32, part of 1932-33)

Dear Friend,

I received your letter the other day regarding my teaching what they now call the Apple Grove Parochial School. It was not by any means the first Amish school, as I taught in Lawrence County, Penna, the winter of 1909-10, and my father taught the same school in the 1890's.

I was born Aug. 31, 1888 in Holmes County, Ohio. My mother died when I was six years old, and my father Daniel J. Mast was called to Lawrence County, Penna. to teach their school. My younger brother and I had our home at Andrew H. Masts near Mt. Hope, Ohio, and I attended public school south of Mt. Hope, where they taught both German and English.

When Father married again in Pennsylvania and moved there, I attended Cotton School No. 8, Pulaski Twp., Lawrence Co., Penna. I attended until I was sixteen as the law required, with three months out each winter to attend the Amish school. We had no grades in school then but I was in the top classes when I quit.

I taught Apple Grove from 1930 to 1933, when I was 42 to 45 years old. I then moved to a farm, and my daughter Anna (now Mrs. Elmer N. Yoder) took over.

- Yost D. Mast

4. Martin Beachy, Kennedyville, Maryland (1940-41, 1941-42)

I enjoy reading the Bulletin very much, and many times it brings back memories of when I was a teacher at Apple Grove school for two years back in 1940 to 1942.

I always liked school life, and thought I'd like to teach school, but I had only an eighth grade education. I had never heard of an Amish private school until 1940 when I came to Delaware from Illinois. I married a young girl in Delaware, and as we discussed our likes and dislikes, she mentioned the private school and the need of a teacher, But I thought I couldn't qualify with no more than an eighth grade education. However, I made an application, and to my surprise, I was accepted. The job payed $2.00 a day, which was considered a good wage.

The first term there were 32 pupils, with 15 in the seventh and eighth grades. The reason for so many in these two grades was because many of the lower grade children attended nearby public schools, where grades 1-6 only were taught. All pupils from those families near the school attended Apple Grove.

I enjoyed going out at recess and playing with the children. And they enjoyed it too. We played hard when we played, and worked hard when we entered the school room.

I felt the pupils should have examinations at regular intervals, and asked the older pupils how they were used to having exams in the past. They seemed to know very little about exams, and disliked the idea. So I talked to the State Board of Education about examination questions. As we were using different textbooks than they were, they could not help me much. So I prepared my own questions from the books we were using. The children soon adjusted to having examinations, and I feel they profited very much from them.

I had some outstanding pupils who worked very hard. Even in their examination papers they nearly always had 100%. I still have many of these question sheets.

I had very good cooperation from the State Board whenever I needed their assistance. Because ours was a country school, we were allowed a term of 160 days. During the war many of the older children were needed at home, so they required only 100 days of attendance from the seventh and eighth graders.

At the end of each school year I had cards printed listing each pupil's name and age and the grade. These cards the pupils really appreciated. To show my appreciation to the hard-working eighth graders, I made up graduation diplomas and folders, signed by the State Superintendent.

I remember several school episodes that were quite humorous. One was when the seventh and eighth grade language class had been assigned a list of words with which to write sentences. The pupils took turns reading their sentences. Among the words was reared. One boy stood up and read, "I reared the cake."

During my second year of teaching, we bought a small farm of 33 acres near the school, with intentions of continuing to teach. We moved to this farm in February 1942, and that spring I realized I could not take proper care of the farm and teach at the same time. So I gave up teaching school, although I had enjoyed it very much.

May the Lord bless our private schools.

Martin Beachy

5. Effie Mast Troyer, Dover, Del. (6 weeks, 1944; spring, 1963; fall, 1963; substitute)

One boy in school could see no sense in learning arithmetic. One day at noon he remarked, "Of what use is arithmetic?"

I asked him, "What do you intend to do when you are grown?"

"Be a carpenter," he retorted quickly.

Before I could say anything, the rest of the boys were laughing and teasing him. They told him he could never be a carpenter if he did not know his arithmetic.

After a while the boy turned to me and said, "Just because learning was easy for you, you think everybody ought to be able to learn easily."

"Who said learning was easy for me?" I asked.

"I have heard different ones say so," he replied.

I decided it was time to tell him about an incident in my own school life. "There is not one person in this State who went to the same school I did," I began, "So no one here knows whether it was easy or hard for me to learn my lessons. I took the seventh and eighth grades in New York schools, and there we had Regents in January and June. Not even the teacher knew what our questions would be till the day we had our examinations.

"If we had a passing grade in our geography Regents in June in the seventh grade, we did not need to take geography the next year. Oh, how I hated geography. In our January Regents, my geography grade was 31. I am ashamed to admit it, but it's the truth. Then my teacher gave me a lecture. She could give lectures as well as teach, and you didn't soon forget them either. The result — in June Regents my geography grade was 95, and arithmetic, which I liked, was only 92.

"So you see, you have to try. You must want to learn, and you must think you can. As long as you say, 'I can't', then you probably can't. I thought I couldn't learn geography, but after my teacher got me to thinking I could try, I could. She told me, 'As badly as you hate geography, do you want to study it throughout the eighth grade?' That got me studying it with a will."

The boys were all listening so earnestly that by the time I finished my little "lecture", we discovered it was almost time for the bell. From that time on, that boy did much better in arithmetic, and also behaved better.

In the other school I taught, Green Hill, there was one incident that helped me a lot, and which I never forgot. Before I taught I was always talking to children, and delighted in having them talk back to me. In school several of the bigger ones kept talking back, too. But one day I got tired of this, and knew it had to be stopped. So I told them I wouldn't take any more "back talk" in school.

Several days later one of the older boys talked back again, but before I could do or say anything, the biggest boy, who was bigger than I was, said, "Have you forgotten? She said she wasn't going to take any more back talk from us." And that was the last of that.

- Effie Troyer

6. Andy R. Byler, Wyoming-Camden, Del. (1949-50, 1952-53)

As we do not have any more school children and I am no longer on the board, I do not feel too well qualified to write about school. I was on the board for twelve years, and taught two terms, 1949-50 and 1952-53.

Those were two enjoyable years I never want to forget. Of course, there were ups and downs. But I think we older people could all take a lesson from the children. Sure, I was supposed to teach them, which I tried to do, but I learned a lot, too.

I remember one day in particular. It is nothing unusual for boys to get into a brawl once in a while, but girls — that is something else. I had nineteen girls that year. One noon I heard something unusual outside, so I sneaked up to an open window and listened. I did not have long to listen till I knew what was going on.

There they were, about half on one side and half on the other, arguing and fussing.

Well, I called them all in and told them to sit down. I did not say a word to them about their quarrel, but thought I would let them cool off till recess. Then I talked to them. I told them if they wanted to go out and play, and all play together, they may go, but we can't have a two-sided school. They will all play together, or nobody will play. I told them a Miller or a Byler or Detweiler or Troyer is no better in the sight of God than anybody else. They all promised, and as far as I know they all kept their promise. They went out and played as if nothing had ever happened.

That was a good lesson for me, too. Why can't we older people forgive and forget like children do? One of the girls told me years later that was one lesson she will never forget.

Some incidents that happened at school were amusing and of course, some caused heart aches. Some days everything rode along nice smoothly. And then there were the days when nothing seemed to work according to plan. Then I would come home sullen and upset, go to bed, and lay there thinking. Now, why did he or she do this or that? And finally I ended up by putting 75% of the blame right on the teacher's desk.

I certainly do not regret the two terms I taught school. A person who has never taught has missed something in life. A teacher can learn pretty well what the conditions are in the homes by watching the children. You can usually see if they are brought up in a quiet Christian manner. Of course, there are always exceptions.

If parents do not teach their children discipline in the home, it puts a double hardship on the teacher. Then after school, what can we expect? Will they make good honest sincere men and women? We as parents have a large responsibility resting upon us. The older I get, the bigger the responsibility looks to me. I am not pointing an accusing finger at anyone but myself, for I have made many mistakes in life. If we could only profit more from other people's mistakes!

A teacher needs the full support of the parents. The teacher will make plenty of mistakes. If the parents have anything to say about teaching, and they should have, by all means, then speak to the teacher about it. If there are rules you do not approve, do not tell the children, but talk to the teacher in a nice friendly way. I am sure things will then be worked out all right.

A. R. Byler

7. Mary W. Weaver, R. 2, Fredericksburg, Ohio

For the 1955-56 school term, Apple Grove opened on the superstitious thirteenth of September. As many other new teachers have experienced, my courage began to waver as that day drew nigh. I still marvel that I had enough courage to travel five hundred miles to a completely strange community for my first try at teaching.

Nineteen pupils were enrolled, all in the lower six grades. October 3 brought an additional nineteen pupils, but also the work, activity, and the noise. My established routine was overthrown. The little third grade girl with her usual cheery "Good morning" failed to give a greeting at all. At recess she greeted me quietly, and added, "I am just too bashful to speak out today."

By another week we had overcome the turmoil, and a new schedule had been worked out. By that time, also, I knew that the upper grade pupils would be just as good friends and as full of fun as the rest. A few of the boys were determined to play good-natured jokes on the teacher. They had their greatest success when they got her to taste a green persimmon.

I spent the ten day Christmas vacation with home folks, and reopened school on my birthday. I had been very anxious to see the pupils again, so I was greatly disappointed when they were not at all sociable. The girls, especially stood in corners during recesses whispering. As soon as I drew near, they hushed up. I began wishing I had stayed at home. Weary from travel, I had intended to retire early that evening. Suddenly the door opened and in filed a large crowd of pupils and young folks, singing as they came, and bringing a large birthday cake. No wonder the whisperings had ceased at school as I drew near!

The term closed May 9. As a parting gift they presented me with a friendship quilt with ninety-nine patches, bearing the names of all the pupils and their mothers and other friends.

On Sept. 3, 1956 the '56-57 term was opened, with fourteen pupils in the lower six grades. On Oct. 1, twenty-two seventh and eighth graders brought the enrollment up to thirty-six. In these two years, the boys and girls were equal in number.

Among the highlights of this second year was getting acquainted with the Pennsylvania teachers and their schools. In November I took several of my pupils along to visit their schools one day. In the following spring we had the visit repaid by eight of their teachers. This was all greatly enjoyed, and a strong bond of friendship was established.

As more and more parochial schools were opening in our community in Ohio, my parents wished for me to teach closer home. Therefore, I refused the position for the next year. However, those two years are still my most cherished school terms. The correspondence with some of my pupils all these years has been one of the greatest rewards. The present teacher was one of my pupils. Another pupil also taught one term.

Mary Weaver

8. Joe P. Stutzman, Dover, Delaware (1959-60, 1960-61, 1962-63)

I have only three years' teaching to my credit, but I can say it was an interesting and worthwhile experience which I will never forget. I had the usual ups and downs with some pupils as well as with some parents. A lot of worry and many troubles could be avoided if the parents always tried to find out more about their children's whimpering, rather than to be sure they are telling the truth. They should go to the teacher in person (not by writing a note) and explain the matter from one end to the other. From experience I can say that everyone concerned will feel better, and there will be less tension and fewer grudges. If ill feelings are harbored and cultivated, there is nothing that will make a teacher, especially a young teacher, lose interest in school faster.

As I see it there are many things a teacher needs to be a success. He must want to understand children, and have a desire to work with them. My advice to teachers is to never make rules on the spur of the moment. If you are irritated, your reasoning may be a bit out of line. You will likely feel different the next day. If then you ease up on your rules, you lose a certain respect of the pupils. In other words, take your experiences home, and in the cool of the day make your rules. Later on if you see the need of tightening up the reins, do it. It is better to be able to tighten, than to have to loosen them later on.

Some rules I recall to have been good ones are: No talking in time of school without permission. At first some of the children thought it was impossible, but later some said they wouldn't want it otherwise. Another rule: Be done in time for class. If they are not, it is very unhandy for the teacher. I tried to give assignments that were not too long, yet this created its own problems, for the easy-learning ones would be finished and be up to mischief. I tried to keep them occupied in other work, helping the smaller ones, doing extra lessons, and so forth. They were to have their lessons done the day before, and if they were not finished, it cost them their noon hour. It didn't happen to the same ones very often.

A good way to prevent trouble is to be on the alert for little things, for all big things start in a small way. It takes some nerve to walk up to a group of children if you see they are at odds with each other, and try to set them straight, especially once the case is rather severe.

I can well remember my first days and the uncertainty that went with them. To all those who are new in teaching, you must not expect to learn everything in one day or in a year, for there is no limit to learning if you are willing. Therefore, I wish each and everyone a happy memorable year, and many more to come.

Joe P. Stutzman

* * * *

APPLE GROVE SCHOOL TODAY

By Lydia Mae Detweiler, Teacher

To give an interesting picture in words of our school today is a task I feel unworthy of attempting. Yet I will in great weakness try to comply.

Our school has changed very little in the last forty years, according to what I have been able to learn, except for the location. In the summer of 1948 the school was moved about 1 1/2 miles west of its original site, possibly to be in a more thickly-settled area. When it was moved, the furnace was taken out, and no basement was built. So the building is now heated by a coal stove at the rear of the room.

Our schoolhouse is white, with a green roof, and is situated on the east side of the road. The school is in the northwest corner of the lot, and a white fence encircles the playground on three sides, the fourth side toward the road being unfenced.

The entrance is on the south end of the building. There is an open porch, where a lot of mud and snow is discarded before entering. We walk into a hall where there are shelves and clothes hooks on both sides, the east side for the girls and the west for the boys. The pump, sink, and towels are also located here, and there is room on the east side for balls, bats, and jumping ropes.

A door on each side of the hall opens into our 25' x 29' classroom, where we at once see most of the north wall taken up with blackboards, with a bulletin board at the north east corner. Above the blackboards hangs the clock, ticking steadily day after day. The teacher's desk faces the entrance, and the 48 pupils face the teacher. We have six rows of desks, one row being double desks. The first two rows on the right are occupied by one first grader, 1 second, 1 third, 1 fourth, 4 fifth, and 7 sixth graders. The seventh and eighth graders do not begin school until Oct. 1.

The room is flooded with bright morning sunshine streaming in our five large east windows. Cupboards and bookcases occupy three corners of the room, and there is even a bench in the south west corner for visitors, though it is rarely used for that purpose.

September 7 turned out to be a very clear and balmy day to start the 41st. term at Apple Grove. Of course, the teacher was there early getting everything ready. The clock ticked on, and one by one they came with the usual "Good-mornings". Books were hurriedly discarded, along with lunch boxes and hats, and the new arrivals ran out to join the ball game.

And thus the term began. Each day is much the same as the one before. At 9:00 o'clock we ring the bell, and there are usually groans of "Oh, no, not already." Finally, everyone is in his seat, the hymn is sung, the chapter read, and the roll called. The pupils settle down to work, and after the teacher has distributed yesterday's papers, arithmetic classes begin. Everything glides along smoothly until someone cries, "I can't find my paper," or "I'm not done," and before we know it we're ten precious minutes behind schedule. But we hurry, and just finish eighth grade arithmetic in time for recess.

Everybody hurries out to play ball where they had left off. All too soon 10:45 is here and the bell rings again, bringing them in on the run, refreshed, and ready for more work. Spelling classes move along with only the usual interruptions. We're done ahead of time, so we'll do a few English classes before noon. We finish fourth grade English, then gather up scraps of paper from the floor, and dismiss for lunch. The boys hurry through lunch and impatiently wait for the girls. The little ones romp and jump rope.

At 1:00 o'clock the bell rings, and when order is restored, Teacher reads the story. English classes are finished, and reading classes proceed. We hurry and hope to have fifth-sixth and seventh-eighth grade geography before recess.

2:30 is here and all are excused for recess except a few unlucky ones who were caught and have to write, "I must not talk in time of school". The girls in charge for the week sweep and clean the blackboards. The teacher supervises, and prepares papers and workbooks ready to grade. After recess, a few run in and anxiously glance over their German spelling till the last minute. Grades 1-3 work on their writing, and German spelling classes are pushed through with too little time for either. It is 3:30, and time to dismiss. We sing the closing song, and then the pupils leave. A few rush back for a book they forgot, but at last they're all gone. The last call is heard, and everything becomes so peaceful, that you, the tired teacher, heave a huge sigh of relief. But before long the quietness begins to bother you, it seems so empty and lonesome. After thinking over the day, you settle down to grade papers till it's high time to start the walk home. The remaining papers are scrambled together, and you go home. More tests wait to be made.

Thus ends the average day at Apple Grove.

German spelling is taught alternately with spelling, and on Fridays the German period is spent in singing. Also on Friday afternoons, we usually have art, a spell down, word scrambles, or arithmetic or geography matches, to break the monotony.

It might be of interest to some that this term there are 31 second-generation pupils. In other words, pupils whose parents also attended Apple Grove. Our 48 pupils come from thirty different families. We have no third-generation pupils in school here, but some are attending elsewhere.

This is my second year of teaching here at Apple Grove, and I hope to enjoy this year as well as I did last year. The co-operation and patience of the parents, the school board, and the pupils was greatly appreciated, and it helped to make my first year of teaching a most memorable one. I hope to return my thanks in a small measure by trying to make some improvements as we start out on a new term.

- Lydia Mae Detweiler

WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN?

III. WHAT IS WRONG WITH PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

This is a good question. And the answer is a long one. Not only is the very idea of the state educating our children unsound, there are many other angles to consider. Children from every type of home — godless, atheistic, materialistic, false cults — have an unchristian influence on our children. Teachers who do not share our Christian faith can lead a child astray. There are many harmful influences we can avoid by maintaining our own schools, but this is only half the story. The other half is the positive side, the good we can teach our children in church schools, which they are not taught in public schools. This will be discussed further in the next chater.

1. What is wrong with public schools? First, the idea is foreign to everything the Bible teaches and our forefathers practiced in the line of separation from the world.

Paul was educated at the feet of Gamaliel, the famous Jewish teacher. But can we picture Paul, after his conversion, admonishing the Christians to send their young men to Gamaliel to be taught? Or can we imagine him speaking to the Christian parents at Athens, or in any of the other heathen cities where he labored, advising them to have their children educated in one of the foremost schools of Greece?

What did Menno Simons and other Anabaptist leaders teach and write on the training of children? Let us remember that it was the alliance of state and church that brought them persecution and martyrdom. Therefore, teaching and training was the responsibility of the parents and brethren of the church. Menno Simons wrote in 1557,

> "The world desires for its children that which is earthly and perishable, money, honor, fame and wealth. From the cradle they rear them to wickedness, pride, and idolatry. But let it be otherwise with you, who are born of God, for it behooves you to seek something else for your children, namely, that which is heavenly and eternal, so that you may bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord as Paul teaches.
>
> "Moses commanded Israel to teach their children the law and commandments of the Lord, to talk of them when they sat down in their houses and when they walked by the way, when they lay down, and when they rose up. Now since we are the chosen generation, the royal priesthood, the holy nation, the peculiar people, that we should show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness unto His marvelous light, therefore we ought to be patterns and examples in all righteousness and blamelessness, and to manifest this to the whole world as we are called to this ... For this is the chief and principal care of the saints, that their children may fear God, do right, and be saved." 11

How can we parents expect our children to grow up untainted by the world, if we voluntarily send them into a worldly environment, where they associate with worldly companions, and are taught by men and women not of our faith six hours a day, five days a week, for the greater part of the year? Yet we have grown so accustomed to this state of affairs that we hardly give it a thought.

We persist in thinking of ourselves as being a light to the world, a witness to the unrighteous. At the same time, we allow the world to teach and train our children! Brethren, where is our discernment? One writer has said,

> "This nation would consider utterly ridiculous the idea of sending its soldiers to Russia to be trained in order to later fight that nation. Just so, it is ridiculous to have children trained in the world to combat the forces of evil." 12

2. What is wrong with public schools? Second, the companions and environment are not Christian. Children have a great influence on each other. It is natural for a child to want to be recognized, and to seek the approval and admiration of his playmates. It is important to "belong", and in order to be accepted, a child must to a certain degree conform to the standards of the group. He must have the same interests, and share in the activities.

This tendency to conform is a help in a church school where standards are high, and the children come from Christian homes. But the opposite is true when the children are from worldly homes. The influence the companions of our children have on them is much greater than we may realize.

In the small one-room country schools of yester-year, this matter of companions was not so important as it is today. It was important even then, but today with larger schools, there is much greater possibility of harmful influences entering the school. With the small schools, all the parents were known to each other, and they could cooperate in keeping a school decent, even though they were not of like faith. In a large consolidated school, this is difficult.

And what are the interests and standards of the average child today? What does he talk about with his companions when no one else is listening? Adults are not included in the "inside circle", so I can only speak from my own experience when I was in school. From the age of six until I was sixteen, I attended five different public schools, and I have since heard others speak of their experiences, so that I am persuaded that the schools I attended were fairly representative. And there is every reason to believe conditions are worse today than they were in the 1940's.

When children hear others of their own age use swear words, the effect is at once harmful. Even adults have experienced that when they repeatedly hear profanity, the curse words at last have a tendency to surface in their own thoughts. Soon after I had started to school, I began repeating some of the words I had heard there to the younger children at home. I was innocent as to their meaning. My parents were so aghast at the words I was saying, they promptly washed out my mouth with soap and water.

Similar to profanity are the four-letter words and sex talk of even the youngest children. I remember how shocked and surprised I was the first time I heard a fellow-first-grader explain the mysteries of life. I admit his understanding was limited, but so was mine! Throughout the school years, I overheard all kinds of filthy talk that had been picked up from the very gutters of human lust. In the older grades, my classmates were no longer content to talk about the subject; they began to experiment.

I can only say in conclusion that the environment in which I spent my school years, and the immorality of my classmates, were far removed from the ideal of Christian conduct and behaviour.

We are taking dangerous chances if we expect our children to mix with the world and not be harmed by it. The Bible says, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Again we quote Menno Simon,

> "Beloved brethren in Christ, if you rightly know God and His Word, and believe that the end of the righteous is everlasting life, and the end of the wicked eternal death, then study to the utmost of your power to lead your children on the way of life, and to keep them from the way of death, as much as in you is. Pray to Almighty God for the gift of His grace, that in His great mercy He may lead and keep them in the straight path, ... leading them by His Holy Spirit. Watch over their salvation as over your own souls. Teach them and instruct them, admonish them, threaten, correct and chastize them, as circumstances require. Keep them away from good-for-nothing children, from whom they hear, and learn nothing but lying, cursing, swearing, fighting, and mischief. Direct them to reading and writing. Teach them to spin and other handicrafts suitable, useful, and proper to their years and persons." 13

A hundred years ago there was not such a great difference in the dress and home environments of true Christians and the unconverted. Today the gap between them has widened as the social life of the masses underwent a twentieth-century revolution. Increased wealth brought materialism, the automobile brought mobility, and the twin evils of radio and television brought the sin of the world into the living room. Population increases have brought larger cities and more crowded communities.

As a result of these changes, we find crime rates going up, moral standards coming down, and family life falling apart. The modern-day child lives in a different world from the children of our plain groups. How long can we keep this separation, this distinction, under the pressure of society to make us conform to their standards? Is it possible if we continue to select their children as companions for our children?

Thirty-five years ago a Mennonite doctor said, "When I think of a boy going to high school in our present time and sitting down in a seat alongside a girl that has a skirt away above her knees and her legs bare, I say, 'God help that boy!' " 14

(To be continued)

RULES FOR PARENTS

– From Herold der Wahrheit, Oct. 15, 1882

1. Be, or try to be, by the grace of God, the kind of person your child should become.
2. Do that yourself which you wish your child to do.
3. Shun that yourself which you wish your child to shun.
4. At all times strive to set a good example for your children, as well in their absence as in their presence.
5. Do your children need rebuking? First examine yourself to see if you are free of everything worthy of rebuke.
6. Do you in yourself find faults, sins, and mistakes? Correct yourself first and then seek the betterment of your children.
7. Remember, those in your care are really only a reflection of yourself.
8. If you live a holy life, and daily pray for more grace, you will grow in holiness, and your children will, too.
9. If you allow yourselves to be led by the Spirit of God, your children will more willingly let themselves be led by you.
10. The more fully you obey God, the better will your children obey you. Wise Solomon prayed in his youth for an obedient heart, so that he might rule his people wisely.

11. If the Master of the house becomes careless and unconcerned in serving God, his attitude will spread to those in his care.

12. That which places a wall between you and God will also divide your children from God.

13. Any act not motivated by love is like the moon — cold and weak.

14. Any deed, however, which is done from a warm and upright love will shine like the sun — spreading warmth and strength.

– Translated from the German

* * * * *

THE SOUL OF A CHILD

The soul of a child is the loveliest flower
That grows in the garden of God.
Its climb is from weakness to knowledge and power,
To the sky from the day and the clod.
To beauty and sweetness it grows under care,
Neglected it's ragged and wild.
'Tis a plant that is tender, but wondrously rare,
The sweet wistful soul of a child.

Be tender, O gardener, and give it its share
Of moisture, of warmth, and of light;
And let it not lack for painstaking care
To protect it from frost and from blight.
A glad day will come, when its bloom shall unfold,
It will seem that an angel has smiled,
Reflecting a beauty and sweetness untold
In the sensitive soul of a child.

– Selected by a Reader

* * * * *

MILLERSBURG, OHIO
September 22, 1965

Friendly greetings to all the Bulletin Readers.

The September issue of the Bulletin is now an issue of the past. Undoubtedly the editor worked hard to prepare it, and has hardly time to give a sigh of relief before it is time to start on the next issue. His earnest pleadings for letters moved me to try once more. It would be much easier to say "I can't" and forget it, but usually when our pupils say "I can't", we ask, "Did you try?" The new deadline gives us fewer "tomorrows" to put it off to.

The Weaver's school is in its fifth week of school. Just a small beginning, but already it is time to think about six-week tests. We have 35 pupils this year, 24 boys and 11 girls. Six are in the first grade.

With each year of experience, I am made to realize more and more the great importance of teaching the first grade. Habits taught and stressed in the first grade will be the habits they practice in later years. Things neglected in the first grade will be their weakness all through school. It is ever so important to stress neatness and promptness in first grade lessons, even if they appear to be simple and unimportant. At no other time in school does the average pupil put forth as much sincere effort to please the teacher as in the first grade. Let's take advantage of their efforts, and teach them all we can.

Older pupils may find it hard to understand why so much time is spent with the first graders. But there is so much to teach. They must first of all learn a new language, and while this is still so new, they must speak up in class using these new words. Probably this is the first time they hear themselves speak with so many listeners in the background. They must learn to sit still and pay attention to directions. They are introduced to the alphabet, and are confused when they learn that there are two ways of printing the letters, and they each have a name and a sound. As soon as they have those mastered, they are ready for first steps in reading. There is always something new for them. Even at recess they are learning. Learning to get along with one another, and to give up at times. Sometimes these are the hardest lessons.

At no time in the life of a human does the body make more change than from birth to his first birthday. I think we would be safe in saying at no time does the human mind make a greater change than in the first year that he is in school.

This year our school has had quite a few visitors already. Mr. and Mrs. Joni Hochstetler from LaGrange, Indiana visited us briefly the other week. Four teachers visited us, too. Two of them were beginning teachers. Our hearts go out for them as they struggle through those first weeks. We wish them and all other teachers God's blessings throughout this term.

We need your prayers.

– Elizabeth Miller

GORDONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
Sept. 21, 1965

Dear Readers,

2 Corinthians 13:14, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."

This is my first letter for the Bulletin. This is my fifth year of teaching. I taught four years at Fisher's Parochial in my home community. After last year I had planned to resign from teaching, and certainly had no intention of going back to teaching so soon.

The first I knew anything about it was on the morning of August 31, 1965. Two days later the decision had been made. I would teach at New Milltown.

We have five families, consisting of sixteen pupils. There are three board members. Grades 1-8 are being taught, with the following in each grade; 1-1st.; 1-2nd.; 2-3rd.; 2-4th.; 3-5th.; 3-6th.; 1-7th.; and 3-8th.

This school holds some dear memories for me, as this is where I took the first and second grades. We had as our teacher, Mrs. Reba Moore. She always drilled us in our reading, and to this day reading is my favorite subject.

Teaching has its ups and downs the same as everything else in life. But where can you feel more satisfied? I would prefer teaching here for our own people, than to have some job for someone else.

The name of our school is New Milltown Community. A brief history of this school is planned for the November Bulletin. I board at Emanuel F. Kings and have a mile to and from school to walk.

I wish all teachers and readers a successful year ahead. Remember me in your prayers. A humble co-worker,

- Hannah L. Stoltzfus

* * * * *

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

By Lyndora Messinger

The long awaited day has come at last. The hustle and bustle of getting school books and school clothes ready is now past.

This morning we rise early, and there is much excitement. No problem to get the chores done in time this morning! We gather at the table for our breakfast of eggs, pancakes, and cocoa. After eating hurriedly, we run here and there getting pencil cases and what not together, ready to leave for the first day of school, 1965.

At last we get started. A lively conversation is carried on during the drive to school. It seems so long till we get there.

Finally we arrive. Some of the other children are already here. The moment we come to a stop, we are all ready to jump out, and race for the school house, each one trying to get there first. The lunches are put in the cupboard, and we head for the door to play the last few minutes before the bell rings.

Time for the bell, and each one comes in. There is some discussion where each of us will sit. The morning begins with singing three songs, then a chapter from Proverbs and prayer.

Now we get our books, pencils, and all our school supplies. A few minutes are spent discussing lessons and books. One by one the classes receive their instructions.

Finally comes recess, and we go out to play. Then more books. And noon. At last the clock on the wall says 3:30, and we pack up to go home. And so ends our first day of school, and we begin our new term.

- Abbottstown, Pennsylvania

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A CHILD LEFT TO HIMSELF

- By L. Garber

"Folly is bound to the mind of a child; the rod of correction will remove it far from him." Prov. 22:15 (Goodspeed Transl.) Yes, folly is bound to the mind of a child, even to the mind of a young child. As the child grows, the folly is still his by nature, and if it is not removed by the rod of correction, it will be his as a man. Then he is classed as a fool. "A child left to himself will bring his mother to shame." Prov. 29:15.

Children need attention, constant training, and correction. They may not be left by themselves to tease and fight and scream if you want them trained otherwise. An untrained child will grow up a fool, and bring his parents to shame. There are many of these grown fools today, persons who are not wise.

The parent who neglects to train his child is himself foolish and unwise. For it is the parent's duty to know where the children are, and what they are doing. If you do not, you are leaving your children to themselves.

This child training is a responsibility that is much too serious to pass over lightly. If you do not do your duty toward the child's salvation, and he falls into the snares of Satan and stands condemned at the Judgment Day, his blood will be required at your hands. If you do not warn him of temptations, and he is overcome by them, will you be free and he guilty? I'm afraid part of the load of guilt will rest on the parent.

The man of the world can train his child after his own liking, but if he has too many other duties and obligations, his child will be neglected. Just so it is with the plain people and Christian professors who have little time for their children. For it requires sincere "staying upon duty".

Stay with the child when he is young, and as he grows up, and when he is old, I believe he will bring you comfort and peace. But you will have to have a Christian attitude in everything you do if you wish him to have such an attitude.

If you, yourself, are selfish or discontented, and often complain when things don't go your way, your child will be used to it, and will be hardened in that way so that he will do the same.

With God all things are possible, but in general the children are what the parents were. If the father runs after riches to heap them up, the son will think that's the thing to do. If the mother is a vain woman who likes nice things after the desire of her heart, the daughter will find it hard to develop a conscience against those things. Parents, pray God that we may not be a stumbling block for our children, but that we may with His help provide a stepping stone for them to come to Christ. That stepping stone is our good example and training them "in the way they should go".

- St. Joe, Arkansas

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SOLOMON BUILDING THE TEMPLE

By Andrew M. Miller

God appeared to Solomon in the night, and said, "Ask what I shall give thee."

Solomon answered and said, "Thou hast shewed great mercy unto David my father, and hast made me to reign in his stead. ... Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people: for who can judge this thy people, that is so great?"

To this request God answered, "Because .. thou hast not asked riches, wealth, or honour, nor the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life; but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself, that thou mayest judge my people, over whom I have made thee king: Wisdom and knowledge is granted unto thee; and I will give thee riches, and wealth, and honour, such as none of the kings have had that have been before thee, neither shall there any after thee have the like."

Solomon's desire was not for worldly knowledge, but to know how God wanted him to rule His people. This God granted to him, and with it a wisdom that has never been surpassed among men.

God did bless Solomon with great riches and wealth, as he had promised. Solomon was able to gather fourteen hundred chariots and twelve thousand horsemen. Silver and gold became so plentiful in Jerusalem as the stones in the fields. Some of the horses and chariots he brought up from Egypt. He gave six hundred shekels of silver for a chariot, and a hundred and fifty shekels for a horse.

Then Solomon determined to build a house for the Lord, a temple at Jerusalem, where the people could come to worship God. Seventy thousand men were hired to bear burdens, and eighty thousand men were appointed to hew in the mountain, and there were no fewer than three thousand six hundred bosses!

Solomon sent to Huram, king of Tyre, for cedars from the slopes of Lebanon. Cedar is very good lumber and lasts well. This is what Solomon wanted, for he wished to use nothing but the best for the Temple, the House of the Lord.

We, too, should always try to give our best for the Lord.

- Hartville, Ohio

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MILLERSBURG, OHIO
Sept. 21, 1965

Greetings to all readers, in the name of the Lord, who died and rose again so we could have eternal life. I have been thinking for some time about writing an article for the Bulletin, which I enjoy reading each month. But writing something that is sound, serious, worthwhile, and well-written seemed beyond me.

We have been very busy this summer, with the new baby and all. Also had church services here at our place twice.

We are blessed with three girls, the oldest being four this month. They can be a big blessing, but also a great responsibility to try to bring them up in the way that is pleasing to God.

The little booklet, "The Purity of Little Girls", was very worthwhile reading, I thought.

The Bulletin has helped me to see our need for church schools, something I couldn't quite agree with before.

The Lord on Calvary died in pain
To atone for our sins;
When from this sinful world we pass away,
Then real life will begin.

Like vapour is our earthly life
Compared to our eternal one,
So why waste our precious youthful hours
In so-called pleasure and fun?

Read what the Bible on jesting says,
And every idle word we speak,
Whereof we must give an account,
So let us then His favor seek,

Oh, dear youth, give your heart to Him,
Who bled and died for you,
So you'll be ready when He comes
To gather home the true.

Written in weakness; pray for us.

- Mrs. Henry Mast

* * * * *

BALTIC, OHIO
September 24, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Four weeks of school have passed already. The first two weeks it seemed as though some of the children's minds were still pretty much at their daily routine of work and play at home. The last two weeks the books and pencils fit better, and the adjustment to school lessons is once more made. Our two shy little first grade boys are making the best of school life.

On Wednesday we had two out-of-state visitors in School. They were Miss Lydia Borntreger from Clark, Missouri and Miss Lovina Hershberger of Iowa. Both are school teachers, though Miss Borntreger is not teaching this term because she feels the need of staying at home with her parents, Bish. and Mrs. Crist Borntreger. Lovina's younger sister is substituting in her school while she is gone. They are visiting schools, relatives, and friends here in Holmes County, and will be going to Geauga County, Ohio and on to LaGrange and Elkhart Counties, Indiana.

On Wednesday of this week the new school west of Becks Mills, Ohio opened. The name of the school is Doughty Valley. It is named well, for the well-known Doughty Creek is just a short distance south of the school. Many local people will remember the Varnes family that lived on the farm where this school now stands. A sense of management the parents lacked, and therefore they were poor, It was said of them, although I never witnessed it, that the heavy and robust Varnes boys would be seen skating on Doughty Creek barefooted.

For a hint on health: good deep abdominal breathing of fresh country air, through the nose only; an abundance of water that is not too cold, along with tea between meals; pure wholesome food chewed well, and no over eating of this good food; and last but not least, long hours of quiet uninterrupted sleep. These practices will set many a child off through the snow on a winter morning, happy and healthy, who might otherwise be home nursing some illness.

- Jonas Nisley

* * * * *

WARNING: BOOKS! HANDLE WITH CARE!

- By David Wagler

PART TWO

The second reason that a book, or even a magazine, should be handled with care is because it is made of paper! What is unusual about paper? We see it all around us and in many different forms.

But it was not always so. People were on this earth for five thousand years and very, very few had ever heard of a sheet of paper. It was manufactured soon after the creation of the world, but not by humans. Wasps have always used a form of paper in making their nests, some that they manufactured themselves. When Solomon advised the sluggard to go to the ant, he might well have advised the papermakers to go to the wasp.

That is exactly what they did, but not for many years after Solomon's time. The wasp had a very great influence on the papermaking of today, but we will deal with that later.

In Biblical times writings were preserved on scrolls of parchment. This was prepared from the skins of animals, such as sheep or goats. We are fortunate that they had such a durable way of preserving their writings. (Recently the Dead Sea scrolls were uncovered, containing the book of Isaiah.) Had such writings been entrusted to the kind of paper available on the market today, they would probably long ago have reverted to dust and ashes.

The Chinese were the first paper makers in the world. At about the time of Christ, they discovered that the bark of the mulberry tree could be mashed up and the woody fibres separated. These were put in water and allowed to sink on a grating and later compressed into crude sheets of paper.

But the secret was hidden behind the great walls of China for many centuries. About 750 A. D. some Chinese paper-makers were captured by the Arabs, and disclosed their secrets. In the course of time, the information reached Europe. The City of Toledo, Spain manufactured the first paper in Europe. That was in the eleventh century, and two hundred years later, Italy was making it. In the fourteenth century it reached Germany. But not until the eighteenth century did England make it in quantity.

The principle of the Chinese is still being used, and all modern paper consists of a deposit of vegetable fibres. The most popular kinds are cotton, linen, straw, wood and esparto grass.

In Germany, rags were the chief Source of fibres. They produce a high grade of paper, but are expensive, and of course limited in quantity. Then the search began for a cheaper material which could be produced in bulk.

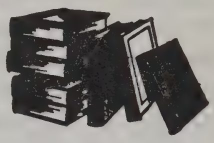
In 1765 a man named Schaffer observed the lowly wasp's nest. He was convinced it was made of paper and was derived from wood pulp. He began experimenting with wasp's nests, sawdust, and wood shavings and produced an excellent wood-paper.

The experiments were continued by a Dutchman named Koops and a Saxon weaver, Kellar, and in 1844 they made considerable quantities of paper from wood pulp. Today most paper is made in this way.

Approximately 60 million acres of forests are cut down each year to supply the paper needs. The paper produced in one year would cover a strip over a mile wide all around the world.

Stop and consider the fact, that had you lived a few centuries earlier, you would have had no books. Paper was unheard of. When you are tempted to toss that book or magazine around so carelessly, think of that and then you will want to handle it with care.

From the Bookshelf



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The Blackboard Bulletin

NOVEMBER 1965

VOLUME 9; NUMBER 4.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.

SHOULD CHRISTIANS ACT IN PLAYS?

- by James W. Lowry

This article will explain briefly from the Scripture why Christians should not act in plays, not even in church or religious plays. Aside from the fact that dead and worldly churches often rely on entertainment in the form of plays and movies to attract other carnal people to their churches, and the fact that the abominable mass of the Roman Catholic Church is a kind of representation or play of the death and sacrifice of Christ, there are four main arguments against play-acting. They are as follows:

1. Acting is hypocrisy. Our English word "hypocrite" is derived from the Greek word for actor, hypocrites. Hypocrisy is pretending to be something that you are not. This is very unlike God who is truth. (John 3:33; 7:28). In fact God cannot lie, and with God there is no variableness, no pretending, no hypocrisy. (Tit. 1:2; Rom. 3:4; Jas. 1:17; Num. 23:19) When God was on earth in the form of Jesus Christ, we are told that no guile was found in His mouth. (I Pet. 2:22) God wants us to be like Him—absolutely truthful.

Likewise, God requires us to be in outward show what we actually are in fact. "Walk honestly as in the day." (Rom. 13:13) Christ pronounced woe on the Pharisees who were like whited sepulchres. (Matt. 23:27) Paul disdained those who glory in appearance but not in heart. (II Cor. 5:12) James said that our yea should be yea. (Jas. 5:12) Christ condemned the Laodicean church because it was outwardly well off but actually was ready for destruction. (Rev. 3:17)

2. There is no role that a Christian can properly act out, even in a church play. For example, the characters that might appear in a church play are evil men, relatively good men, and Christ. Suppose a young child is assigned the part of King Herod in a Christmas play. To act out his part the child is taught to pretend that he is angry, jealous, or going to cause the murder of countless innocent infants. The more he puts himself into his role, the more he can work himself up and realistically act as though he does have these passions in his own mind, the "cuter" the child is supposed to be. But the Scripture says to "abstain from all appearance of evil." (I Thess. 5:22) "Fools make a mock at sin." (Prov. 14:9) "Evil communications corrupt good manners." (I Cor. 15:33).

As far as the roles of moderately good men are concerned, we should not want to imitate any imperfections, but rather press on toward the high mark of godliness. As far as the role of Christ is concerned, who is worthy to pretend to be God? Acting the role of Christ is surely blasphemy. (Lev. 24:11-17: II Kings 19:6-22; Luke 22:65; I Tim. 1:20)

3. God has created men in a certain form, and they should not try to change it but rather be content. (I Cor. 7:24; Ecc. 3:14; 7:13; Matt.

5:36) For every creature God has set a bound which none should try to exceed. (Job 14:5; 26:10) Man originally was made in the image of God. In the book of Romans, however, we see how man changed the glory of God into some other image. (Rom. 1:23) In the book of Daniel we see the terrible judgment of God on Nebuchadnezzar for sin when the king is changed into something like an ox with hair like eagle's feathers and nails like bird's claws. Thus, a man's being changed from what he was originally is a punishment.

4. Christians cannot wear the costumes actors usually wear. The Scripture clearly tells us that men should never wear women's clothing and vice versa. (Deut. 22:5) Also by the mouth of the prophet Zephaniah God condemns the wearing of strange apparel. (Zeph. 1:8) Elaborate costumes are usually worn in plays, and such costumes are condemned in a number of Scriptures. (II Kings 9:30; Ez. 23:40, 41; Jer. 4:30; Isa. 3:16-24) John the Baptist said by way of implication that a godly man will not be gorgeously attired. (Luke 7:25).

This discussion does not mean that children should be hindered from playing. Make-believe and imagination are very important and helpful in a child's life, and actually are one of the ways he has of growing up. Of course, when we become mature, we put away childish things. However, mock child wedding ceremonies, Christmas plays, and the like, which adults stage and force children through, are wrong in view of these four arguments. They are not necessary in the child's development, and the strain and stage fright which children face in this form of entertainment for adults can even be harmful. Since the Scripture warns against vain imaginations and foolish talking, born-again Christians should avoid all forms of acting both in plays and in daily life.

- Maugansville, Maryland

EDUCATION

By Samuel Hertzler

The dictionary defines the word education as: moral and mental discipline gained by study and instruction. Let us take this description of education and see where we stand concerning it.

If we compare the mental discipline offered by the schools of today with that of a century ago, we find tremendous advances have been made. To compare mental education of today with that of a hundred years ago would be almost like comparing it with ancient history.

On the other side of the issue, if we compare the moral discipline of today with the standards of the nineteenth century, we likewise find a big difference. But instead of making advances, we find a moral decay.

To gain a diploma is the goal of modern schooling, but the emphasis is all on mental training. The moral part is not seriously considered, or it is neglected entirely.

To gain a diploma in moral discipline is an unheard-of-thing. Therefore, the public educational system is not doing much more than a half-way job. To educate only in mental discipline without a balance of moral discipline, is very much the same as making high-powered cars without any brakes! We can imagine what the results would be!

If my observation serves me right, we plain people enjoy life more than the public in general. We come nearer to being contented with what we have, without all the modern push-button conveniences and pleasures. And this is not even taking the religious point of view into consideration.

It is the aim of average parents to give their children the best in life, and for the general public, that "best" includes a diploma from a modern high school or college. We as plain people also wish to give our children "the best", but that does not necessarily include a diploma in higher education. Actually, we consider such training a hindrance, because it so often does not include a moral balance.

The wise man Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Without moral instruction other than that received in a public school, we can not expect a child to go the way he should go.

A hired boy once told me of the trouble he had controling his tongue. By nature quick-tempered, he at times could hardly restrain from using profanity, due to the examples of his companions in school.

I told him I did not have that temptation, but that I had never gone to public school either.

He replied, "And you do not know what you have to be thankful for."

"Train up a child in the way he should go. . ." That advice comes from the Bible, but it was not spoken to the board of public instruction. It was spoken to the parents of the child, and their responsibility is over and above that of the school board.

- Lakeside, Ontario

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CHILDREN NEED LOVE, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY DO NOT DESERVE IT. - Selected

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN is a monthly published at Aylmer, Ontario, Canada, in the interests of Amish schools and homes. Rates: $1.25 per year; $2.00 - 2 yr.; Editor: Joseph Stoll, R. 4, Aylmer, Ont., Can. Secretary-Treasurer: Lydia F. Beiler, Box 16, Ronks, Pennsylvania, 17572.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

1. This is the first time the Bulletin has had 24 pages. The four page Directory of schools and teachers is a free bonus this issue. By the way, the Directory represents a lot of work, and some expense. We hope you make use of it. This year, for the first time, we are listing the year when each school was founded.

2. When we first glanced over the Directory lists, we noticed about a dozen new schools, so we wrote for information on each one. The eleven reports on new schools are the result.

3. This month we have a letter from Herbert K. Maust about his teaching days at Apple Grove School, Dover, Delaware. It's too bad we did not have this letter in time for last month's feature issue on Apple Grove.

4. Two writers this month mention Christmas programs and plays. Calvin Anderson has a good suggestion as an alternative for gift exchanges. And James Lowry, in sending us his article, wrote, "I am enclosing an article I have written on play acting and am hoping you might consider it for publication in the Blackboard Bulletin, perhaps in the November issue. My burden is that so many plain people who would not attend worldly amusements, such as movies or theatres, still do not see the error of the Christmas play."

5. Missing in this issue is David Wagler's usual article. He was so busy writing a book he had no time to write about books. David is working on the story of the Palm Sunday tornadoes of last spring.

6. To our writers who have typewriters, typing your material neatly and double-space will save us the task of re-typing it.

7. Amanda Hershberger mentions the teacher shortage in her letter. The situation is such that it should cause concern. What can we do about it? It is not too early to be planning for next year.

8. Is the Bulletin a paper for children, too? Not exactly, though there might be some letters and articles that would be suitable and of interest to them. The Bulletin is intended for adult readers — parents, board members, grandparents, teachers, and young people. Do we need a paper for school age children? Comments invited.

9. Have you got that subscription for us already? Remember, every subscriber gains a subscriber.

-J. S.

* * * * *

Editorial

OUR NEGATIVE OUTLOOK

We teachers are trained to see mistakes. When Johnny comes up with a wrong answer in arithmetic, we spend five minutes correcting him. Perhaps there is nothing wrong with this, but he has the other 29 problems right, and we never say a word about them.

Likewise, little Sammy is up to mischief. We scold him and tell him he must behave. When he does behave, we never see it.

One teacher had the daily habit of walking into the school room, glancing critically at the floor, the walls, everything. Then there would be a string of orders to the pupils who were present, "Sweep the stairs, please." "There's some paper on the floor over there." "The library needs straightening." The pupils decided to surprise the teacher by a real effort to have everything in place. You guessed it! The teacher never noticed their efforts. He had trained himself to look for dirt, not cleanliness.

Seems to me we can get sadly out of balance by concentrating too much on negativeness. We do have to correct mistakes, but let's have our eyes open to other things, too. A pound of praise and appreciation is worth a school room full of scolding.

We've probably heard of the professor who held up a sheet of paper and asked his class to write what they saw. In the center of the page was a small x. Every student saw the x, but not one mentioned the white space all around it!

So when that problem pupil next comes up with a 50% grade, don't scold him for getting half of them wrong. After all, he did get half of them right.

- J. S.

* * * * *

SUGARCREEK, OHIO
Oct. 22, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

We have 17 boys and 14 girls enrolled at Buckeye School this year. The three little boys in the first grade are very willing to learn, if I can only get them taught what they ought to know. I appreciate my obedient and kind group of pupils, though not every day is exactly smooth. Sometimes we wonder what will happen next. But teaching these last two years has been a blessing. May God help us to keep it that way. And may God bless the parents and pupils for their help, though we do not want to forget that the source of greatest help is God Himself.

I think we all agree that a teacher has many "worries". But I have learned this fall that school can be a place to rest the nerves, too. When the children are kind and obedient, and at recess you can go out and help them play, it gives relief to the nerves.

The children should all take an interest in something at recess. This helps with behaviour problems, not only at recess, but I think also in time of school. I have seen children that like to play, and also those that would rather go to a corner of the playground rather than playing.

Another very important thing is to keep the children supplied with good reading material. Sometimes they read magazines and newspapers that are a great harm to them. So we as parents and teachers should be aware what our children are reading and interested in.

If there is anything in your school that you think should not be, yet you are afraid of correcting it lest you make trouble, think of the stories in McGuffey's Readers about cowards. Look upward for help and do what you think is God's will. Many times we like to think it does not matter so much, we'll just let it go this time. But I have found out it always turns out best if we trust God and are not too much of a coward to try to get wrong things right and straightened out.

We are having exceptionally nice fall weather right now. The trees are so beautiful that no artist except the One above us could paint such a beautiful sight.

On Sept. 30, my seventh and eighth grade pupils and I were on a trip visiting four schools. We all enjoyed the experience, and it was worthwhile. We can improve ourselves by watching others. Thanks to all of you for your kindness, and your singing.

We had a few visitors, too, one day. Among them were two teachers, one from Missouri and one from Iowa. I always enjoy visitors.

Pray that God will help us so we can be an example for our pupils.

– Susie Yoder

* * * * *

A LESSON I WILL NOT FORGET

By Lela Birky

There comes to my mind quite clearly a lesson I needed to learn when I was just a little girl in about the second or third grade of school. I was getting tired of the regular routine of school and decided it was time for a change. Unfortunately, I did not consult higher authority for the basis of my decision, and I did not have a very good idea of what kind of a change to make. It seems as though the best thing I could think to do, was to change the time of eating lunch. I did not want to be alone in this, so I got some of the other girls in school persuaded to wait until the bell rang after lunch time, to eat our lunches. Then while the rest went in to their lessons, we would go out and "enjoy" our lunch.

The noon hour seemed so very long. The teacher did not know what to think of me, when I kept coming in to the schoolhouse from time to time to ask her how long it would be until the lunch hour would be over. But at last the bell rang, and while the others went into the schoolhouse, we lingered outside. We girls got our lunches and prepared to eat them out under the trees on the school ground. We were hardly started eating when someone came out after us and we had to put our lunches away and go into the schoolroom.

I felt very bad that I had caused the other girls to have to go without lunch and my own stomach did not feel so good either, for more than one reason. I had not really meant to be naughty. I only wanted to have a change.

The teacher kept me in after school and talked to me a long time, I thought. She kept threatening to spank me for the terrible deed I had done. This I would have considered a real disgrace, to be naughty enough to be spanked. I knew my parents would find out if I was spanked at school, and I felt sure they would also give me a spanking. To my relief, the teacher didn't do to me what she felt like doing and I was allowed to go home.

My parents did not stick up for me, but somehow they seemed to know how badly I felt and that I had had enough punishment. I think they understood the situation and knew that I had learned my lesson. If I remember correctly, they did not even reprove me and I could feel that they still loved me, which I very much appreciated.

Now I knew that it was not for me to make changes in the classroom or any part of the school day. I must submit to routine whether I was tired of it or not. I should have known before, but I have often had to learn things the hard way.

Now I am a teacher and have before me children who also have many lessons to learn. Often I think of the above experience from which I can learn two things as a teacher. The first one is that when pupils do not do as they should, I need to be careful not to judge them too harshly. Maybe they do not mean to be naughty. The next lesson is also important. When a child does wrong, he needs to be corrected in love, whether or not he meant to be naughty. He must learn by correction what is right and what is wrong. The Lord must still correct me often, and I thank Him for His faithfulness in giving correction when it is necessary. I want also to be faithful to Him in correcting school children as it is needed that they may learn to walk in the way of the Lord.

- Crockett, Kentucky

* * * * *

MUSCODA, WISCONSIN
Oct. 17, 1965

Dear Readers,

Christian greetings to all.

I do so enjoy reading the Bulletin, that I thought perhaps I should write again, although I do not consider myself a good writer.

Six weeks of school are already past here at the Muscoda Christian Day School. Our school opened Sept. 7, with the writer trying to fill the role of teacher. Little did I dream when I wrote to the Bulletin before and described what I thought a teacher should be like, that I would so soon be trying to fill that place.

Our group is small. Therefore, the financial end of keeping the school going is a little difficult at times. For this reason, and because it has been hard to locate a teacher, I am teaching this year. I have for some time been interested in church schools, but I probably wouldn't have considered teaching at this time if it hadn't seemed especially needful, for we have two pre-school children at home. We also have three children in school, so we had them to consider, too.

I do enjoy this work, and feel there is a great responsibility in it. I realize some people might think it tiresome, and "just the same thing over, day after day", but I don't really think we should feel that way about it. I find it a very challenging work, as we each day try to teach the children worthwhile things. Also, it is a rewarding work, as we watch them learn. At times, indeed, it can be discouraging, and would be much more so if we wouldn't have a Heavenly Father who knows and understands everything. Truly we need Him at all times.

I feel thankful for the privilege we had in opening our school again. We were faced with the decision whether or not to open it, not knowing if expenses could be met. I feel church schools are very needful in this day and age, and I wonder if we sometimes do not appreciate enough this privilege we have.

Perhaps our schools aren't always what we would like them to be, but I've had to wonder quite often lately if we can expect God's blessings on our schools as long as we grumble and complain about the extra work and expense involved? Probably I've been guilty of this myself as much as anyone, but I believe we should rather be thankful.

We have only sixteen pupils at present, as one family has been gone. When they return, there will be twenty. I find I have my hands pretty full, and have to wonder how some teachers can manage with forty or more. We have only two first-graders, and are using the Bible Nurture and Reader Series, from Rod and Staff, for them. I feel they are very worthwhile, and I also appreciate the Teacher's Manual. It is very easy to understand.

Recently I sent for the book, The Challenge of the Child. There are some very worthwhile articles in it, and I've found the book both interesting and helpful.

May God grant to each one of us the needed grace and courage to daily perform our duties. And may He ever keep us humble.

- Sincerely,
Mrs. Glendon Kauffman

* * * * *

PEACE OF MIND

By Leonard N. Jantzi

In the twelfth chapter of Luke we can read one of the most meaningful parables Jesus spoke to the multitudes. Perhaps we can better understand it if we underline the pronouns. This is what He said,

> "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?
>
> "And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.
>
> "And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years;

take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

". . . the life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment."

– Luke 12:16-20, 23

As we meditate and try to visualize this parable in our minds, do we not see a true likeness of our modern day and age? The harvest is nearly past, and the barns are loaded as never before. All around us we see tearing down and building up, which I feel can at times be done to the honor and glory of God, but it is so easily over done, coveting for more and more, putting our whole life, mind, and soul into material things.

This certain rich man, as we notice, lived in a very small circle, wrapped up in himself, truly a picture of the natural man. Can we see this rich man lying awake nights, planning for the next day, planning personal gain? To me it seems his mind must have been in a real turmoil, with no peace whatsoever. As we read on, we find that God had an appointment with him that night; death was lurking at the door, and this rich man had to answer the call. Then whose were those things to be which he had provided?

How easily and almost unawares can we, too, become tangled up in the same way in our own lives! May I mention a few things from my own experience? In the spring the grass was very plentiful, and we decided to fill the silo with grass to feed during the summer. Later, in the fall, we would refill it with corn. By human reasoning the plan was all right, but what happened? The extra time needed to feed the grass and caring for the additional cattle just kept everything in such a hurry, skurry, that the time left for the Lord was cut almost to nil. It was just a wild circle, from one to the other, and the forces of evil were surely behind it.

The same thing can happen in buying machinery, cattle and horses, and sowing our crops. We should pray to God for a sound mind to keep things on the level—not to let our farms go to ruin, but to work them and keep them with the ability which God has given us. In this we find some are more talented than others, and with little effort are able to keep their farms and homes in good condition. Others seem to be struggling along all the time.

In the editorial in the September Blackboard Bulletin, mention was made of "born teachers". It is certainly easier for some than others, the same as in any other work. But I do believe we have to exercise and train our talents, which often makes the difference between success or failure in the vocation we have chosen.

Peace of mind — how often we find ourselves outside of this before we realize what is happening. To obtain true peace of mind, we must have the New Birth, which clears the mind and conscience. As time goes on, however, Satan comes along with many blocks, but thanks be to God, victory can be won through Jesus Christ.

In speaking with a local school teacher, we found she had no peace of mind, and was all "riled up". She seemed to really have problems, with 41 children to teach. First it was decided to send grades 7 and 8 to another school, but then it was thought best to bring in a supply teacher to help. But this too brought its problems. It appeared as if the school board just could not do the right thing. And she envied us farmers our peace of mind.

I tried to listen carefully. Then the answer dawned in my mind. This lady was a hard worker. She tried to be ahead of all the other teachers, which kept her busy. Then she added several new courses — modern math, French, and takes in all the school fairs, public speaking, music festivals, and in addition trains normal students. Last summer she specialized in the new arithmetic, and now being so busy, she can't use her ability and the talents she has. This makes her miserable, fretful, and unable to get along with others. Little does she realize that most of the trouble lies in a small circle called self.

A number of years ago a certain rich farmer and cattle drover was heard to say to a neighbor, "You go to bed to sleep, but as for myself, I lay awake, planning how to make the next dollar." So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God, yes, coveting honor, riches, or the talents of others, seeking to glorify self, and not God. If we are caught in this snare, life becomes miserable for ourselves and those around us.

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:7. May we close with the song writer,

"I have a peace, it is calm as a river, —
A peace that the friends of this world never knew,
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And, oh, could I know it was given to you.
For you I am praying, I am praying for you."

Won't you pray for us?

Humbly yours,
Leonard N. Jantzi, Brunner, Ontario

A VISIT TO OHIO AND INDIANA

- By Lydia Borntreger

I have been requested to give a sketch of our pleasant and most interesting trip visiting schools, friends, and relatives in the states of Ohio and Indiana, so I will try to do so. Teacher Lavina Hershberger of Hazelton, Iowa accompanied me, and we left Clark, Missouri Sept. 20, arriving at Fountain Nook School, Holmes County, Ohio the next day. After lunch the teacher, Elizabeth Raber, dismissed her school for the day and joined us in visiting other schools.

Our second stop was Johnson School, where Lizzie Ann Nisley teaches. We stayed till recess, whereupon Lizzie Ann dismissed her flock for the day, and also joined us. We called next at Green Valley School, Maysville, meeting teacher Mary Yoder.

We enjoyed a well-prepared supper at the home of ex-teacher Mary Weaver, and a taxi then took me to Jonas Nisleys, and Lavina to her uncle's place for the night. On Wednesday morning we spent some very interesting time at Jonas Nisley's school. From there we went to Maple Grove School, meeting teachers Amanda and Lavina Nisley. Amanda agreed to take over Lavina's group, and Lavina joined us the rest of the day. Our next stop was Brush Run School where Elizabeth Miller teaches. Dinner was served at the Eli J. Troyer home.

Our afternoon was spent at Buckeye School, taught by Susie Yoder. On Thursday morning, bright and early, we left Clark, Ohio for Geauga County. We arrived at the Levi L. Hershberger home at 3:30 P. M. Levi told us the new school where Uria Byler and Ida Miller teach was not far off, so to the school we hurried. We were met by the invitation, "Get a broom and start sweeping". That was all right, Uria. We did need some exercise. We were soon lost in school discussions.

Our plans were to return to this school the next morning, but to our great disappointment, Uria was unable to be there the next day, and we unwillingly changed our plans, for we had looked forward to watching Uria teach school.

On Friday we struck out for Nauvoo Country School, meeting the teacher, Katie Weaver. We also made a short call at Newcomb Road School, where Clarence and Chester Miller were teaching. Our lunch was served on the way to South Hayes School, where we met Emma Miller. We spent a few minutes at her school, then moved on to Fox Run School, where Katie Fisher and Enos Schrock are in charge.

After leaving the school we spent some time at the Lester C. Byler home. He hasn't been well for a number of years, and is unable to do any work.

On Saturday morning we set out for Neil Hershbergers, the home of teacher Amanda Hershberger. In the afternoon she took us around to different places visiting, and we returned for the night to the Hershberger home. On Sunday we were to church in Crist Hershberger's district. Made a few calls after church.

On Monday morning we started out again, with ex-teacher Ellen Hershberger as our day's guide. Our first stop was at Troy Parochial, with teachers Amanda Hershberger and Monroe Schmucker. What interesting moments. Time was all too short. Our next stop was at the new Nash Road Parochial School, where Wilma Glick is teaching her first term. From there we moved to Parkman Parochial, meeting teachers Ada Yoder and Melvin M. Hershberger. Our dinner was served across the road at Eli Fishers.

A few minutes were spent at the Hosmer Road Parochial School, teacher, Ray Gingerich. We spent the night at the Crist E. Miller home, and on Tuesday morning we got up early to go to Cleveland, where we took the bus for LaGrange, Indiana.

We arrived at LaGrange about 2:30 P. M., and called at the Maple Grove School, where Alma Schmucker teaches. We were then taken to Woodside School, meeting teacher William Schmucker. School had just dismissed when we arrived.

Our supper was well-prepared at the Clarence Miller home, and we attended a board-teachers' meeting at the Maple Grove School following the meal.

On Wednesday morning we made our first stop at Little Acorn School, and met Katie Schrock. Dinner was served at Amos Mishlers. Our P. M. was spent at Cotton Wood Grove School, where we visited with teacher Emma Yoder, who is from Kalona, Iowa. After making a few calls with friends, we went to the home of Mrs. Mary Burkholder and children, where we would spend the night. There we met two ex-teachers, Anna Lehman and Anna Borkholder. Had a very enjoyable evening.

On Thursday morning we started out once more, visiting the school taught by Martha Helmuth and Martha Farmwald first. Dinner was served at the Andy Schrock home. The afternoon was spent at the Pleasant Ridge School, with Anna Mae Gingerich and Fannie Mast.

An early supper was served at the Will J. Yoder home, and a taxi took us to the Nappanee area. The evening was enjoyed at Amos Borkholders, where we met teacher Simon Borkholder. We were to Mose I. Yoders for the night.

On Friday morning we made our first stop at the Borkholder School. Elizabeth Mast and Simon Borkholder teach there. We then traveled on to Weldy Parochial where Willis I. Yoder was substituting for Andy Gingerich. Our afternoon passed swiftly at Pleasant Valley Parochial with teacher Ida Schmucker. We spent the night with Elizabeth Mast and a friend, Wilma Kuhns, who live in the little house vacated by teacher Edwin Kuhns and wife. Sorry we didn't get to see Edwins.

Lavina left for her home on Saturday morning, intending to be with her own flock again by Monday. I remained in the Nappanee area over Sunday, and met many new friends, as well as some old ones.

Many thanks to everyone for their kindness, for lodging, and taxi service. You all come and visit us some time. It would be much appreciated.

It certainly was a pleasure to walk into a quiet busy classroom. I feel sorry for the few teachers we met who have difficulty keeping order as they would like. Lots of new teaching methods were being used from one school to the next.

What can do more harm to a school than when the parents and board do not care to co-operate with the teacher? I feel it is very important that all co-operate with each other. Are our schools supplied with the right kind of books, and enough of them? It is hard to teach the children what they should know if the schools lack books and material.

Wishing all of you the grace of God and a most successful school year. Pray for me.

- Lydia Borntreger
Clark, Missouri

* * * * *

ATLANTIC, PENNA.
Sept. 30, 1965

Dear Readers,

Greetings of Christian love.

I look forward each month to the Bulletin, and think it's very helpful and worthwhile.

This is my third term of teaching. I have 42 pupils this year, which is more than I ever had before. But it seems a few more really don't make much difference.

I was also one of those girls who thought I wanted to do something more worthwhile than just clean other people's dirt away. I suppose that is what set my mind to teaching. I'm sure I couldn't find any work that's more worthwhile and rewarding than teaching. True, we teachers have our "blue days" when nothing goes right. But isn't it that way with any other job, too? Then there are days when we're overly rewarded, as one of the pupils shyly hands us a bouquet of flowers, or an apple, or a cooky. Or one of the slow learners finally catches on to a problem which we've explained over and over.

You teachers who are just beginning to teach this term, do not get discouraged when things don't go exactly as you think they should. I suggest you try it again next year. I can truthfully say the second term I taught was easier for me, and I could get more enjoyment out of it than I could the first term.

I would like to see more poems in the Bulletin. I have my pupils memorize poems quite often, whenever I can find some nice ones. I think it sharpens their memory, which helps them in spelling and tests.

Pray for me, so that I can teach these precious children things that will help them in leading good Christian lives.

A humble teacher,
- Ella A. Byler

* * * * *

RULES FOR A GOOD SCHOOL

Compiled by the pupils of Buckeye School,
Sugarcreek, Ohio

A. What Pupils should not do

1. Whisper in time of school.
2. Turn around in their seats.
3. Slam their books and make loud noises.
4. Have paper lying on the floor.
5. Run to class.
6. Copy from another pupil's work.
7. Sharpen pencils in time of school.
8. Have their feet out in the aisle.
9. Sit and watch visitors.
10. Run in the school room.
11. Laugh when they are reading.
12. Stand up and look out of the windows.

B. What Pupils Should Do

1. Be kind to one another.
2. All help sing.
3. Play together and not argue or fight.
4. Sit up straight in our seats.
5. Be friendly to visitors.
6. Walk along the aisles, and not through the seats.
7. Read aloud in class.
8. Never cheat.

9. Write neatly and not scribble in their books.

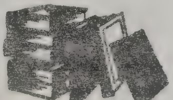
C. What a Teacher Should Do

1. Live the Golden Rule.
2. Treat the children all alike.
3. Punish a child if he cheats.
4. Make pupils behave, but not be too rough.
5. Be kind, happy, and joyful.
6. Try to get the pupils on her side.
7. Explain the lessons to the children.
8. Help the children play.
9. Try to do things to please the children.
10. Not get "mad".
11. Give rewards for good grades.
12. Teach the children to do what is right.
13. Have rules.

- Sent in by the teacher, Susie Yoder

* * * * *

From the Bookshelf



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Aylmer, Ontario

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THE WAYS OF THE LORD

-by an Anonymous Writer of a century ago

I asked God for strength, that I might achieve — I was made weak, that I might learn humbly to obey.

I asked for help that I might do greater things — I was given infirmity, that I might do better things.

I asked for riches, that I might be happy — I was given poverty, that I might be wise.

I asked for all things, that I might enjoy life — I was given life, that I might enjoy all things.

I got nothing that I asked for — but everything I had hoped for.

Despite myself, my prayers were answered. I am, among all men, most richly blessed!

-Selected by I. B. Zook, Christiana, Penna.

* * * * *

WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN?

PART III, "What is Wrong With Public Schools?", continued

3. What is wrong with public schools? The public schools present a secular view of life rather than a sacred view. State schools have always prepared the child for his life on earth, and were never intended to prepare him for eternity. For the world, education is training the mind for success in this life. For the Christian, education is training the child to live for others, to use his talents in service to God and man, to live an upright obedient life, and to prepare for the life to come.

Secular education places too high a value on earthly riches and attainments. The Bible says to seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness. This the public schools understandably do not do.

C. C. Morrison, former editor of "The Christian Century", said in an editorial, "Public education without religion creates a secular mentality faster than the church can Christianize it."

Public education, in the first place, was acceptable to the masses of this country only because educators promised that morality and religion would be upheld. For this reason, public schools in the past have started the day with a devotional period, and in other ways formally acknowledged God. In the last few years even this has been outlawed, thus removing the only crutch some Christians have long used to support their lame excuses.

It appears that in the future there will be less and less religion in public schools, and if there is any at all, it will be taught as a subject, a method which is infinitely more harmful than no teaching at all.

Rather than loyalty to God, the pupil in our state schools is taught patriotism above all else. The Bible teaches that we should obey, respect, and pray for the "powers that be", but in some instances, we must obey God rather than men. The secular view is to kill the enemy and bomb his cities. The sacred view is to "resist not evil", but "do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." Which view do we want taught to our children?

A Mennonite minister has this to say,

> "For many decades, and especially in modern times, our state schools have been accustomed to emphasize patriotic ideals, with patriotic songs and programs, along with compulsory flag salutes. Many Christian children under such influences unconsciously inbibe the sense of the superiority of the state as the controlling authority in their lives.
>
> "The question may be raised as to why it was that more than half of our young men during World War II took army service instead of remaining true to the principle of nonresistance. While not all of this can be attributed to their former school life, doubtless the secular culture of both home and school, along with the patriotic ideas received while in school, contributed to the weak testimony to our professed faith." 15

In many textbooks, war is portrayed as glory, glamor, and heroism. Just for a sample, read the following paragraph copied from a Grade 7 history, widely used the past ten years in Canada.

> "It was on the Savio River that Private Ernest Alvia (Smoky) Smith won his V. C. (Victoria Cross). It is an amazing story.
>
> "Smoky's company had managed to cross the Savio and was arranging its defences when it was set upon by three Panther tanks and a platoon of Germans with two guns. Smith cooly let one of the tanks come almost up to him before he fired his Piat gun and put it out of action. Ten Germans jumped off the tank and attacked him. Smoky then moved out into the middle of the road and let them have it with his tommy gun. He shot four and the others fled. Another tank and more soldiers closed in on him, but he stood over a wounded comrade and fought them until they retired. He got the V. C. for that fight, and few great honors have been more boldly won." 16

Or, for just plain nonsense, venture a glance at a song selected by the Ontario Department of Education for grades 7 and 8.

"There was a lady loved a swine,
Honey, said she;
Lovely hog, wilt thou be mine? Oink, said he.
O tell me, wilt thou have me now,
Honey, said she;
Answer, or my heart will break. Oink, said he." 17

Do we desire better things for our children than this? I am convinced we do.

- To Be Continued.

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

DIRECTORY OF AMISH SCHOOLS, 1965-1966

DELAWARE

Name of School:	Date Founded:	Teacher's Name:	Teacher's Address:	Enrollment:
Apple Grove Amish Parochial	1925	Lydia Mae Detweiler	R. 2, Box 358, Dover	48
Green Hill	1938	Annie Yoder	c/o Ira D. Yoder, R. 2, Dover	25

INDIANA

Allen Co. Parochial	1959	Edwin Kuhns	R. 1, Spencerville	34
Allen Co. Vocational	1964	C. G. Snider	R. 9, Ft. Wayne	21
Alvarado Amish	1964	Eileen Delagrange	R. 2, Edon, Ohio	29
Borkholder (2)	1951	Simon Borkholder	Nappanee	48
		Elizabeth Mast	R. 3, Nappanee	
Cottonwood Grove	1962	Emma Yoder	Topeka	29
County Line (2)	1964	Tillie Eash (Gr. 1-4)	Topeka	41
		Mary Miller (Gr. 5-8)	Topeka	
Little Acorn	1964	Katie Schrock	LaGrange	28
Maple Grove	1963	Alma Schmucker	LaGrange	32
Milan Center	1964	Mrs. Winters	Ft. Wayne	21
Nappanee Vocational	1964	Levi R. Hochstetler	Nappanee	
Parsons Amish (2)	1963	Eunice Kyle (Gr. 1-4)	Montgomery, R. 1	75
		Sylvia Raber (Gr. 5-9)	Montgomery, R. 1	
Plain View (2)	1948	Martha Farmwald (Gr. 1-4)	R. 1, Middlebury	42
		Martha Helmuth (Gr. 5-8)	R. 1, Box 185, Middlebury	
Plain View Vocational	1964	Roy Miller	R. 1, Middlebury	28
Pleasant Ridge (2)	1957	Anna Mae Gingerich (1-4)	R. 2, Shipshewana	53
		Fannie Mast (Gr. 5-8)		
Pleasant Valley	1965	Ida Schmucker	Etna Green,	31
Spring Hill (2)	1965	Mary Arlene Byler	LaGrange	46
		Fannie Miller	Topeka	
South East Center (2)	1965	Lester Marner (1-4)	Loogootee,	68
		Frank McVey (5-8)	Shoals	
Weldy Parochial	1953	Andy Gingerich	Nappanee	
Woodside	1964	Wm. M. Schmucker	LaGrange	38

IOWA

Amish Private No. 1	1961	Katie E. Miller	Independence	28
Amish Private No. 2	1961	Lavina M. Hershberger	Fairbank	22

MICHIGAN

Amish School		Ruth Graber	R. 1, Camden	23
Branch County		Josephine Schwartz	Reading	

MISSOURI

Maple Branch	1948	Winifred Beachy	Bowling Green	30
North School	1953	Ida M. Eicher	Bowling Green	26
Woodlawn	1950	Wilma Kemp	Curryville	29
Ash Grove	1957	Katie J. Petersheim	Clark	22
Haven Hill	1962	Elva B. Borntrager	Clark	23
Judy Flat	1960	Amelia B. Petersheim	Clark	30
Macedonia	1957	Sarah N. Gingerich	Clark	21
Mt. Plain	1957	Anna E. Miller	Clark	25
Pleasant Ridge	1961	Lizzie J. Mast	Clark	22

NEW YORK

Axeville		Ada Y. Miller	Conewango Valley	41
Flat Iron		Joe A. Byler	Conewango Valley	43

Gardeners		Henry A. Hershberger	Conewango Valley	37
Seagers		Levi A. Mast	Conewango Valley	27
Westroad		Mrs. Ella Detweiler	Conewango Valley	24

OHIO

A. GEAUGA COUNTY

Bundysburg School (2)	1954	Peter E. Miller	R. 2, Middlefield	48
		Kathryn Detweiler	Middlefield	
Hosmer Road School	1963	Ray J. Gingerich	R. 3, Middlefield	39
Meadow Glow School (2)	1965	Uria R. Byler	R. 1, Middlefield	52
		Ida Miller	Middlefield	
Meadowlark School	1953	Kathryn A. Miller	R. 1. Middlefield	38
Nash Road Parochial	1965	Wilma Glick	R. 2, Burton	28
Nauvoo Country School	1963	Katie Weaver	Middlefield	33
Newcomb Road School (2)	1963	Chester Miller	Middlefield	34
		Linda Byler	Middlefield	
Northeast Middlefield (Fox Run) (2)	1954	Enos J. Schrock	R. 2, Middlefield	46
		Katie Fisher	Middlefield	
Parkman Parochial School (2)	1950	Melvin M. Hershberger	R. 3, Middlefield	69
		Ada S. Yoder	Middlefield	
Pleasant Valley School (2)	1952	Katie D. Miller	R. 2, Middlefield	58
		Ada W. Miller	Huntsburg, Ohio	
South Hayes Private	1954	Emma J. Miller	R. 2, Middlefield	41
Troy Church Parochial (2)	1958	Monroe R. Schmucker	R. 2, Burton	64
		Amanda N. Hershberger	R. 2, Burton	
Valley View School (2)	1964	Mary Ann Detweiler	R. 1, Middlefield	49
		Ida Detweiler	Middlefield	

B. HOLMES AND WAYNE COUNTIES

Anderson School	1959	Fannie A. Nisley	R. 2, Orrville	35
Barrs Mill Private	1961	Mose L. Yoder	R. 2, Sugarcreek	50
Beech Grove School	1951	Amanda J. Yoder	R. 1, Apple Creek	37
Boontown School	1960	Mary J. Miller	R. 2, Fredericksburg	37
Breezeway School	1962	Rachel M. Miller	R. 2, Fredericksburg	28
Brown School	1959	Iva D. Troyer	R. 2, Apple Creek	40
Brush Run School	1960	Elizabeth E. Miller	R. 1, Baltic	34
Buckeye School	1961	Susie A. Yoder	R. 4, Millersburg	32
Cherry Ridge School	1953	James Martin	R. 1, Smithville	42
Cunningham School	1959	Katie Y. Hershberger	R. 2, Apple Creek	47
Doughty Valley	1965	Sarah Ann E. Miller	R. 3, Millersburg	29
Dublin School	1955	Katie A. Miller	R. 5, Millersburg	31
Elm Grove School	1959	Mattie M. Troyer	R. 2, Fredericksburg	19
Fairview School (2)	1955	Anna L. Hershberger	R. 5, Millersburg	52
		Mary E. Swartzentruber	Star Rt., Millersburg	
Fountain Nook	1944	Elizabeth L. Raber	R. 2, Apple Creek	39
Frease School	1959	Abe J. Miller	R. 2, Apple Creek	36
Green Ridge School (2)	1956	Jonathan Raber	R. 3, Fresno	50
		Jacob N. Yoder	Fresno	
Green Valley	1959	Mary E. Yoder	Millersburg, R. 5	37
Hickory Ridge School	1965	Ella J. Yoder	R. 1, Big Prairie	23
Johnson School	1959	Lizzie Ann Nisley	R. 2, Apple Creek	41
Knob View School	1964	Jonas Nisley	R. 1. Baltic	35
Leepers School	1960	Clara L. Weaver	R. 2, Fredericksburg	40
Maple Grove School (2)	1958	Amanda A. Nisley	R. 3, Millersburg	39
		Lovina A. Nisley	Millersburg	
Maple Grove School	1944	Ella H. Miller	R. 2, Fredericksburg	49

Meadow Valley School	1958	Sam E. Yoder	R. 2, Dundee	48
New Bunker Hill School	1958	Pauline Yoder	R. 2, Apple Creek	35
North Bunker Hill	1956	Vernon L. Troyer	R. 2, Fredericksburg	30
North Sidling Hill	1959	Jonas J. Swartzentruber	R. 3, Navarre	30
Oak Grove School	1960	Amanda J. Hershberger	R. 2, Apple Creek	38
Oak Ridge School	1959	Sarah J. Yoder	R. 1, Baltic	13
Pine Grove School	1964	Katharine J. Miller	R. 2, Danville	9
Pleasant View School	1947	Monroe E. Chupp	R. 2, Apple Creek	44
Pleasant View Private	1960	Mary S. Weaver	R. 2, Fredericksburg	25
Rock Ridge School (2)	1958	Nora N. Yoder	R. 2, Sugarcreek	42
		Mattie A. Miller	R. 1, Sugarcreek	
South Bunker Hill	1964	Raymond S. Weaver	R. 5, Millersburg	33
South Saltcreek School	1959	Mary Ann Beachy	R. 1, Baltic	42
South Sideling Hill	1954	Mabel A. Miller	R. 1, Fredericksburg	16
Spring Brook School	1959	Eli E. Weaver	R. 1, Dundee	40
Stony Point School	1960	Levi M. Beachy	R. 2, Sugarcreek	21
Sunny Slope School	1963	Calvin Anderson	R. 1, Holmesville	36
Sunnyview School	1960	Anna J. Miller	R. 2, Fredericksburg	33
Weaver Ridge School	1961	Elizabeth N. Miller	R. 2, Dundee	35
Woodland School (2)	1962	William Miller	R. 1, Apple Creek	31
		Lizzie Ann Miller	Apple Creek	

MISCELLANEOUS

Darby View School	1963	Abe A. Troyer	R. 1, Plain City	40
Dividing Ridge	1962	Judith Troyer	R. 1, Ashland	29
Kimmel Christian Day	1950	Polly Miller	Andrews St., Hartville	13
Lakeville Private	1962	Ella A. Troyer	R. 1, Lakeville	27
Meadow Brook	1959	Melvin E. Schrock	R. 5, Ashland	33
Medina Parochial		Levi Lehman		
Pine Grove School	1965	Levi Mast	R. 1, Ashland	21
Walnut Grove School	1951	Miriam Hostetler	R. 2, Hartville	17

ONTARIO, CANADA

Aylmer Amish-Mennonite (2)	1953	Rosemary Wagler	R. 4, Aylmer	35
		Joseph Stoll	R. 4, Aylmer	
Maple Dell	1961	Clifford Robinson	Norwich	45
Miller's School	1960	Daniel L. Stutzman	R. 1, Norwich	26

PENNSYLVANIA

A. LANCASTER AND LEBANON COUNTIES

Belmonte	1955	Sarah S. Beiler	R. 1, Ronks	46
Brick Parochial	1948	Mary King	R. 1, Christiana	34
Cherry Lane	1949	Susie Lapp	R. 1, Myerstown	31
Cherry Lane	1964	Mary H. Fisher	R. 1, Ronks	33
Chestnut Hill	1965	Lizzie Stoltzfus	R. 1, Christiana	20
Clearview (2)	1956	Saloma Lapp (1-3, 5, 8)	R. 1, Ronks	39
		Elizabeth Esh (4, 6, 7)	R. 1, Gordonville	
Fairview	1960	Lydia Fisher (Gr. 7-8)	R. 1, Honeybrook	27
Fairview	1953	Rachel Petersheim	R. 4, Lancaster	45
Fishers	1957	Annie Stoltzfoos	R. 1, Kinzers	27
Goods	1964	Emma Stoltzfus	R. 1, Leola	32
Green Tree	1954	Rebecca Fisher	R. 1, Paradise	27
Harristown	1955	Rebecca Zook	R. 1, Kinzers	39
Hawkesville	1962	Nancy Esch	Leola	35
Iva	1955	Rebecca B. Fisher	R. 1, Ronks	26
New Milltown	1965	Hannah Stoltzfus	Gordonville	23
Newport	1960	Lydia Kinsinger	R. 1, Gordonville	26

(PENNSYLVANIA - Continued)

Nickel Mines	1957	Barbara Blank	R. 1, Kinzers	39
Oak Grove	1939	Mary F. Huyard	R. 1, New Holland	36
Pine Crest	1961	Lydia S. Beiler (Enos)	Bird-in-Hand	36
Pleasant View	1938	Lydia F. Beiler	R. 1, Ronks	43
Rocky Ledge	1964	Mary Stoltzfus	R. 2, Myerstown	17
Stony Hill	1965	Lydia S. Beiler (Crist)	Leola	32
Union	1960	Rebecca Stoltzfus	Oxford	38
Valley Road	1958	Rebecca King	R. 1, Christiana	26

B. MIFFLIN COUNTY

Clearview	1951	Lydia S. Wengerd	R. 1, Belleville	32
Mountain View	1960	Rebecca L. Wengerd	R. 1, Belleville	39
Sunny Side	1965	Annie Y. Peachey	R. 1, Belleville	31
Waynesburg	1951	Catherine M. Swarey	R. 1, Belleville	36
White Hall	1953	Hettie Mary Peachey	Star Rd., Belleville	41

C. MISCELLANEOUS

Krouse Amish School	1955	Isaac Yoder	Middleburg	21
Fairview (Adams Co.)	1964	John F. Esh	R. 1, Littlestown	39
Oak Grove (Indiana Co.)	1964	Martha Byler	Smicksburg,	25
Perry Township Parochial	1955	Rachel J. Troyer	Mt. Pleasant Mills	32
Atlantic Amish School		Ella A. Byler	Box 426, Atlantic	42
Kurtz Valley Parochial	1954	Ivy Lee	R. 2, Mifflintown	21
Black Rock	1964	Valentine J. Petersheim	Box 190, Mifflintown	18
Laurel Run	1961	Lizzie Yoder	R. 1, Mifflintown	16
South Parochial (2)	1950	Betty J. Byler (Gr. 4-8)	Jackson Center	41
		Emma E. Coblentz	R. 2, Jackson Center	
North Parochial	1950	Mrs. Roman Byler	R. 1, Stoneboro	44
Indian Run	1962	Anna J. Byler	R. 2, New Wilmington	10
No. 8 (Zuver)	1956	Mrs. Mose S. Byler	R. 1, Mercer	51

WISCONSIN

Golden Willow (2)	1960	Anna Lehman (5-8)	R. 1, Curtiss	44
		Viola Schrock (1-4)	R. 1, Curtiss	
Hillside	1960	Ella C. Borntreger	R. 3, Medford	32
Poplar Grove	1964	Amelia Hochstetler	R. 2, Owen	29

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A NOTE OF THANKS

By Mary W. Weaver

Thanks to all who helped with the Ohio school directory this year. Without your fine co-operation it could not have been accomplished.

If you see mistakes, please feel free to notify me. A duplicate copy is always kept on file for reference. If mistakes are not corrected, they may occur year after year. Even the teachers' names can be listed incorrectly, which I recently learned has happened.

I did some arithmetic to keep in practice while I'm out of the school room. (Mary is not teaching this year. Ed.) According to my figures, there are 2282 pupils in the 64 Ohio schools listed, and 76 teachers to instruct them. This would average about thirty pupils to a teacher. However, the pupils are not distributed that evenly. The highest enrollment for one teacher is 49, and the lowest 9. What a contrast!

I wish each of the teachers the grace of God in their great responsibilities of teaching all these children. This they need whether the group is large or small. But my heart goes out especially to the overburdened teachers.

To those who feel it is too expensive to operate our own schools, have you ever stopped to think of the effect on our public school tax if 2282 additional pupils were enrolled?

- Fredericksburg, Ohio

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HEAVEN'S VERY SPECIAL CHILD

A meeting was held quite far from earth,
"It's time again for another birth,"
Said the angels to the Lord above,
"This special child will need much love."

"Her progress may seem very slow,
Accomplishments she may not know,
And she'll require extra care,
From the folks she meets way down there."

"She may not run or laugh or play,
Her thoughts may seem quite far away;
In many ways she won't adapt,
And she'll be known as handicapped."

"So let's be careful where she's sent—
We want her life to be content.
Oh, please, Lord find the parents who
Will do a special job for you!"

"They will not realize right away
The leading role they're asked to play,
But with this child sent from above,
Comes stronger faith and richer love."

"And soon they'll know the privilege given,
In caring for this gift from Heaven;
Their precious charge so meek and mild,
Is Heaven's very special child."

- Selected by Mary J. Raber, Lakeville, Ohio

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New Schools

1. PLEASANT VALLEY PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, NAPPANEE, INDIANA

The request to report on our new school for the Bulletin is a challenge to me, and in my weakness, I will take the task in hand.

In July our ministers called a meeting to discuss the question, "Do we want our own school?" A little later a second meeting was held, and a board was appointed. The school board consists of three persons, Richard Lambright, Henry Lehman, and Marvin Miller.

The board started out on their unfamiliar task, to gather information and material to start a school. First we visited the public school superintendent, and he agreed to co-operate. Then there were questions to be answered, meetings to be held, and decisions to be made. A teacher, Ida Schmucker, was hired. She has had two years of experience.

Our church owned a country school house, which was purchased several years ago. It is located 3 1/2 miles south and 1 1/2 miles west of Nappanee. A year ago it was approved by the State for the vocational classes. So we set about to repair, clean, and paint. All labor was donated. The water system works from a pump in the basement.

Pleasant Valley Parochial School is the name of the school. It is a one-room building of brick, with a full basement and classroom, 30 ft. x 32 ft.

In the public schools our children were exposed to indecent dress and exercises. Also, lessons were given and taught on movies and T.V. This often brought the question, "Dad, is it wrong to watch movies if our lessons are on them?" Now we can teach the Bible, and memorize Scripture verses, which is a good exercise for the mind.

We have 31 pupils enrolled in grades 1-8. These 31 pupils represent the 11 families, and the church that support the school.

One teacher to teach,
One church to pray to God,
One God to lead us.

- Richard Lambright

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2. NASH ROAD PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, BURTON, OHIO

The Troy Church Amish Parochial School was faced this fall with the dilemma of many public schools today — overcrowded! One family with seven children in school had already been turned down due to lack of proper space and facilities. What was to be done? Build a room on to the already large school, or build a new and smaller school in South Troy church district?

A meeting of both church districts was called, and a vote taken on the matter. The decision was to build in South Troy. A building committee was appointed: Crist N. Hershberger, Roman J. Schmucker, and Crist E. Fisher. A site was chosen, and an acre of land purchased from Manas M. Borkholder. At the same time a school board was chosen, as follows: Pres. - Crist E. Fisher, Gid A. Miller, and Menno M. Hershberger. Mose D. Byler is clerk.

The name of the school is Nash Road Amish Parochial, and it is located 1 1/2 miles due east of Welshfield, in Troy Township. The building is 24' x 36', of concrete block construction, with a full basement. Heat is furnished by a wood-coal furnace in the basement. The blackboards are on the south wall, with the north wall almost entirely windows, giving a subdued glareless light. Two windows on the east side and one on the west side complete the lighting.

There is only one room, with plenty of space for this year's 29 pupils. Wilma Glick is the teacher, and is a graduate of North Troy Parochial.

Several special features of the school are uniquely designed visitors benches and built-in utility table. A concrete block wall three feet high was laid next to the entrance wall in one corner of the school room. A plywood top was put on, making an excellent work-play area. There is plenty of space for the duplicator, supplies, extra books, etc. on this work table.

Oh, yes, there is also a guest book on the teacher's desk. Will we see your name in it some time?

- Menno M. Hershberger

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3. DOUGHTY VALLEY SCHOOL, MILLERSBURG, OHIO

Doughty Valley School is located just off County Rd. 19, 1 mile west of Becks Mills, on the farm of Henry G. Yoder. School opened Sept. 22, with Sarah Ann E. Miller as teacher, and 29 pupils in grades 2-8. The board members are Henry G. Yoder, Noah L. Raber, and Eli B. Miller, all of R. 3, Millersburg.

The school is constructed of tile block, 24' x 36' with basement, furnace room, and coalbin. The main basement is used for a playroom on rainy days.

One reason for building this school was that the public school board no longer wanted to keep the seventh and eighth graders at Clark, but had decided to take them on to Glenmont, a distance from Clark of 12 to 14 miles, over very hilly roads.

- Eli B. Miller

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4. PINE GROVE SCHOOL, ASHLAND, OHIO

Pine Grove is located two miles north and 1/4 mile east of Olivesburg, on Alvin Mast's 80 A. farm. School started this fall on Sept. 6, with 22 pupils enrolled, grades 1-8. The teacher is Levi J. Mast, and this is his first year of teaching.

The school house is about 26' x 36', with a basement for fuel storage and the furnace. It is built of cement blocks. The other two Amish schools of Ashland had become crowded, and it was decided that this past fall would be a good time to build a new one.

- Levi J. Mast

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5. SOUTH EAST CENTER SCHOOL, LOOGOOTEE, INDIANA

The name of our school is derived from the fact that it is located in the center of the Southeast church district of the Daviess County Amish settlement. The actual building started only four weeks before time for the school term to begin. But with the generous help of many interested people, it was completed in plenty of time. The school is two miles north and one mile east of Cannelburg, Ind.

School opened Aug. 23, with an enrollment of 68. The teachers are Frank A. McVey, who teaches grades 5 to 10, and Lester Marner, who has the four lower grades. The board members are Abraham Graber, as president; Ray Stoll, as vice-president; and Raymond Yoder as treasurer.

The size of the school is 28' x 48', with two rooms. There is a full basement, with three sets of stairs going down from the porches. We have one porch, 10' x 10', on the north side, and a porch 14' x 16" on the front, or east side.

The basement is laid up with blocks, with ten windows. There are two chimneys, one in the center and one at the east end. The porch floors are concrete, and the classroom floors of hardwood. The rafters are made on the truss pattern, and there is a common shingle roof. The siding consists of barn siding, painted white. Windows on both sides of the school let in sufficient light, even on gloomy days.

There is running water in the basement. We have a small coal house, and place to store tools. The barn is 16' x 32', made of regular framing lumber and sided with steel roofing. It has four stables and room for four buggies. The stables are to be closed draft-free for the winter.

Transportation is mainly by bus, which is the county bus that hauled the children last year to the public school. The new school is not much out of his way, so there is no extra charge. Those who live near the school walk, and those not on the bus route drive in buggies.

There were several reasons for establishing the school, but it was mainly to come out from the ungodly environment of the public school, where evolution and similar things were taught that weaken faith in God. With the interest shown by the bishop and others, and the cooperation of the parents, the school became possible.

Our studies are similar to those of other Amish schools. We have devotions each morning, consisting of singing, prayer, and Bible discussion. The ninth and tenth grades have Bible courses and studies once a week, and

German on Friday afternoon.

– Lester Marner

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6. MEADOW GLOW AMISH PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO

Our school is located on the Allen Miller farm, 1 1/2 miles east of Burton, on the Burton-Windsor Road. The teachers are Uria R. Byler and Ida J. Miller. At present, Barbara E. Yoder is substituting, due to Ida's illness. School opened Sept. 21, with 52 pupils enrolled.

During the 1964-65 term, quite a few families of our neighborhood sent their children to Pleasant Valley School. This year that school had more pupils of their own, and they could not handle our children. In the meantime, interest was rising for a school of our own in our community.

The board members are Henry J. Schrock, president, Olin A. Yoder, John A. Miller, Jonas J. Hershberger, Freeman N. Miller, and Joe K. Yoder is the secretary.

The school is 24' x 40', built of brick on the outside and tile inside. The basement is of cememt blocks. The building has only one room, and is set north and south. The windows are mostly on the east side, and the blackboards are on the west. The teachers' desks are at the rear of the room.

– Joe K. Yoder

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7. NEW MILLTOWN INDEPENDENT SCHOOL, LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

This is a brief history of New Milltown Independent School, now a community school run by the Amish and taught by an Amish teacher for the first time this year. The original school was begun in 1852, when classes were held in a building in Hershey's Church yard. In 1870 a brick building was put up in a better location, and it is still standing and in use today. Pequea Creek runs several hundred feet south of it.

The reason for an independent school in 1870 was that the township schools were too far away for the children to walk. And the Old Mennonites did not want the township textbooks. It is recorded that Daniel Denlinger and his wife conveyed to the New Milltown School District a piece of land for the consideration of $170.31, on Dec. 3, 1870.

The school was going to be closed because no certified teacher could be found. The pupils of the district were then to go to their own township elementary schools. On Aug. 20, 1965, the Independent Board voted to close the school. The same day they offered to rent the school to the Amish people of the district. Two of the Independent Board members are Amish brethren. They then called on Aaron E. Beiler for advice whether or not to operate as a community school this year.

The first Amish meeting was held at Ezra Kings on Aug. 24, 1965, to learn if the majority of the patrons were willing to open the school as an Amish school. A special board meeting was held Aug. 27, and an agreement made for the price of rent. The school house was rented for nine months. Now the problem was to find a teacher in the short time remaining before school should open.

On Aug. 31, in a meeting held at Emanuel F. Kings, the majority of the ratepayers agreed to the plan. A three-man board was elected, two of whom also serve on the Independent Board, still in existence. Elected by vote were Ezra King, president; Emanuel F. King, treasurer; and Christian Stoltzfus, secretary. Amos Lapp was appointed tax collector.

On Sept. 2 a teacher was hired, and books were ordered from A. S. Kinsinger. On Sept. 7 the mothers and two board members helped clean up the schoolhouse, and in the afternoon, one board member and his wife, and the teacher, went to L. B. Herr's in Lancaster to get school supplies. School was called to session on Sept. 8, 1965. with 16 pupils present, in grades 1-8.

– Hannah L. Stoltzfus, teacher

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8. SPRING HILL SCHOOL, TOPEKA, INDIANA

I would like to share our experience in building a new school. The evening of Aug. 9 we had a meeting, and decided to build. It seemed like only a few days until the other schools would open. A school board was at once appointed, and on Aug. 11 we started driving a pipe for water. By evening we had water, and the foundation in.

We thought we should look for sure about a teacher before we continued with our plans. Then word came, no teacher. How dark things looked, for it was about time to start school, and we had no school house and no teacher. We talked of giving it up, but we knew we would have a lot of disappointed school children if we did. So we talked with other board members, and other people, and they said, "Go ahead and build. A teacher will be found." They had never heard of a new parochial school started with no teacher.

So by Aug. 18 we received our building blocks. By that time, too, we had heard of a girl by the name of Arlene Byler who might teach for us. So building proceeded in full swing with lots of help.

On Sept. 7 the school was opened with a new school house, a new teacher, and 43 pupils. Put your full trust in the Lord and things will work out all right.

We have two boys out of school and two boys and two girls in school. After they are out of public school, we find out more of what they learned in school than when they were going.

In closing, we wish to be remembered in prayers, as we are likewise minded in weakness.

– Ervin S. Schlabach

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9. CHESTNUT HILL SCHOOL, CHRISTIANA, PENNSYLVANIA

This one-room school was built near Andrews Bridge, along a gravel road one-half mile off Route 896. The building is constructed of cement blocks, and has a basement.

The enrollment is 20, representing only four families. Elizabeth Stoltzfus, R. 1, Christiana, who lives near the school, is the teacher. School opened Sept. 6.

– Rebecca K. Stoltzfus

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10. STONYHILL SCHOOL, LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

"How many pupils will there be in Hawkesville School this next term?"

"Too many for one teacher," came the answer. "What we need is a new school."

"I'm agreed with that. We have paid transportation long enough."

Such was the conversation among a group of parents in Eden Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania last summer.

For some time the need for another school had been felt. More and more families were moving into this section, mostly young people with growing children. A meeting was held, and there was an almost unanimous vote to build a new school. The site selected was along the Stonyhill Road, about a half mile south of our place. This is about one and one-half miles west of Georgetown, at the end of David Glick's lane.

Next it was decided to appoint two men to be on the building committee and have charge of the plans and building. Plans were drawn up for a concrete block building, 30' x 34', with a cellar 14' wide. The rest of the floor is concrete laid on a plastic sheet to keep the moisture down. The whole floor was covered with asphalt tile. The rafters and ceiling joists are trusses made of 2 x 4's and 1 x 4's, which makes a strong structure of light material. All labor was donated except the plastering on the inside, and the stucco on the outside.

With patience and co-operation, the building was finished in time for school, beginning Sept. 1 with 31 pupils. Lydia S. Beiler, daughter of Christian Beiler, Leola, is the teacher. Eleven of these children came from Hawkesville School and fourteen from Iva, leaving the latter school rather small.

Four years ago the Eden Township Amish Parochial School Board was formed, and it has operated the Hawkesville School since then. Nancy Esch is the teacher there. This same board will also operate the new school, which will probably be filled to capacity within a few years, as there are six families with small children living in the community and three newly-married couples, all within walking distance of the school, yet none of them have children in school yet this year. When we sit in church and look over the children and young people, I have to think, truly, here is work for somebody.

Speaking of teachers, I would like to share a few thoughts gleaned from an editorial in our daily paper. What changes a child-care center to a place of learning? It is of course the teacher. But is it her dedication, education, imagination, enthusiasm, or experience that makes the difference? It is probably a little of all of these qualities, seasoning a basic ability to love children. Not just the clever ones, but the dirty ones, the sassy, the stupid and indifferent ones as well. A recent article suggests that nobody can teach a teacher how to love. You either have this quality or you don't. If you lack it you can't do much about it, and if you have it, you don't need much else.

– Isaac S. Kauffman

* * * * *

11. SUNNYSIDE SCHOOL, BELLEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Dear Bulletin Readers,

The days are getting shorter, the air crisper, the mountains surrounding the Valley have taken on their many different colors, a sure sign that the summer is gone, fall is here, and winter is just around the corner.

The schools here in the Valley are through their first six-week period, having opened Aug. 30. The first examinations are past and report cards have been sent home. Some of the wrinkles that go with starting a new school term (with another new school, and one new teacher) have been ironed out.

The new school was built in August for the people in the Allensville vicinity. It is located along the old School House Road. The road was so named years ago when there was a one-room public school at the junction of this road and the highway. My dad attended this school in the early 1890's. As for me, I don't remember ever seeing a school house there, but the road leading to the front mountain has retained its name, School House Road.

This new one-room school was built on the east corner of Korie Hostetler's farm, at the end of Pre. Ez Peachey's lane. It's of frame construction, 28' x 36', with an additional 14' x 18' shed added on the east side for a coal bin and wood house, and a six-foot breezeway or porch between bins and the school house proper. We have no basement under this one.

Here in the Valley we have all our schools set north and south. That is, the teacher's desk and blackboards are at the north end of the building, and the pupils in their seats face north. Now you may wonder why this is so. It may seem a trifling matter to some, (and maybe it is) but we feel and can talk from experience that when the children face north to study maps, the lay of the country and land will be imprinted in their minds exactly as it is. Whereas, when I went to Kings School, we faced a little south of west, and the western States were always to the left when we looked at the map, which from the position we were sitting was a little east of south. Now, when I get away from home several hundred miles, I'm always turned around about half way.

The reason for building the new school was that the Waynesburg School, which was the first Amish school built here, in 1952, was overcrowded the past four years or so, and some pupils in this end of the Valley had to be transported to our schools in the lower end. This meant children leaving home early in the morning and arriving home late in the afternoon. The Allensville community, having quite a number of pupils, asked for a new school house there when we had our annual meeting last spring.

The school board consists of five members, David C. Swarey, Eli Peachey, Andy Byler, Jonas D. Yoder, and Ezra Kanagy (Ezra Kanagy has now resigned, due to other responsibilities and Dan R. Peachey will serve his unexpired term.) The board called another meeting in June, and the majority were agreed to go ahead and build. A vote was taken on the location, and the present site got the nod.

After many suggestions had been received, it was decided to call the new school Sunny Side because there are no trees on one side, and the afternoon sun shines in on that side. We had heard reports that three girls wanted to teach, but when we investigated, this boiled down to only one, but that was enough. Hettie Mary Peachey, daughter of Ezra Y. Peacheys, was hired to teach White Hall School, and Annie Peachey, who had taught at White Hall, was moved to the new school, it being nearer to her home. This new school is the only one of the five that has no bus transportation. The pupils all walk.

Catherine Swarey is teaching her sixth term at Waynesburg, Lydia Wengerd her twelfth term at Clear View, and Rebecca Wengerd her sixth term at Mt. View, although this is Rebecca's thirteenth term of teaching, as she taught at Clear View and White Hall previously.

Each of these teachers has grades one through eight, with 30 to 42 pupils in each school. So I hardly believe there are any idle moments for the teachers. As a former board member, I must wonder if we parents appreciate our schools enough.

Now, a school is no better than its teacher. So there again, do we co-operate with and appreciate our teachers? We know they are human and make mistakes. And somehow when they make a little mistake a big issue can grow out of it, but we never hear much when they are doing a good job. I sincerely believe from what I have seen that most teachers take their responsibilities seriously and try to do their best. What more can we ask?

How much better would it be for all concerned if the parents and directors would encourage and try to help the teacher's "best" to become still better, rather than make an issue of their shortcomings. I still think the Scriptures in Matt. 18 hold good in school matters as well as church matters. "Moreover, if thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone."

We could maybe translate it into every-day language, and apply it to schools, "Moreover, if thy teacher shall trespass against thee, go and talk to her alone and see if it is true what thy child hast brought home. Then if it is true and she corrects her mistake, you have done a great favor to your teacher and your school. But if she will not hear thee, then say something to the school directors. Don't spread it over the whole neighborhood. If the directors find it to be so, and she repent of her mistake, then thou shouldest be satisfied and give her another chance. But if she will not hear the directors, then thou (the directors) should look for another teacher."

So much out of love and concern for our Amish schools.

– Ezra Kanagy

* * * * *

BURTON, OHIO
OCT. 21, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Ps. 19:1.

Nature is indeed showing forth the handiwork of the Lord, with the beautiful hues of autumn leaves against a background of green meadows. But the rains and wind will soon cause them to fall, leaving the trees bare and telling us that winter is nigh at hand.

Truly, this has been a year of bountiful harvests here in Geauga County. Ample rainfall resulted in almost unbelievable yields of grain and hay. Do we, as professing Christians, praise God enough for His many blessings?

The first six-week period for our new school is now past, with the tests given, report cards made out, and teacher and pupils back on regular schedule again. Our teacher is Wilma Glick and it's her first year on the job. She has 29 pupils, with some in all 8 grades, so she needs the encouragement and support of all of us parents. I hope she'll also write for the Bulletin sometime.

Yesterday we were privileged to take Amos U. Gingerich's visiting. They hail from Buchanan County, Iowa. We stopped at the school, and they had postponed singing until we came. Any former teacher knows how deep such singing goes, and how the mind wanders back to the days when we were leading the singing. In my humble opinion, the interest shown by the teachers and children in singing is usually a good indication of the school.

One of the easiest and most enjoyable ways to teach German is to sing German hymns. I'll give my experience in a method we used to keep their interest up, and also learn new words in German. I hadn't taught very long until I noticed that most of the children who could read German were singing the songs by heart. Each time a hymn was sung the same verses were used. One day the thought came to me to mark the verse where we stopped singing, and the next time this hymn was chosen we would begin where we had left off. Then the verse was again marked, and this procedure followed until all the verses of the hymn were sung, when we would start over again.

Another way to keep up interest in singing is to use more than one book. The little Kinderlieder books have nice easy-to-learn verses. If English hymns and songs are acceptable, then any teacher can make her own by copying the songs on masters and duplicating them, then putting them together for the children to use.

- Menno M. Hershberger

MY MEMORIES OF APPLE GROVE

by Herbert K. Maust

It was the last Saturday in August, thirty-nine years ago that I as a young man, destined to be the teacher at Apple Grove School, stepped off the train at Dover, Delaware. I was met by the secretary of the school board, Mr. Samuel Hertzler, and was taken to his home for dinner that day.

This to me was an entirely new country and I was thinking I knew not a soul, but was to find out that I was not as far removed from acquaintances as I thought. There was the Ira Yoder family. Ira had been our local blacksmith back in my home community, Springs, Pennsylvania. And the Gideon Bender family, whom I had known as a boy and with whom I later was to have some close associations. To the south of Dover near Wyoming, Delaware lived a first cousin of my father, in whose home I was to find pleasant associations. Farther away in Greenwood, Delaware lived the Val Bender family who also were from my home community and had gone to grade school with several members of the family.

My first introduction to the members of my school community was the day of my arrival in Dover, when Mr. Hertzler took me to the market place in the city where a large number of Amish had their stands set up on a street blocked off for this purpose. After that I was taken to the Hertzler home, introduced to the family, and given a bountiful dinner. I remember so well the boys particularly. There was Isaac, a big husky boy; Jacob and Sammy, out of whose eyes you could see the mischief shining; Andrew and Henry who were smaller and of whom I do not remember so much. I also remember Rachel and Lydia.

After the noon meal I was taken to the school building which was located in an apple orchard on the Hertzler farm. Here I was shown the books we were to use and introduced to the German primers and other readers and was told I was expected to teach German. I was able to read some German and understood some Pennsylvania Dutch, but to teach German reading was an almost insurmountable job for me. I felt very inadequate. However, with much perseverance and with the help of older pupils I soon felt at home with this task. Our morning devotions usually included German singing. In this part I remember especially Ivy Lee and Jacob Hertzler as leading the singing. We used a small German hymnbook like they used in the "singings".

One thing that I remember particularly about the school was that in the fall of the year, when the weather was still very warm and the mosquitoes were plentiful and the apples were lying on the ground with those little yellow and black striped insects flying and walking all over them, how the children, most if not all of them barefooted, would come in with their legs bleeding from insect bites. How I would pity those poor little first and second graders as they would sit at their seats or on the bench in the front of the room trying to concentrate on their lesson and then all of a sudden a mosquito would land on some one's leg and there he would go scratching an already bleeding sore. It must have been hard for some of them to learn to associate English words with ideas they knew so well in German or Pennsylvania Dutch.

Other of the pupils I remember quite well are Harvey Lee, who was always so friendly. I especially remember him too because of his physical difficulties which made it hard for him to learn, but I do not remember of his complaining. Then his twin sister Barbara, and Ivy, whom I have already mentioned. Then there were the Miller children, Adam and Malinda and Lena from one family; Henry, Lena and I forget the names of the others from another Miller family. The Yoder girls Freda and Dora; the Hershbergers- Katie, Barbara and Emanuel, I remember particularly. The second year I remember some new faces- the Mast boys, Andy and Henry and Effie Mast from another family. Pardon me, if I have forgotten many of you. After an absence of almost forty years, I find it hard to recall all the names. O, yes, I do recall that after Ira Yoder's wife passed away three of his boys came to school, Iddo, the artist, (I think I have some of your drawings yet, Iddo), Harvey, and Gideon. It would be a joy to see you all again.

The first year I was at Apple Grove I boarded at Dan Schrocks. They lived a mile or more away from school and since automobiles were not to be had, at least I didn't have any, it was necessary for me to walk to and from school. This didn't hurt me one bit and I found enjoyment in it. How well do I remember the little room above the kitchen where I slept. The first few weeks I would lay awake at nights for a long time and listen to the rumble of the trains as they would go through the city several miles away, and wish I was on my way home. The Schrocks had three daughters at home. One was Effie and usually if I was not awake before, my alarm clock would be Effie's mother calling her. I can still hear those familiar words, "Effie, bist du vacha?" (Do you remember this, Effie?) It was while with the Schrocks I learned the art of listening through a long church service. The first time I went to church was with them. I do not recall where the service was held but I do remember the service and my reaction to the young people afterwards. I thought they were very distant, and expressed my thoughts to Mrs. Schrock. She advised me that it would take time and that I would soon learn to know them.

It was probably the first Sunday afternoon that the two older Schrock girls invited me to go along to a neighbor's home, Ammon Millers. A number of young folk had gathered there and after some moments of hesitation I was accepted as one of them. From that time on I felt at home with the young folk and appreciated their friendship. I found in them ideals which I appreciated. These associations, of course, led to my being invited to a number of weddings later, as well as to the singings and occasional social gatherings.

The second school term I roomed and boarded with Rudy Bylers. They had no children going to school but at the time had two boys, Jonas and Henry. At this time, too, the Dan Mast family had moved into the community and their son Clarence and I struck up a close friendship. After leaving the area I lost track of many of my friends, sorry to say, but that is the way it goes. Time goes on, our paths diverge, and many of us are separated for life.

I am glad that I am not able to recall the unpleasant experiences at Apple Grove for I know there were some but I do remember many pleasant experiences.

I must tell you yet of an incident that took place this past winter. My wife was going to Toronto, Ontario, and had planned to fly but because of weather conditions took the bus instead. On the way from Harrisburg to Buffalo she occupied a part of her time in reading. Across the aisle and to the back of her she noticed some Amish folk but had no idea who they were. In the course of the conversation it was mentioned that these folk were from Delaware and were now living in Ontario. Then my wife told them that her husband taught an Amish school in Delaware. At that the interest grew and they asked what her husband's name is and when she said "Herbert Maust", of course that struck a note. Here it was the three Hertzlers. Samuel, Henry and Andrew. What a coincidence! (Let me know where you live in Ontario, Sammy; maybe I could get to see you on one of my trips to Ontario.)

Well, it has been good to pay a little visit with you. Thanks for taking time to read my little note. I do hold the memories of the school days at Apple Grove dear to my heart.

– Marietta, Penna.

BIBLE HEALTH RULES

– By N. Stoltzfus

As the Bulletin editor has been very good to me in supplying me with good reading at below cost, I thought I should show my appreciation by trying to furnish him with some free material. I have seen more days of poor health than of good health and therefore have read quite a few health books, and doctor books, as well as talking to a lot of people. I have therefore chosen the above as my topic. All in all, the Bible is the most reliable health book I know. In reading other health books and in talking with doctors, one finds much that is conflicting, and sorry to say, much that conflicts with the Bible.

The Bible stresses the importance of good health. The apostle John writes to Gaius, "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health even as thy soul prospereth." Apparently, John had confidence in Gaius that he would serve the Lord to the best of his ability, and the better his health, the more he could do for the Lord. Our bodies are temples of the Lord and we are forbidden to destroy them. Anything that we unnecessarily do that is harmful to our health is slowly destroying this temple and therefore sinful.

"Let your moderation be known to all men." In quite a few places the Bible tells us to be temperate, which is another word for moderation. I Pet. 4:3, says, "For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries." Apparently Peter felt that banquetings were a cause of immoderation. Prov. 23:1-3 verifies this. "When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee; And put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite. Be not desirious of his dainties, for they are deceitful meat."

What shall we eat? Dr. Rodale wrote a large book containing many health rules refuting the idea that it is harmful to eat protein and carbohydrates together. It seems to me that the Bible supports him in this, because Jesus ate bread and fish together or at the same meal. Some claim we should not eat anything sweet with protein, but Jesus ate fish and honey together. Some even claim honey is not healthy and was just meant for the bees and not for man. But the Bible says, "My son, eat thou honey, because it is good." Prov. 24:13. Honey, however, is a rich food and should be used in limited quantities. "It is not good to eat much honey." Prov. 25:27. Of course, a person could eat too much of any food, but in the statement above the word too, is left out. Thus the Bible teaches us that some foods are richer than others and should be used in limited quantities. Wine is another item that if used should be used in limited quantities only. I Tim. 5:23; Prov. 23:29-32.

One reads how mankind would be much better off if we would eat no pork. This is in direct contradiction to I Tim. 4:4, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." Of course, if hogs are raised in confinement, given a lot of shots and antibiotics in the feed, they may not be as healthful as when raised more as God intended. The same may be true of vegetables and fruits when great quantities of commercial fertilizer is used, and the plants sprayed with poison sprays, plus all the additives that are put into the food before it reaches the consumer. One health writer seems to think we would be better off to abstain from all dairy products. Yet God promised the Israelites the land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey. Would God have said this if milk, generally speaking, is not good for humans? If raised and produced according to nature, all foods are good for somebody, even though not always for everybody.

Health authorities say we should be happy at mealtime as that helps digest our food better. Anger, worry and fear may cause indigestion. The Bible says, "Rejoice evermore", and warns against anger, and needless fear and worry. Prov. 16:24 says, "Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bone". The better we like a food, the more easily it becomes digested, some scientists say. Solomon says, "There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink and that he should make his soul enjoy the good of his labor. This also I saw that it was from the hand of God." Yet the Bible clearly teaches that we should first seek the kingdom of God and it s righteousness.

Exercise is very beneficial to good health; therefore, God gave man much work to do. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, but the abundance of the rich, will not suffer him to sleep."

Another good health rule is, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee and thou mayest live long on the earth."

- Aylmer, Ont., Canada

BURTON, OHIO
TROY CHURCH PAROCHIAL
OCT. 24, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of love in the Name of the Greatest Teacher of all, Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

The doors of our two-room school house are again busy opening and closing as the children enter and leave. Some eager to come and eager to leave. Some eager to come and reluctant to leave, and others reluctant to come and eager to leave. However they must all come in through the same doors, and the difference in the way they come! Some are almost noiseless, while others always swing the door wide open, sharing with everyone the loud BANG as it closes.

Our enrollment has dropped considerably due to the new school that was built this summer. We do miss those children but we have so much more satisfaction, as we can at least turn around more comfortably than we used to. We have 64 this year compared to our 79 of last year. There are 33 in my first four grades, leaving 31 with the new teacher, Monroe R. Schmucker in the West Room. Monroe graduated from this school and therefore feels more at home than a complete stranger would. So far everyone has been co-operative and we have had a happy time together.

This summer, we, here in Geauga Co. Ohio have had a terrible time finding enough teachers. May I ask this question, Why is this so? We have a lot of people interested in our own schools. Then why don't more people turn up for teachers? I've thought a lot about this and here are a few of my thoughts written down;

No. 1 For one thing too many people say without even any consideration, "Oh, I couldn't. I'm not smart enough." It doesn't take a genius to be a teacher. If it did I certainly wouldn't be at it. Through the Lord all things are possible. Never have I felt the Lord's help more than since I am teaching.

No. 2 What if a person is interested but doesn't know enough about it to carry out his interests? How can he get help? Yes, many teachers have stepped into a schoolhouse with the best intentions and eager spirits, but from lack of understanding, rules, and management have struggled through that first year, some giving up, and others almost giving up. How sorry I feel when I hear that a teacher who has taught only one term will quit. I always think everyone should give it the second chance. It's not only the teachers who suffer from this, but the pupils do too. It took me more than one year to know how far a grade should go and to divide the lessons so as to get through the books, by the time closing day came. If a child doesn't get through one book he will just have that much farther to go the next year.

There is of course a big difference if a teacher has attended a parochial, or private school or if he has never been inside one. Would there be some ways that we could help new teachers so that their first years would not be such a struggle?

Wouldn't a few weeks of helping and watching alongside another teacher be worth its weight in gold? I would have been lost if it hadn't been for the things I learned from watching and helping an experienced teacher for 4 months. I know I had an opportunity not many have as I started teaching on New Year's Day and tried to go on with the books where the other had left off. My mistakes are many but with the help of God, the co-operation of pupils, board, and parents, we try to get along with each other, forgetting and forgiving.

If a person is willing to learn, likes children, and would like to do something worth while, try teaching.

If a person is tired of day work, leads a lonely life, and time goes slowly for him (or her) Try Teaching!

Last but not least, if a person wants to love and be loved, TRY TEACHING!

Now I would be very glad to hear how other teachers feel about trying to get more people interested. When we remember that our homes, our schools, and our churches are just what we make them, shouldn't we all do our part to improve and help them? A concerned co-worker,

- Amanda N. Hershberger

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HOLMESVILLE, OHIO
Oct. 23, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

First a greeting in the name of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. My prayer is that He will help and bless all of you readers and especially you teachers.

Here at Sunny Slope we have 36 pupils. There are 17 boys and 19 girls. One of the girls will be 16, Nov. 2 so we will have only 35 pupils.

October is almost past already and I had wanted to write for the August issue! I find that school teachers are pretty busy people! Six week tests are over and I think I am just as glad as the pupils.

This is my first year of teaching and I find it easier than I expected, once the ball is rolling. We have our share of trials and trouble but all in all I am well pleased and like it real well. However, we didn't get as far in the books as I think we should have. But I think it is better to go slow and learn something right, than to rush through and learn only half of it.

One of my biggest troubles was to prepare the tests. Some of the books were strange to me, especially the "Essentials of English". However, I like them for their good sound morals and proverbs, even if they are a little harder to teach than the "Keys to Good Language", which we have in the 2nd and 3rd grades. We never get the best in the easiest way, do we? Perhpas they aren't best, but I think they are better than the "Keys" which have so many worldly things like Santa Claus, Halloween, and Valentine's Day, which are far from Christian. If these things are taught in English in school, how much harder will it be to teach the children not to take part in them?

I want to thank everyone who made The Challenge of the Child possible. Its help and advice for teachers, especially beginners, and parents is invaluable. I highly recommend it for all teachers, parents, and parents to be.

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This year we started a plan at Sunny Slope of one parent visiting the school every week, the pupils and teacher not knowing who or when. It is working out fine so far with only two weeks blank.

We also enjoy other visitors, especially teachers, of which we have had two. One was from Wayne Co. and the other from Los Angeles. Dick Curtis is the one from L. A. He teaches 8th and 9th grades history in a private, military type, school. He became a family friend while attending Wooster (Ohio) College. He enjoyed his visit very much and would like to see some more of our schools. He is a Budget and B. B. reader, also. I asked why he didn't write for the Bulletin sometime. He thought perhaps the Amish readers wouldn't be interested in his news. I think we teachers would be glad to hear ideas from any teachers, wouldn't we, fellow teachers?

Edwin Kuhns, you got me interested in teaching when we met in Geauga Co. several years ago. I would enjoy seeing your face around Sunny Slope sometime. What about it?

A question that has been on my mind for some time and which was mentioned in the Bulletin several times is, should we have these Christmas programs, exchanges, etc? Are we who want to be separate from the world, following their pattern and example too much in this? How often is the spirit of "I hope I get a nice present" in our minds instead of "What or how much can I give"? How often do we hear children say "I gave a lot nicer present than I got" and are very disappointed that they didn't get more. Most children receive gifts at home so I've been thinking along the line whether it would be practical to all chip in and get something for some poor children or family instead of exchanging names. What would be nicer and better than to get the spirit of sharing and giving, gladly and willingly, planted into the hearts of children? I would appreciate ideas and opinions, pro and con, on this thought and about the programs.

I often ask myself, "Am I living up to what I say and try to teach, and to what God expects of me? Does all I do come up to the Apostle Paul's admonition, '... whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' " (I Cor. 10:31)? It does more harm than good to try to teach children to do something or to live a certain way if you don't do it yourself. We have to practice what we teach.

In closing we humbly ask that you might remember us in your prayers, that we might be able to fulfil God's will and plan for our lives.

A humble teacher,
- Calvin E. Anderson

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THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and
when he is old, he will not depart from it."
Proverbs 22:6.

VOL. 9; NUMBER 5 DECEMBER, 1965

PRAYING PARENTS

– By C. Warren Long
(Written in 1948)

During the hard winter months many boys and girls from Germany cross the border into Belgium, seeking for food and clothes. These children range from eight to sixteen years of age. Many of them stop at our relief units barracks and ask for food. As one or more of these children sit down to our table to partake of a meal, they invariably first bow their heads and mumble a prayer.

Just today a nine-year-old boy who was small for his age had come alone, a distance of fifty miles from inside Germany. This little blond lad sat down to our table upon the invitation of our cook. He sat there looking longingly at the food before him, but would not eat. Finally with embarrassment racing across his face, he looked into the eyes of the cook and said, "Can I first pray?" After his prayers were made, he at once entered into the enjoyment of eating what had been set before him.

Some years ago Bishop Daniel J. Johns said in a Sunday morning worship service, "Let me study your children a little while and I soon will be able to tell you what kind of parents you are." It is not difficult to decide what religious group these German children represent nor the kind of teaching their parents give. Our blond nine-year-old hungry lad could not eat until he first prayed. Over fifty miles from his home, hungry, strange, embarrassed, sitting at a foreigner's table. A great tribute he gave to the devotional life, example, and teaching of his parents when he asked, "Can I first pray?" Under the strain of his new surroundings, the religious character his parents were building in him stood the test.

How different was his response from that of a little four-year-old girl who was severely scolded by her mother. She was heard to sob pitifully to herself, "I wish Mother loved me as much as she does God. She talks so kind to Him." Our hungry blond lad can say, "I owe a great debt to the lives of my parents in my early childhood days. They lived as they prayed."

Praying parents are a great blessing to their children. F. B. Meyer once said, "The oriental shepherd was always ahead of his sheep. He was in front. Any attempt upon them had to take him into account. He is in the tomorrows. It is the tomorrows that fill men with dread. But God is there already, and all tomorrows of our lives have to pass Him before they can get to us."

The prayers of praying parents are like the shepherd ahead of the children and must be dealt with by the enemy of the soul. The children's tomorrows are definitely controlled by the parents' prayers. Oh, I know we can not do like some — pray words and give God a great deal of information about Himself and His creation. Prayers that affect the children's future are "prayers of faith" — that is, we pray in prayer.

Hannah prayed in prayer before her son Samuel was born, and continued in this kind of prayer life after his birth. The child Samuel grew to physical and spiritual maturity and became a great national character in Israel. He never lost the value of prayer as he was taught it by his parents. Near the close of his life he was admonishing Israel to serve God and then said, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." I Sam. 12:23.

How challenging this is to us parents! Prayerlessness is a sin. Our children have a right to our prayers. They are a part of the fighting equipment they need in the battles of life. Our prayers are their most vital equipment. Without these prayers they are maimed and weakened. To neglect to pray for them and teach them to pray, would wrong them and help them into moral bankruptcy. It would be depriving them of their just dues. We would be guilty of defrauding them. Thus we would sin against our children and against God. Note Samuel's stern but shocking remark again, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you."

All we as parents, I am sure, have had the experience that we were at a loss to know how to pray sometimes for our children. Our mental approach to the problem we were facing seems to have been devastated and our emotions in such great distress that we felt we could not pray, at least we could not frame a petition. Fellow parents in such positions, we can simply tell God our problems like those bereft souls in Matthew 14:12, who just "went and told Jesus".

How true is the old hymn,

"Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer."

Certainly we can not do anything better for our children than to pray in prayer for them, and teach them to pray also.

- Selected from "The Church Correspondent"

* * * * *

VISITING SCHOOL

- By Levi N. Eash

In a Bulletin some time ago I noticed someone had made a schedule for the parents of the district to visit school, one couple each week. We decided to try it too this fall. As far as I know, it has worked out one-hundred per cent.

We have twelve families and it takes three months to make a round. I have tried to visit the school once a month, myself. I take the excuse of going to pay the teacher, and then I stay a little longer. I must say this, I have learned something as I watch the pupils recite their assignments.

I soon saw that some pupils just can't learn from the same amount of teaching as others can. The best way for parents to find out what their children are learning is to visit the school. Then they can see which ones need a little more attention in certain lessons. By helping these pupils at home, they can be a big help and save a lot of time for the teacher.

Sometimes a pupil will come home from school, thinking he has too much to do. But if we parents can talk with the teacher before we say too much to the child, things may look different to us. From my own experience I can say it helped me realize they need some attention and encouragement at home.

Last week when I was there the teacher called the sixth grade readers to class. When she had them started she handed me the book and said, "Do you want to take this class ?"

Rather speechless, I nodded my head. Everything went fine until all of a sudden the girl stopped reading and looked at me. And I looked at her. Of course, I didn't want to tell her the word wrong so I had to go and ask the teacher what the word was. That caused a little giggling in the school room. But I know that word from now on. I can't remember that we had that word twenty years ago when I was in that grade. I guess it is good to review again.

"If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
To whom you speak,
Of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

Best wishes to all.

- Levi N. Eash, Topeka, Indiana

* * * * *

BELLEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
Waynesburg School
October 27, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

It seems almost impossible that the summer passed so quickly. Though I enjoyed it, I was glad to get back to school again. I like some subjects better than I did last year. We have German, arithmetic, spelling, geography, English, reading, health, and history.

On October 20 we set out at 12:10 on a walk to Sunnyside, our new school. It was a pleasant day, the skies were blue, the leaves were colorful and slowly falling to the ground. We walked slowly and arrived about 1:10, leaving us two hours to visit.

They were having reading classes so we all stood quietly at the back of the room and listened until recess. After recess we had an arithmetic match and sang songs, ending with "God be with you". Then it was time to go home. How short the time had seemed!

The bus came to Sunnyside School to take us to our school to get our lunch baskets, and then the bus took us home. We all enjoyed the visit.

We wish all of you God's richest blessings.

- Leah B. Kanagy, Grade 8

* * * * *

Gratitude is a duty which ought to be paid, but which none have right to expect. - Rousseau

Beneath-the-surface Trouble And Its Answer

"THERE ARE THOUSANDS HACKING AT THE BRANCHES OF EVIL TO ONE WHO IS STRIKING AT THE ROOT." — THOREAU

"REPENTANCE AND REMISSION OF SINS SHOULD BE PREACHED IN HIS (CHRIST'S) NAME AMONG ALL NATIONS" — LUKE 24:47

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

Did you know there are twice as many Amish schools today as there were before 1960? This is one of the eye-openers indicated by a little arithmetic applied to the 1965-66 Schools Directory. Ira Stoll of Massey, Ontario did the figuring and sent us the facts.

Sobering, isn't it? What a responsibility to operate all these schools to the honor and glory of God! And what a challenge!

* * * * *

A Pennsylvania German dictionary! Have you ever seen one? They've been around a good many years. We understand one of the best is Lamberts, published in 1924 by the Pennsylvania German Society, and recently reprinted. We have been asked to announce that these dictionaries are available from the Society (c/o Frackenthal Library, Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Penna.) at $5.00 per copy, postage prepaid.

At the same time we received a letter from C. Richard (Dick) Beam of Lititz, Penna. Mr. Beam is working on a new and improved Pennsylvania German dictionary. He wondered whether Amish teachers would be interested in filling out questionaires regarding pronunciation and use of words.

He writes, "I am sure that the completed dictionary will be of interest and value to all Amish and Mennonite schools, because we want it to be accurate and comprehensive."

I am certain he would appreciate your cooperation, for he must largely rely on the help he receives in this way to complete his project.

We thought perhaps the readers might be interested in seeing what these dictionaries are like, so we are reproducing a short sample below. It is taken from Lamberts.

We found this dictionary very interesting, and of particular value to show the German root of our Pennsylvania "Dutch" words.

Pennsylvania-German Dictionary

runnerzus[´˘˘], on the way down. G herunter +dG zus.
runsel[´˘], f, wrinkle. G Runzel.
runsle[´˘], pp gerunselt, to wrinkle, crease. G runzeln.
runslich[´˘], wrinkled. G runzlich.
ruppich[´˘], uneven, rough (of a road or the cross-terrain of a potato or corn field). G ruppig.
rusch(d)e[´˘], f, American elm; rote —, slippery elm. G Rüster.
ruschebâm[´˘¯], m, elm-tree. G Rüster + Baum.
russ[¯], m, soot. G Russ.
russich[´˘], sooty. G russig.
russle[´˘], pp gerusselt, to drizzle. G rieseln.
russschwallem[´˘˘], m, chimney swift. G Russ + Schwalbe.
rut[¯], f, rod, rod of a flail. G Rute.
rutsch[˘], f, slide, coasting course, gadabout, woman who changes residence frequently, loose woman, child who wriggles on its mother's lap. G rutschen.
rutsche[´˘], pp gerutscht, to slide, coast, slip, crawl, creep, move frequently. G rutschen.
rutschich[´˘], slippery. G rutschig.

S

's, abbreviation for es: wie geht's, ich kenn's maedel, 's unnerscht 's ewwerscht.
Sabbât[´¯], m, der grosse, Saturday before Easter (Moravian). G Sabbat.
sabbâtvoll[´¯˘], sacred. G Sabbat + voll.
sach[˘], f, thing, affair, matter, business; -e, clothes, wraps: nemm dei¯ — ab. G Sache.
sachde, sachdich, saftich[´˘], softly, slowly. G sachte.
sack[˘], m, bag, pocket, sack, paunch; — un pack, bag and baggage, everything; en katz im — kâfe, to buy a pig in a poke. G Sack.

* * * * *

With regret we learned that the legal troubles of the two Amish schools in Buchanan County, Iowa are still not settled, but have erupted once more, with widespread publicity. Earlier this fall we had word from Iowa that the matter was believed settled.

At the same time the situation at Camden, Michigan continues to develop unfavorably for the small Amish community there. For several years the Camden issue has been battled back and forth in the courts of Michigan.

We hope and pray some satisfactory settlement can soon be reached in each of these states.

* * * * *

"School today is no longer a purely neighborhood affair," states an article in U. S. News and World Report, Nov. 8, 1965. The title of the article is "A Federal Hand on Local Schools ?", and it forcefully brings out the trend to centralization.

The days of the small rural public school are past. Control is being passed along from the local to the regional to the state to the national level.

According to the article, more than a billion dollars will flow out from the U. S. national treasury to local public schools in the present fiscal year. There is fear that Washington, if it pays the school bills, will try to call the tune on education.

"There is growing concern about. . . . Washington interference — in local school administration, in selection of textbooks, in training and assignment of teachers, in choosing courses to be taught, in setting national standards of education for all schools to meet."

The only escape from this growing monster of federal control is private church-supported schools.

* * * * *

The writing, "Who Shall Educate Our Children ?" is to be ready in booklet form by the time this issue gets to the readers. It is an eighty-page booklet stating the case for church schools. Read this before you say "No!" to parochial schools. Available at below cost for wide distribution. Single copies - 25¢; dozen - $2.00; hundred - $10.00.

* * * * *

We hope the teachers in our schools will be enthusiastic about the essay contest outlined on page 95. Encourage your pupils to participate, coach them, and help them. Insist on their very best work. Good authors rewrite their work at least three or four times!

Please note that any school with ten or more entries receives a small prize. And the winners, of course, receive cash prizes. Why not make this a special English assignment some day soon ?

By the way, we are planning a book selling contest for schools again next spring, in conjunction with Pathway Publishing Co., similar to the one we had last spring. We have at least three big new books planned - Language of the Deathbed, The Lord is My Shepherd, and The Mighty Whirlwind. Watch for further announcements.

* * * * *

If we can do so, we'd like to mail this issue a few days early, because of the Christmas mail rush. Our mailing dates this year have been either the 13th. or 14th., except in November when they were sent out the 12th.

Perhaps we should remind our writers that the 25th. of each month is the deadline for material for the following month. Try to have it in on time. If your letter is a few days late, it may or may not "catch the boat". If it doesn't, the news will be pretty stale by the time it reaches the readers.

* * * * *

We were amazed when we read a recent letter to the editor of our local weekly newspaper. In our small town of Aylmer, a committee had been formed to control obscene literature. The writer of the letter was aroused by the unjustice of such a committee, who would try to impose their narrow-minded ideas upon others. His opinion was that comics and trashy paperbacks harm no one, no matter how much violence and sex was included. According to him, people read them purely for entertainment, to which they are entitled.

We were still a bit upset by the letter when we came across an article in the December Readers Digest, "The Damning Case Against Pornography". We only hope our "broad-minded" writer gets to read it.

The article quotes police chiefs, judges, doctors, and other leaders who know from experience that crime and immorality are a direct result of low reading standards, movies, and television.

In the writing "Who Shall Educate Our Children?" (presently being printed in the Bulletin, and now available in booklet form) we mentioned pornography as one of the things wrong with public schools. This means the circulation of sex pictures, among school-age children.

We naturally were impressed by one paragraph in the Reader's Digest article which practically echoed our own writing. We quote,

"Surveys reveal that young people compose a major part of the readership of salacious publications. The result are matters of record: the shocking rise in sex crimes and social disease in teen-agers, the thousands of unmarried teen-age mothers, and the blighted lives of many other young people. The total result is a lowering of moral standards, resulting in misery and unhappiness."

There are three things we can do. We can establish church schools and get away from pornography, or we can play the ostrich and pretend there is no problem, or we can be real broad-minded and say there is no harm in it. How about it?

– J. S.

* * * * *

AMISH PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS "EXPLOSION"

(Some facts gleaned from the 1965-66
Directory of Amish Schools)
– Compiled by Ira Stoll

Year:	Number of Schools Established:	
1925	1	
1938	2	(1925-49)
1939	1	
1944	2	11 schools
1947	1	12 teachers
1948	3	enrollment of 237
1949	1	
1950	5	
1951	5	
1952	1	
1953	6	
1954	6	
1955	7	
1956	4	(1950-59)
1957	6	59 new schools
1958	6	74 teachers
1959	13	Increase in enrollment: 2155
1960	15	
1961	9	(1960-65)
1962	8	
1963	7	70 new schools
1964	19	79 teachers
1965	12	Increase in enrollment: 2238

TOTALS:
148 schools (8 schools not dated)
173 teachers
5051 – total enrollment (enrollment not available for 3 schools)

* * * * *

Let me give so much time to the improvement of myself that I shall have no time to criticize others. – Cresham

BELLEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
October 27, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name. "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." I Peter 5:7.

A new school term is now well underway. Report cards have been sent home once.

I am again teaching the same school, with a group of thirty-six. This is nine more than I had expected. I have five beginners, four girls and one boy. My largest class is grade eight, which has five girls and two boys.

It seems nice to have a smaller group, although I miss the faces that are now in someone else's group to teach. I am still busy, even though I have thirteen fewer pupils than last year. I find I can have more classes and have time to explain things more fully. There is time to do some things that I could only wish to do last year.

Here in Big Valley we have eighteen pupils in vocational classes, taught each Saturday afternoon. Ten are taught at the Waynesburg School by Ezra Kanagy, and eight are taught at Clear View School by Rebecca or Lydia Wengerd.

I wish all teachers a successful school term. Remember me in your prayers.

A humble friend,
Catherine Swarey

* * * * *

A GOOD NAME

Children, choose it,
Don't refuse it;
'Tis a precious diadem.
Highly prize it,
Ne'er despise it,
You will need it when you're men.

Love and cherish,
Keep and nourish,
'Tis more precious far than gold.
Watch and guard it,
Don't discard it,
You will need it when you're old.

Then endeavor,
Now and ever,
Keep this blessed treasure nigh.
Never leave it,
Always own it;
You will need it when you die.

– Selected by Isaac J. Yoder

* * * * *

Voices of the Past

WHY ARE CHILDREN SOMETIMES DISOBEDIENT?

This question, we know, is one that many troubled parents have wondered about. Part of the answer lies in the Adamic nature of the child, but part of it, also, is the fault of the parents, who have fauled to train the child as they should. This failure in training may stem from ignorance, as well as from an unconcerned attitude. Following are some reasons why children are disobedient:

1. Instructions are not always stated in the way they should be. The child does not feel that the parents mean what they say, or that the command is to be obeyed to the word.

2. Promises are frequently made to the children, but they are not kept. This encourages disobedience.

3. A threat of punishment is made, but is not carried out. The child loses respect for the parents.

4. The parent forbids some thing, yet later allows the child to have it, because the child has cried. Many a child is master of his parents through his crying.

5. Immediate obedience is not insisted upon as it should be. Putting things off till later has brought great trouble, and will bring trouble in this instance.

6. The parents neglect to explain to the child that disobedience to father or mother is also disobedience to God, and that it is a sin before God to disobey.

7. Too much is expected from the child. The parent gives the command, but fails to explain how it should be carried out. The child loses heart.

8. The child sees that his disobedience makes his parents angry, whereas it should make them sorrowful. Let your child know that his misdeeds sadden your heart, but never anger you.

9. Prayer is too often neglected. The best rules fail if God does not give His blessing. And His Spirit is the only thing that can bring true obedience. A good rule for training children, as for anything else, is — "Pray and labor".

– From Herold der Wahrheit, Jan. 15, 1882.
(Translated from the German)

* * * * *

OUR PRIVATE SCHOOLS, A PRIVILEGE

– By Joseph N. Peachey

Our teacher asked me to spend a day with her pupils while she attended a wedding. This was an interesting day for me, as I spent all my school years at a public, three-room school in town.

Three of our own children attend this new one-room school. But this was the first full day I had spent in a one-room school with eight grades. Naturally, my mind wandered back to my own school life. I left the school that evening especially impressed with our privilege in having private schools.

It is our privilege to teach only those subjects which we feel will be useful to the children in life. We have the privilege of teaching only songs that are upbuilding and teach Christian conduct, instead of the light giddy songs taught in public schools.

The privilege is ours to keep our schools free of slang and profanity, which we so well remember the older boys using in our school days. Telling filthy stories, and even cigarette smoking on the sly were found in the public school where we attended.

These things can get into our private schools, too, but they never should. We as parents are responsible to teach our children to fear God, even before they attend school.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Ps. 111:10.

Another thing we remember doing in the public schools at this time of the year is the practicing of plays for the Christmas program. We have the privilege to use only songs and poems that present the true meaning of Christmas. The last two years we attended the program at one of our schools and were deeply moved to hear the children tell us the true Christmas story in songs and poems.

The November issue of the Bulletin had several timely articles about plays. Plays are usually designed to be humorous, and to bring hearty laughs from the audience. In our opinion, they would be out of place in our schools, where we want to be separate from the world.

Christmas is a joyous time, but for Christians it is a deep inward joy for the provision God made for the salvation of mankind, something quite different from the frivolous gaiety that the world knows at Christmas time.

One thing we feel could be greatly improved in our schools is teaching the children to speak English more fluently. We speak Pennsylvania Dutch in our homes and read the Bible mainly in German. Therefore, after only eight terms of school some of our children still speak English a bit haltingly.

The ability to read, write, and fluently speak English is very useful and necessary in life. We do live in an English-speaking country. Correct word pronunciation, speaking clearly and distinctively, and teaching the pupils to use correct sentences will help.

We would like to urge all pupils to do their very best in school. No one need ever be sorry later in life that he or she behaved well and studied hard in school.

Here again, parents can be a great help. Discussing the teacher's faults in the presence of our children will cause them to lose their respect for, and confidence in, the teacher. After all, faults are something we all have.

I don't know how much the pupils learned the day I was there, but it was a worthwhile experience for me. It wasn't hard to see that the children are used to having order maintained, even though there are eight grades in the room.

Our private schools are a privilege we can be thankful to have, a privilege we should try to use rightfully.

– Belleville, Pennsylvania

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MIDDLEBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Greetings to all Bulletin Readers,

To write something that is sound, worthwhile, and interesting — Ah, that is a task. But if nobody tried to write, we wouldn't have the Bulletin. I would greatly miss it, for it has been an encouraging paper to me as I labor in school.

This year finds me in an old red school house, standing in front of the chalkboard much of the time, facing 21 lively and innocent children. This is my second year, although I had not intended to be teaching at all this term. Some efforts were made to find someone to take my place, but in vain.

Time flew so fast and September was upon us before we realized it. And I had to get my lunchbox and leave for the little red school once more. The first day things were rather new, especially for the four beginners. But they soon had all their seats picked, their books received, and we had taken a few short lessons.

Although I wish I could find someone to take my place, I still agree with other teachers that it is an interesting and rewarding job. And it could be just the opposite, too, I suppose. It all depends on how the parents and teache co-operate.

I am enclosing an old poem I want to s with the readers. I got it from a reading b I don't know how old the book is, but at fifty years, and perhaps twice that. I do it is quite different from the reading books used nowadays in public schools. The stories not about airplanes, fairy tales, and such but are true and sound reading.

– Isaac J. Yoder

* * * * *

THE TEACHER I REMEMBER BEST

– By Fannie (Hertzler) Stoltzfus

The teacher I remember best was a Mennonite girl who taught at Apple Grove School, near Dover, Delaware. To my way of thinking, she was almost a perfect teacher.

Each morning before lessons started, she would ask, "What shall we sing this morning?" Then the children could choose, and sometimes she would call on certain ones who were too shy to speak up. Her songs were all hymns. She taught us to sing the books of the Bible, the names of the twelve disciples, and John 3:16.

After singing she read stories to us out of the Bible, and every morning before we started work she asked us to tell her what she had read the previous day. Of course, every one of us wanted to be able to tell.

One day my younger brother wanted to relate at home what was read at school, but he got his things mixed up a little. He told Mother that "Columbus ate twelve baskets full of left-over bread."

Each day before lunch and again before we left for home, we'd have a song. After a session of bending over our lessons in quiet study, we would all be eager to pitch in and sing. I don't think I'd ever want a school without singing.

Another thing we looked forward to was the visit from our teacher once a year as an overnight guest in our home, and how proud we felt to have her! We never wished to be mischievous or to displease her.

– Mechanicsville, Maryland

* * * * *

APPLE CREEK, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Romans

8:28.

Years ago when I was afflicted with sickness, I found this to be one of my favorite Bible verses, and now that I'm teaching school with its ups and downs, it still proves to be a consoling one.

On Tuesday eleven of my pupils and I enjoyed the day visiting schools. We spent from morning till noon in the Hickory Ridge School in the Lakeville area. We were all eager to see this new school, as three of my former pupils attend there. It was a lovely day, so the majority from both schools took a walk at noon over their farm. From there we went to Leeper's School and spent a short but pleasant hour with them. On our journey homeward we stopped in at Freese's School. The teacher was having a phonics class in second grade. This was of great interest to me, as well as to my lower-grade pupils.

Some teachers do not care to teach this subject, but it is beyond me how to start them reading if we did not practice phonics.

If plans hold out, I am intending to visit two more schools tomorrow, namely, Beech Grove and Oak Grove. At the latter school a former pupil of mine is teaching.

I've had quite a number of visitors at my school this fall, mainly teachers and pupils from other schools. So far no parents attended but I'm hoping when the last ear of corn is in the crib and snow flurries come, they will find an hour's time to stop in. If the parents knew how the teacher appreciates their interest, they would probably visit school more frequently.

Our school has 41 pupils this year, with 4 first graders. Among the schools visited there was one with only 23 pupils. The teacher said she usually has a half hour left over after classes, to spend doing odds and ends. It's hard to realize how that would be! I could often use another half hour for classes.

Monday morning will soon be here again, and it will be time to ring the bell. As each pupil arrives, one can see by the smiles on their faces and hear from the cheery "good mornings" whether school is a pleasure or a drudgery. Of course, in return the pupils can see and hear by the teacher's face and voice if she finds it a pleasure to meet them. What a difference between a smile and a frown!

I trust the almighty hand of God will help to lead us on the path of the righteous as we continue our work among our tender flocks.

- Lizzie Ann Nisley

* * * * *

ANSWER to "What Am I?" Riddle, page 84 -

- THE GOLDEN RULE -

TIPS FOR TEACHERS

Take a dollar bill and ask each member of the class to write an essay on what he would do with the dollar, if it were given to him.

The pupil writing the best essay gets the dollar, but they need not know this until after they have written the essay.

You will probably be surprised at the answers.

* * * * *

WHAT AM I? (A RIDDLE)

By Enos Esh

I cannot be seen by human eyes, but I have softened many a hard heart and led it to repentance.

I can settle disputes and quarrels and heal grudges.

I can truly be called an antidote for troubles.

I am one of the devil's frequent enemies, but love and I are true friends.

I dwell in every Christian home.

It is I who helps make this world fit to live in.

I am named after the most precious metal.

My motto is found in Christ's teachings in Matthew 7:12.

My plan gives one a good start on the narrow road that leads to the City of God.

(See Answer, upside down on page 84).

GETTING BACK TO NORMAL

- By Uria R. Byler

One more summer is gone. The melancholy period of falling leaves is past. The air is crisp and sharp, and winter is at our doorstep. Again we have to wonder whither went the good old summertime, those magic days when a school teacher is supposed to lay aside his burdens and duties, forget about it all, and rest the mind.

But that rest is usually short, and here we are knee-deep in work again. We are in the third month of school, and there is simply nothing in the world that passes time as fast as school teaching. Why? Well, what else is there that you have to do so much in so short a time?

Many of you teachers started in where you had left off last spring — in the same school, where you know your pupils, their tastes, their likes and dislikes, their weaknesses and strong points.

Many others are in their first year of teaching. In some respects they are the most fortunate. They started with a clean slate, like a newly-cleaned blackboard before it is all messed up with erasing and chalk dust.

The third group of teachers are those who have switched schools. Unlike the first group, we have to feel our way along more carefully, like a stranger in a dark room, groping for a light. It takes some time, this business of learning how best to get the most out of this boy, or that girl, and how to use each child's talents to his best advantage.

Last spring the enrollment at Pleasant Valley was far above the legal limit for the school building. And there were prospects for more pupils than it could handle this fall. So for the second time in three years, it was decided to build another school.

In 1962 it was Nauvoo, about two miles south as the crow flies. This year the parents of the north and eastern part of Burton Township, some of whose children had attended P. V. last year, organized their own school. The result is Meadow Glow, a tile and brick structure that sets a safe 225 yards back from the north side of Burton-Windsor Road, a mile east of Burton and four miles west of Pleasant Valley School.

There are 52 pupils from twenty families at Meadow Glow. This enrollment is lopsidedly divided, with 16 in Ida's first four grades and the rest in the upper four. And there are 14 in the fifth grade!

About twenty of these pupils attended P. V. last year, and the rest were almost total strangers to us. To save us embarrassment we put white tape with names and grades on each desk.

Another problem we had from the start was mud, spelled "M-U-D". This led to some interesting situations in rainy weather, but luckily for us, some used pallets were donated to the school by a local factory and these were used for temporary walks.

There are several hay fields surrounding the school yard, and these were used for playgrounds this fall.

"Well, how's everything going up there?" That question has been popped to me many times since Sept. 21, our first day at Meadow Glow. And we still don't know how to best answer it.

We are completely satisfied with everything over which we have no control, or the things which we can't influence or help. We have no reason whatsoever to complain about others in this district. This includes parents, school board members, — and their children.

There always is a certain amount of confusion and shuffling around when pupils transfer from a public to a parochial school system. Everything is different — books, playmates, and rules, and we would do well to remember this while the pupils are making the transition. Give the children a fair chance and they will become adjusted to their new surroundings in a surprisingly short time.

Much sooner and easier, perhaps, than the new teachers who have changed schools. We also have some adjusting to do, and for an old horse to learn new tricks, well, we can only hope the parents can store up enough patience until the changeover is made — and afterwards. (Parents of school children need patience, too.)

In looking back over the two months of this period of change, several things stand out quite clearly. First, just how much does one school group differ from another?

At Pleasant Valley I have seen a few come and go, and now comes this almost brand-new bunch, and the overall difference is small, once you get to know them. There are some slow learners who tax your patience; there are the fast ones who can be an equal problem to keep occupied, and there is the big majority who are just average pupils.

There are those who need admonishing and warning, those who need pushing and encouraging. Some ask many questions — and remember all the answers. Others ask only a few questions and remember none, it seems.

Some pay rapt attention in class, absorb all that the harried teacher is trying to say, and go through their assignment with colors flying. Others seem to be listening, but you have a feeling their thoughts are elsewhere, a fact that is confirmed later when your little daydreamer comes up and asks you what the assignment is.

These things happen in any school group and may we have the patience to keep our nerves on even keel, for bless them, in their hearts they still try to like their teacher, and feel very proud if they can sneak up and put an apple or a chocolate drop on his desk.

So, in answering that query, "How're things going...?", I can only mumble something like, "Oh, pretty good", which means: "normal, under the circumstances." And may the parents' patience hold out until I can improve and things somehow get better.

I am sure there is very little difference in schools. Following are some observations that confirm the idea. We have found these things are the same here as at Pleasant Valley.

No. 1: Boys like to play ball every day and follow the timeworn rules. Girls also like to play ball, sometimes, but they make their rules as they go along to each side's best advantage, and the ones that holler the loudest win their point.

No. 2: On rainy days the boys are buried deep in a checker contest, which is all very boring to some girls who derive pleasure, it seems, from standing in groups, giggling and whispering.

No. 3: Ask their grades and a 100% is announced in a clear and loud voice, while a 40% is barely audible.

These are only a few. Others are such human frailties as losing rubbers, lunchbaskets, erasers and pencils, having a pet dislike for long division, parts of speech, and short noon hours, having great affection for library books, short arithmetic assignments, and mid-afternoon visitors, who are great for causing stretched-out recess periods.

Many other situations run true to form this year. You rattle off a half page of arithmetic answers, and the front row boy gently reminds you that it's the wrong page. A pupil drops a ruler and you ask him to please be more careful, then tell all of them to try to make less noise. "It's simply too noisy in here sometimes."

You walk down the aisle, a trifle disgruntled, and bump a book off someone's desk, causing a loud crash. You try to assuage your feelings and save face by telling them not to let anything stick out over their desks. That's a poor attempt to excuse your clumsiness, for deep inside you there is a voice that says everyone in the room knows it was you who was careless and noisy.

The same butterflies still lie dormant in your stomach, waiting for a chance to start kicking up a fuss. They got the chance just the other day, very unexpectedly, when Simon Borkholder, Emma Yoder, Elizabeth Mast, all Indiana teachers, and Wilma Yoder unheralded and unexpected walked into the school room.

The very next day was our first teachers' meeting, and it somehow happened to be here at Meadow Glow. These get-togethers may be very helpful and instructive to the teachers, but they can be rough on the home teacher, who has classes during the forenoon with the visiting teachers for an audience.

Sometimes I'm quite sure that school children are the same the world over, although my experience is limited to a very small corner. So, we go plodding and fumbling along, trying to do our best, but falling far short and making many galling mistakes enroute, yet hoping for strength to carry on and for patience from the parents.

"How're things going up there ?"

"Getting back to normal."

- Middlefield, Ohio

* * * * *

An angel paused in his upward flight
With a seed of love and truth and right,
And said, O where can this seed be sown
Where 'twill yield most fruit when fully grown?
To whom can this precious seed be given
That 'twill bear most fruit for earth and Heaven?
The Saviour heard and said, as He smiled,
Place it at once in the heart of a child.

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WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN?

- By the Editor

Part III - (Continued from last issue)

4. What is wrong with public schools? Evolutionism, atheism, and a host of other godless isms are not kept out of public schools.

There are many false teachings abroad today. It is a known fact that their supporters make a direct attack upon the schools of the nation because they know this is a fruitful field.

Perhaps the best known and one of the most dangerous of all teachings is the theory of evolution, which denies a Creator God, and maintains that our wonderful and complex world of nature evolved itself.

The theory at its best is ridiculous, and it is hard to understand how it is so widely accepted. Yet humans are credible enough to believe anything, providing it is the popular thing to do. Surely, God sends them "strong delusion, that they should believe a lie." 2 Thess. 2:8-12.

Edwin Conklin, the biologist, once said, "The probability of life originating from accident is comparable to the probability of the unabridged dictionary resulting from an explosion in a printing shop." When one really considers what life and matter are, even Conklin's words seem like an understatement. Furthermore, someone would have to build the printing shop in the first place.

Another writer has said, "There is no doubt about it that the doctrine of evolution is the greatest curse in our educational system." (Brig. Gen. F. D. Frost). And he was speaking only indirectly of its relationship to Christianity. What he had in mind was what Prof. James Bale of Harding College has said, "The materialistic theory of evolution tends to break down moral law and order, and to give free course to the worst passions of men." It is a historical fact that evolution has largely been the inspiration of communism.

In an address before the Mennonite General Conference, Aug. 29, 1929, Dr. C. D. Esch had the following to say:

> "I want to say right here, one of the most 'damnable heresies' the devil has ever concocted in the pits of hell and is handing out to our boys and girls in our schools and colleges, is when teachers and authors are trying to lead them to believe that man came from the lower creation, that he is only a 'development'. It is bad enough physically and spiritually, but do you know that there are books that our boys and girls from the fifth grade on in some states have to read that try to make out that a man sexually is on the same basis as an animal?....
>
> "The normal human being, as God expected him to be, is one who is able to control his whole life by the help of his reason and the help of an all powerful God who said, 'I will sustain you and underneath are the everlasting arms.' So man does not belong to the brute kingdom, and you, fathers and mothers, who have children going to school in the third and fourth, and even in the second grades, examine their textbooks and see what is being taught there — and don't be still about it." 18

The very doctrine referred to above by Dr. Esch is the one widely proclaimed by John Dewey (1859-1952), the leading figure in the Progressive Education movement. Robert R. Rusk in the book The Doctrines of the Great Educators writes of Dewey,

> "He recognizes no difference between the protozoon and the creature who has been made a little lower than the angels; he refuses to acknowledge another dimension of experience in man than that assigned to animals; culture, art, morality, and religion are all explicable on biological principles." 19

These are the things that result from the theory of evolution. Evolutionists themselves openly admit their theory can be accepted only by faith. It can not be proved. And yet we find evolution boldly presented in many textbooks, always as if facts were being given. Even in the younger elementary grades, there are traces of evolutionist teaching. We find it most often in history and science texts, but it crops up in the most unexpected places in many of the other subjects.

Only by concerned and informed Christian teachers can this evil be combated. It is a matter that confronts most children sooner or later, and if it is then explained, it usually presents no problem. It is in public schools where it may be strongly promoted that this theory is particularly dangerous. This is one more reason for having church schools.

I would like to quote several paragraphs from an editorial in "The Blackboard Bulletin" of May, 1963,

> "Even though modern-day ministers try to smear over the differences, and to explain Christianity and evolution in the light of each other, there are no greater opposites in the world today. Christianity teaches of a God and Creator. Evolution says there is neither. Christianity teaches the fall of man, and through the cross of Christ, his redemption. Evolution says life is ever more perfect, man is his own savior, controls his own destiny, and has a glorious future. Christianity teaches an 'other-cheek' philosophy, love for all mankind. Evolution teaches little more than the law of the jungle, the strong over the weak, militarism, might is right, survival of the fittest. Christianity teaches immortality, and a hope of heaven for the righteous. Evolution says man is only a higher animal, and the grave his end.
>
> "Which has the most to offer? Take your choice. There can be no reconciliation between the two."

And when you decide between a church schoo for your children, or a public school education you may be making that choice.

Closely allied to the theory of evolution are the activities of the Junior Atheist League, a society that works mainly on the high school and college level. From their own literature we quote the following:

> "The League will remove boys and girls from the evil influence of the clergy. It will encourage them to protest against Bible reading and religious worship in public schools.... The attainment of happiness in this world rather than an eternal bliss in a world to come shall be taught the rising generation as the chief end of man. Dispelling the illusions of immortality, the League will free our sons and daughters from the fear of hell and the hope of heaven." 21

We must remember that the Supreme Court Decision of June 17, 1963, in which reciting of the Lord's Prayer in the opening exercises of a public school was declared unconstitutional, was largely the work of atheists. The Junior Atheist League, and its parent society, The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, have been sponsoring many of the recent court cases. They have been working for many years to abolish God from national life. At last it appears they are getting results.

The question confronting us is, "What shall we do in the light of these developments?" The Supreme Court Decision sharply underlines one fact: Public schools are rapidly coming under the rule of the state and federal governments. Soon the controlling voice will no longer be the local board. Texts and teachers and curriculums are being standardized from one end of the land to the other. Standardized procedures turn out a standardized product — a child who has been put through a mold that is full of the modern way of life, and knows nothing of God. "With the Bible out of the public school system, and evolution and other anti-scriptural heresies in them, need we wonder at the alarming increase of unbelief?" 22

Indeed, too many people in our world today are not as interested in freedom of religion as they are in freedom from religion.

* * * -To be continued.

FREDERICKSBURG, OHIO
October 27, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of Christian love.

This was another nice day. The sun was shining outside, and I think it was shining inside, too. Some days are dark and gloomy and confusing, but the old saying is that after the rain the sun shines again.

This is my sixth year of teaching, and I find it very interesting. But I feel very humble to fulfil the great responsibilities. I have forty pupils this year, enough to keep me busy. Last week we had tests, and at that time there are always a lot of papers to check in the evening. The regular daily work I usually check in class.

Today we were surprised to have Lizzie Ann Nisley and some of her younger pupils visit our school. A board member visited us last week one afternoon.

The fourth grade have just started to multiply, using two numbers. For one little girl it is so confusing that she can't remember what to do with all those numbers. With some help at the blackboard she finally understood today's lesson. But what will she do tomorrow?

About every time I talk with another teacher, or a board member, the subject is parents. They are all agreed that children who are well-governed at home rarely, if ever, have any difficulty with teachers in the school room. Every parent has the duty of teaching his child to be respectful to the teacher and obedient to the rules of the school.

A good school means good order, and the authority to keep it so. A teacher must be able to punish a child without ill feelings, hatred, or malice. The punishment must be in the proper spirit, and only when necessary. In order to conduct a successful school, we teachers must command obedience and control stubbornness, in order to quicken diligence and reform bad habits.

It is wise for a teacher to have a private interview with the disobedient student, and this often results in a pleasing and lasting friendship. Misunderstanding is the cause of a great deal of trouble.

I can't be thankful enough for the co-operation I have from most of the parents. My pupils are eager at work and at play. The first grade aren't as eager as the last ones I had, but they do quite well.

I didn't teach last year, as I was at home with my parents. Mary E. Yoder taught at this school house. How about you teachers who changed around this year? Would you rather go back to your old schools, or was the change a good experience all around?

I wish you a happy school year. Remember us in your prayers.

- Clara Weaver

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MONTGOMERY, INDIANA
November 23, 1965

Dear Friends,

"In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." I Thess. 5:18.

We are having beautiful fall weather, after a bountiful harvest. If every person in the world today could have as much as we here in America have, many would consider themselves very rich indeed! Are we as Christians thankful as we should be for our blessings?

We will soon have had four months of school. It seems we only began. At present we have 74 pupils. Eunice Kyle has grades 1-4, with 34 pupils. We also have the ninth grade every day, with 15 pupils. There are 40 in all in the upper grades.

In our community we now have two Amish parochial schools. In these we have a combined total of 140 pupils. We do need more people who would be interested in teaching. It seems there are some who are interested, but are afraid to attempt it. I can say from experience that we can do nothing of ourselves, but there is always One on whom we can rely.

We as teachers have our problems; on some days more than on others. But who doesn't have problems? The rewards of teaching ex-

exceed the problems I have faced.

Our meeting at Borkholder School was enjoyed by our group. Every teacher is faced with similar problems, and it is good to share them with each other. There are slow learners in every school, and they can be quite a problem. When the majority of the class could go much faster and are eager to do so, we must stop, repeat, and drill the slow one. God gave each one his talents.

With forty pupils, I find I can not give each one the individual attention he needs. Do other teachers also run out of time?

We were privileged to have David Waglers and three children of Aylmer, Ontario visit our school. David spoke on the nature of "I", and how to overcome it, and also on learning to get along with others. I feel when self is denied, a major battle has been won.

To those who ask about our ninth grade, we don't have a vocational school and the Indiana attendance law is that they go until they are 16.

We have had a fine group of pupils both years. The parents' co-operation is very important and affects the child's conduct. If children are taught to obey when they are young, a lot of the teacher's problems are solved.

Why not visit your school and help your teacher with the problems for one day?

- Mrs. Sylvia Raber

* * * * *

SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE

- By Lyndora Messinger

Recently I had the privilege to visit a certain school with a friend of mine, a public school teacher. The visit caused me to think how we can be an example to the world through our schools. I decided to write on the subject.

"Is your school an example?" Some may wonder just what is meant by this question, so I hope in the following paragraphs to explain what I mean.

Let's look to I Timothy 4:12, "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

What effect do the lives of our children have on the world? Our children are being closely watched, as well as we older folks. And why should not the world expect more of the children of Christians?

Need we be ashamed to have our children look and act differently than the world? If we are ashamed, I fear for us and our children. Are Christians not to be a separate people?

I would like to share with you some of the expressions my friend made about the school we visited. Her first remark was the way the children were dressed. The boys were wearing bib overalls, long-sleeved shirts, high-topped shoes and suspenders. The girls had pigtails, long and modest dresses, long stockings, and "tie" shoes.

Several times she said to me, "Don't they look nice? Our children dress in such expensive clothes." Isn't this a wonderful way for Christian children to be a light and an example to the world?

Another thing my friend could not fathom was how one teacher could teach eight grades and keep the school so quiet and well-behaved.

Teachers, this should be a challenge to us. Sometimes the way is rather dark, and we can see no way out, but then all at once the problem is solved and what a blessing it proves to be!

Teachers, how do you keep your children quiet and well-behaved? The secret is confidence and obedience, is it not? Yes, these are two very essential qualities of a good teacher.

There are many other ways in which our Christian day schools may be examples. I've only touched a few. But may this give you parents a real longing and desire to dress and teach your children so that they may remain unspotted from the world.

And a word of courage to each teacher who is a Bulletin reader. Keep striving for quiet and orderly schools, and I'm sure your school can be an example, too, if it is not one already.

- Abbottstown, Pennsylvania

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MILLERSBURG, OHIO
November 26, 1965

Dear Readers,

When we stopped briefly at the editor's home on our trip to Canada several months ago, he urged me to write for the little paper now that I no longer am teaching. During my last term of teaching, my health failed somewhat. I have gained in health considerably, though I do not have the ambition to do heavy work anymore.

One of my weaknesses in teaching was my handwriting. Try as I would, I just couldn't get it to come out nice and neat.

A few pointers to teachers: Instead of being stern and gruff, try to speak kindly to the pupils and use a little humor. For instance, our first graders were just started reading. In their books the dog's name was Flip. One day I asked them, "How many dogs do you have at home and what are their names?" Most of them said they had one or two dogs, named Shep or Tiny or along that line. We ended with a timid [illegible] miss who said they had six and most of [illegible] were named "puppy". The whole school [illegible] good laugh out of it.

I have a few problems that might be interesting, rather simple ones, they seem to be:

No. 1: If a pound of meat should be cooked 1/2 hour, two pounds 3/4 of an hour, and seven pounds for 2 hours, how long should a twelve pound cut be cooked?

No. 2: If fifteen men working together in a shop greeted each other with a handshake each morning, how many handshakes would it take in all for each one to greet each of the others just once each morning?

As I enjoy getting mail from school children, I will mail a small gift from the dime store to the first two under 16 years of age who send me the correct answers to both problems. Answers must be sent to me by mail. Please state whether you got help from your teacher, parents, or older brothers and sisters, or worked it out yourself.

I will have the answers in the next issue, and may have a few more later, if interest is shown.

- Noah S. Miller (Star Route, Millersburg, O.
Zip code - 44654)

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STONEBORO, PENNSYLVANIA
November 26, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

After reading the November Bulletin, I was inclined to write a few lines, too. But I think we have a nice supply of contributors, so that it may be unnecessary for me to write. I enjoy reading the many letters, especially the ones by teachers on teaching.

I have often wondered, the way our own schools are increasing in number and the probability that this will continue, if the Lord is with us, what about teachers in the future? It's just the same as in the church — We cannot have a church without a preacher, so also no school without a teacher.

I well remember my first year of teaching. I was interested, but just the same I did not feel capable. I felt there was not much use trying. Yet when the time came I stepped into the schoolroom. Well, I tried it and can say the first year was a rough one, so that I was ready to give it up at the end of the term.

But within two years I found myself in the classroom again, and this time things went better. I was reminded of the peom, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." This year is the first term I am not teaching after five terms in a row. Because of other responsibilities, I thought it best to stop. I had to have a substitute quite frequently, which is not good. It's best for the regular teacher to be there.

I feel the writer from Troy Parochial in the last issue has some good points in trying to get people interested in teaching. After all, it is a worthwhile task and can be very pleasant, if all co-operate. I feel she especially hit the nail on the head when she wrote that too many people say without giving the matter any consideration, "Oh, I couldn't teach. I'm not smart enough."

I have to think of the story we had in school about a great inventor. He never said, "I can't", but "I'll try". How do we know we can't if we don't even try? Why don't you try? You may be surprised.

Teachers need encouragement, so don't let them down. They're just like a pupil who has a hard time to understand a problem, but when he finally begins to see it and you give him all the encouragement you can, watch the results.

I have never had the privilege to visit other schools while they were in session, but would have liked to do so. This is probably another good aid to getting started. Even though I'm not teaching now, I would enjoy visiting other schools some time, as I've appreciated it when visitors came to our school, especially if they were teachers.

With concern for our schools.

- Levi M. Miller

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INDIANA TEACHERS GATHER AT NAPPANEE

- By Elizabeth Mast

On Saturday October 9, twenty-two teachers, seven former teachers, five board members, in addition to nine marriage partners and a number of other interested persons, gathered at the Borkholder School near Nappanee for the anual Indiana Teachers' get-together.

After partaking of the bountiful dinner brought by the teachers, the group spent the afternoon discussing various classroom problems and procedures.

First we heard comments from the board members on what is expected of the teachers of our parochial schools. We were reminded of the seriousness and the importance of setting a good example for the students. We were admonished to keep order and to punish when necessary, not in anger, but always with love. Not only should we punish, but even more important at times is to give praise where praise is due.

Some of the suggestions for teaching which we exchanged were as follows: Have readers who don't stop at periods look at some object every time they come to the end of a sentence, or have them read just one sentence at a time. Vary your methods of having classes. Stress the importance of good writing.

The afternoon passed quickly and all too soon it was time to bring the meeting to a close.

Our sincere thanks go to all who were present and helped to make this meeting interesting and a success.

We ask for the prayers of all believers.

– Bremen, Indiana

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NOTES ON THE MEETING AT NAPPANEE

– By David Schwartz

I was invited by Joni Gingerich to attend the meeting at the Borkholder School on October 9, 1965. After the meeting they asked me to write for the Bulletin, but I told them they could do a better job than I can. However, perhaps I can add a few words to their letter.

I want to thank them for the kind invitation to their meeting, and also to invite them all to the committee meeting in Daviess County next June.

After the meeting one of the teachers asked what to do about attendance problems. There was no time to discuss this subject. As we all know, this matter of being tardy or late is considered a serious offence by the public officials. And for the good of the school, the pupil and everybody concerned, the child should be there all the time, if possible.

If teachers have problems with this, they should take it up with the home school board, and ask them to look after the matter.

I was very much enthused with the interest the teachers at the meeting took in helping each other with their problems. Being a teacher today in these last trying times is a very critical and important undertaking.

First of all the child has to learn to love and revere the Creator of all things, and to obey His words. And then the child must learn to make his own financial way through life so as not to be a burden to someone else. For we know that Paul, in his difficult and heartbreaking life, quoted Jesus as having said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I want to wish the teachers many blessings and success in their teaching positions, and that God may lead them in respect to their calling.

Sincere regards,
David Schwartz

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ORRVILLE, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

I enjoy reading every issue, but I wish more parents would write.

Thanksgiving Day is tomorrow. Let's all ask ourselves if we are thankful enough for what God has given us. The list would be a long one if we wanted to mention everything for which we should be thankful. We could mention several — that God sent a Saviour to redeem us from our sins, that He gave us a sound mind and healthy body, and that it's possible to have our own church and schools.

I know if we wouldn't have our own schools, I would never have become a teacher. I feel it's a worthwhile job, though also a great responsibility. As each new term starts, I just wish I could be a better example for each lively pupil.

Do we explain to our pupils about Thanksgiving and Christmas? Last year the children had some recitations and sang songs for the parents who came, and who brought ice cream and wiener sandwiches for dinner. In the afternoon two teachers brought their upper grade pupils, and we had a German spelldown.

There are thirty-five pupils in this school this year, sixteen boys and nineteen girls. Five of these attended a public school last year, and five went to a neighboring parochial school.

On November 20 we had a Holmes-Wayne teachers' meeting at Anderson School. There were twenty-six teachers present, including Ruth Martin, a teacher from Tennessee. My board-members and their wives were invited, but not all of them were able to come. Several former board-members were also there and gave inspiring talks. Each teacher brought a covered cold dish and the other guests brought potatoes, noodles, pork and beans, and sandwiches. In the forenoon there was time for visiting about school. Late in the afternoon we enjoyed a singing.

Six teachers have visited our school so far this term, and my sister Lovina also brought along her lower-grade pupils. One parent has been here while school was in session. We hope some more will come to visit when the fall work is done.

Thanks to all who came to visit school while I was teaching here, as I think it shows interest. We had a man from Germany visit the school one day. He was accompanied by a college professor from Wooster. One of his remarks was, "Everybody is so quiet. They must all be working." I was thankful for this nice compliment. I told the pupils what he had said, and thanked them for it. We sang several songs for them.

LATER: The day after Thanksgiving I visited four schools. I arrived at Brush Run School in time to hear the last morning bell. I helped to sing and stayed till the reading classes had begun. Buckeye School was the next stop, and there I heard some good singing and reading. The teacher, Susie Yoder, accompanied me the rest of the day. At Maple Grove School where sisters Amanda and Lovina teach, we listened to some arithmetic classes and some wonderful

(Continued at top of page 93)

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BOOKS! HANDLE WITH CARE!

– By David Wagler

If you ever go through Washington, D. C., by all means spend a day at the Smithsonian Institute and the Library of Congress. At the latter place, there is a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, the first book ever printed with movable type.

Johann Gutenberg, a German printer, completed his first Bible more than 400 years ago. Probably no one at the time realized the milestone which had been passed, or the far-reaching effects it would have — for good and evil. Indeed, it has been said that if the early pioneers of printing could have seen the outcome of their work, and the abundance and poor quality of the literature on the newsstands of today, they would have been tempted to throw their inventions into the ocean.

In the time before the coming of the printing press, the work of producing and reproducing books, belonged to the privileged few who were able to read and write. Most of these were in cloisters, and devoted their lives to copying the writings on papyrus, parchment and finally paper. Without the development of paper, the printing press could never have been.

Although Gutenberg is credited with printing the first book in the western world, there is evidence that the Chinese did printing many centuries earlier. Being an ingenious people, they carved wooden blocks, with letters and figures. In 175 A. D. they were printing pictures on silk and on paper. In Korea, a book was found which is thought to have been printed in 1337.

But the wooden blocks were not substantial and it took considerable time to carve them. For this reason the art never gained in popularity until the type could be made with metal, by machine.

If you saw the Gutenberg Bible, you would probably be disappointed. It is Latin, and the type resembles handwriting instead of printing. It is only because the letters are always alike that you can tell it was not handwriting. But we must remember that at that time there was nothing like "printing" as everything was written by hand. So when Gutenberg made his type, he tried to make it look like writing. He even added some capital letters and illustrations by hand so the people would not be able to tell it was printed by machine.

The conditions were ideal for the advent of the printing press. Paper was available and metal was at hand to make the type. The first presses were operated by hand, but within a few years, machinery was available to run them.

Printing spread like wild-fire from Germany to Italy, to France and from there to the rest of Europe and England. Fifty years after the printing of the Gutenberg Bible, Italian printers were putting out small books which were easy to handle.

Indeed, the far-reaching effects of printing can be partially realized when we consider that the Reformation came about 75 years after the first Bible was printed. It brought the Bible as well as many other books to the common people. Instead of depending upon the privileged few, everyone could read and own books in abundance.

Today most of the type for books is set by "linotype". This is a machine that is operated something like a typewriter and uses metal type which makes an impression on warm lead. This cast lead is then put into a press and impressions are made on paper, as many copies as are desired.

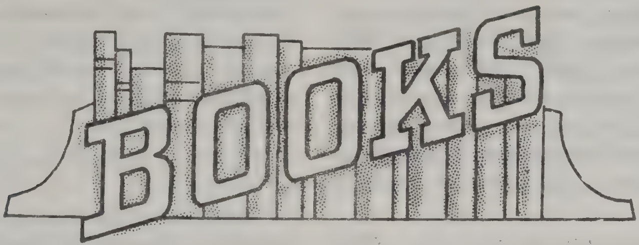
The other method commonly used for printing is called "offset". This is the method which is used for the Blackboard Bulletin and also for printing many books. (Pathway books are all produced by Offset). By this method, the original copy is made with a typewriter, a varityper or by a linotype machine. Then the copy is photographed and aluminum plates are prepared from the copy. These plates are then put onto the offset press and many thousands of copies can be made. More copies can be made by the offset method than by the conventional printing press without changing the type. The off-set method is also especially suitable for making reprints of existing books.

In the early printing presses the type was set by hand. The press was also operated by hand. A sheet of paper was inserted, the lever pulled, then the sheet of paper was taken out and another inserted and so on.

Today most of the machinery is operated automatically and much more complicated than the original machines. Many of the large rotary presses of today print, fold, and trim up to 30,000 newspapers per hour. Instead of using sheets of paper, it is fed into the machine from continuous rolls. Anyone who has visited the Budget office, has probably seen such a machine and the large rolls of paper it uses.

The next time you scan the bookshelf for a book to read, remember that were it not for the printing press, you would have no bookshelf. What do you think a book would cost if it had to be copied by hand? How many scribes would it take to make 10,000 copies of a book like Worth Dying For? Bear in mind that men have worked hard and long to devise methods of printing your books—Handle them with care!

* * * * *



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singing.

In the afternoon we visited Green Ridge, where we heard German reading, spelling, and singing. The day was greatly enjoyed. Thanks for your time, and come visit us.

I asked the pupils to write what they are thankful for on Thanksgiving Day. This is what an eighth grader wrote:

"We should all be thankful for the many things God has given us. We should thank Him for food, vegetables, fruit, and water. We should be thankful for the rain and sunshine He gives us, so that we can grow vegetables. Every family should be thankful that they can send their children to an Amish school with an Amish teacher.

"We should thank Him for our ears, eyes, hands, and feet, and that we can see, hear, talk, and walk. We should be grateful that we can sing to Him to show our thanks. Everyone should thank Him every day.

"I am thankful for everything."

I am wishing all of you the grace of God and a most successful school year. Pray for me.

- Fannie Nisley

* * * * *

A LESSON I WON'T FORGET

- By Amos Stoll

As nearly as I can remember that morning began as most other school days. Sometime after 8 o'clock a handful of boys and girls came walking up to the small one-roomed schoolhouse. Before long, the bell rang, and we went inside. The teacher greeted us with a friendly, "Good morning!" As soon as everyone was properly seated, the teacher stood rigidly in front reading a chapter from somewhere in the Old Testament.

The day was no more than underway when it was time for my reading class. The schoolmaster called me and the three other boys of my class to the front, and on my way I grimly remembered this was Friday morning, and I had to be extra careful not to make one mistake, for the teacher had promised us one more point toward a prize — if on each Friday morning we did perfect in reading. Such a score was called a "mark" in those days.

My classmates and I took turns reading, toeing the line, and holding our books with one hand, with the other hanging carefully by our sides. This morning our story had to do with a wicked yellow dog that stole items from the merchants at a Thursday Market in a Mohammedan tribe in Africa. We were about through, and I hadn't made any errors yet. My turn came and I was reading, "...She had had long experience as a thief, that dusty yellow dog, and she was as quick-witted as a desert fox. Whenever a person—"

"De-SERT," the teacher corrected me.

I looked at the word again. I was sure it was desert fox. Ordinarily I would have said "de-SERT," as the teacher told me and forgot it, but this was Friday morning and I couldn't bear to see that "mark" escape me when I was so plainly right. So I said, "But I—I believe that is desert."

"No," the teacher said, "desert has two s's in it."

The teacher stuck to his guns. Other pupils joined in, some siding with the teacher, others with me. Dictionaries were consulted, and the dispute waxed hotter. It was soon proven that desert had only one s, but, "After all," the teacher said, "this word means to cast out, to abandon."

"But then it should be "de-sert-ED," I said doggedly, "otherwise it wouldn't be correct English."

It seemed not much understanding could be reached, so we were dismissed for recess. Afterward we were told that if a teacher tells you something, accept it, and be done with it. Don't be contradicting and starting up arguments. I resolved to pursue this policy in the future, as it was clear—right as I was—it was not worth it to wrangle about it, and cause discomfort to all involved.

However, I decided then and there if I ever was a teacher and a pupil told me I was wrong, I would have the common sense to admit it and have it over—provided, of course, that I was wrong. And you know, years later I became a teacher and this very same circumstance did come up occasionally, as sure as anything. And I found it was harder not to take the course my old mentor had taken than I had thought it would be.

- Everton, Arkansas

* * * * *

HOLMESVILLE, OHIO
November 21, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to all at Christmas time in the name of our Great Friend and Master, Jesus Christ. Life can be so wonderful if we try to do God's will in everything we do, small or great. All our trials and troubles look so small when we stop to think how much He has helped us in everything.

I am enclosing several poems, one being

Annie Johnson Flint's "What God Hath Promised". This is my favorite poem and anyone who has ever read her poems will agree with me that they are incomparable. Miss Flint was a cripple most of her life, caused by arthritis at a very early age. Her hands were so crippled that she had to practice and work to hold a pen, yet her handwriting was almost perfect. She also taught school for a year.

We really appreciated the November article on Christmas plays. I hadn't really realized how scripturally wrong they are.

In thinking more about Christmas gift exchanges, my thoughts were directed to Christ's words in Luke 6:33, 34 where He said, "For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for even sinners also love those who love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do the same." Then in the next verses He went on to say that we should give, hoping for nothing in return, and that by the same measure that we give to others, it shall also be measured to us.

Wouldn't these words, "If ye give gifts to those who give gifts to you, what thank have you? even sinners, thieves, and murderers do the same," agree with the above words of Christ? How many children would be interested in exchanging names in school or giving a gift if they were to receive nothing in return? What kind of attitude are we parents and teachers planting into their young minds?

How often do we see the attitude among grownups as well as children, "I'll help you IF you help me?" Don't misunderstand me, I think it is Christ's will that we help one another as much as possible, but what is wrong is the idea of always expecting something in return and not waiting for our Father's rewards. God will bountifully reward those who give freely of their time, talents, and money to those in need. After all, we own nothing that is not God's. We are just His caretakers. Psalm 24:1; Haggai 2:8.

Pray for us that we can do what God wants us to do all the time. We are likewise minded for all others in Christ.

In Christian love,
Calvin E. Anderson

* * * * *

ANNOUNCING - ESSAY WRITING CONTEST

The Blackboard Bulletin is sponsoring a contest for school children up to age 16. Nobody is trying to sell anything — it's just a way to encourage young writers and to sharpen their interest in their studies.

Please read the rules carefully. Fill out the entry form and mail it on or before Jan. 20, 1966. Winners will be announced in the February Bulletin.

RULES:

1. The information on the entry form is important, and must accompany your essay. Either clip this form, or copy it on another paper.
2. Anyone who has not reached his sixteenth birthday at the time of writing is eligible.
3. A contestant may enter as many essays as he can write.
4. Entries must be handwritten on standard 8 1/2 x 11" paper.
5. They must contain from 300 to 500 words.
6. Essays must be about one of the following topics:
   - A. What I Would Like to Do When I Grow Up
   - B. My Favorite Book
   - C. What My Parents Have Done for Me
   - D. A Lesson (or an Experience) I Will Not Forget
   - E. What A Christian School Has Meant to Me

Entries will be judged for neatness, correct grammar and punctuation, originality, clearness of meaning, and style. Decision of the judges is final. Entries can not be returned.

PRIZES:
First Prize - $5.00 cash
Second and Third Prizes - $2.00 each
Five additional prizes - $1.00 each

Any school entering ten or more essays will receive a small prize.

* * * * *

- ENTRY FORM -

Name ________________ Age ___ Grade ___

Father's Name ________________________

Address ________________________

Name of School ________________________

Teacher's Name ________________________

Title of Essay ________________________

Number of words ________

IT NEVER ONCE SAYS ME

You cannot say the Lord's prayer,
And even once say I,
You cannot pray the Lord's prayer
And even once say my.
You cannot pray the Lord's prayer
And not include another,
You cannot ask for daily bread,
And not include your brother,
For others are included
In each and every plea,
And from the beginning to the end,
It never once says me.

- Selected

KEEP AT YOUR WORK

The Lord has given to every man his work. It is his business to do it, and the devil's business to hinder him if he can. So sure as God has given you a work to do, Satan will try to hinder you. He may present other things more promising. He may allure you by worldly prospects, he may assault you with slander, torment you with false accusations, set you to work defending your character, employ pious persons to lie about you, editors to assail you, and excellent men to slander you. You may have Pilate and Herod, Ananias and Caiaphas all combined against you, and Judas standing by you ready to sell you for thirty pieces of silver; and you may wonder why all those things come upon you. Can you not see that the whole thing is brought about through the craft of the devil? To draw you off from your work, and hinder your obedience to God?

Keep about your work. Do not flinch because the lion roars; do not stop to stone the devil's dogs; do not fool away your time chasing the devil's rabbits. Do your work. Let liars lie, let sectarians quarrel, let corporations resolve, let editors publish, let the devil do his worst; but see to it that nothing hinders you from fulfilling the work that God has given you.

He has not sent you to make money. He has not commanded you to get rich. He has never bidden you defend your character. He has not set you at work to contradict falsehood which Satan and his servants may start to peddle. If you do those things, you will do nothing else; you will be at work for yourself and not for the Lord.

Keep about your work. Let your aim be as steady as a star. Let the world brawl and bubble. You may be assaulted, wronged, insulted, slandered, wounded, and rejected; you may be abused by foes, forsaken by friends, and despised and rejected of men, but see to it with steadfast determination, with unfaltering zeal, that you pursue the great purpose of your life and object of your being, until at last you can say "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

A REMINDER

Did you speak to the Saviour this morning?
Did you ask Him to guide through the day?
Or did you just wake and start planning
To do things your very own way?
If you did, you have grieved His sweet Spirit,
For He stood near to give you His aid.
And sadly He watched as you stumbled
In the trap that Satan had laid.
Oh, speak first to the Savior each morning
Depend on His love and His care.
Then the trials you feared to encounter
Will vanish like bubbles in air.
Turn your back on the tempter beside you
And say, "I belong to the King."
Close your ears to the whisper of Satan,
Declare, "I've a new song to sing.
For I speak to the Saviour each morning,
I ask Him to bless through the day.
I trust Him to shelter me safely
When threatened by storms on the way."

- Selected by Mrs. A. G. K.

* * * * *

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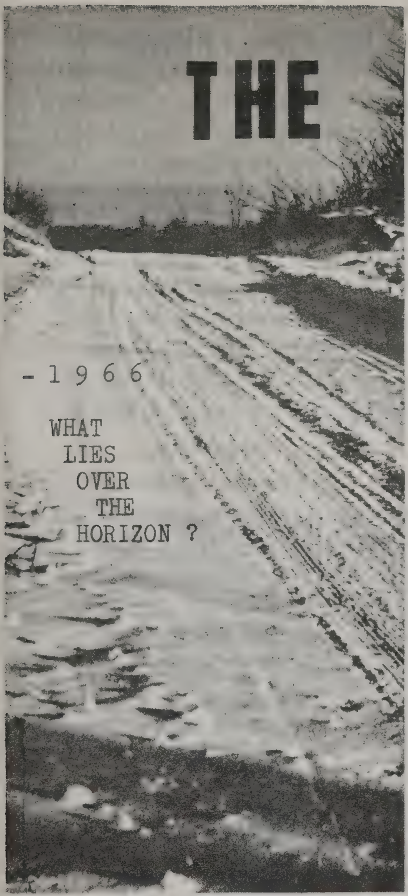
THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

VOLUME 9;
NO. 6 JANUARY, 1966

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.



OLD YEAR

I want to close the old year, Lord
All finished like a book,
Turn eyes from smudged and
dog-eared pages,
Bar any backward look.

There are some scores I marked to pay,
Some large — and some are small,
The grief they caused — I'm sorry now,
Forgive me for them all.

Then place a new book in my hand,
New pages I can read,
And give me from it deeds to do,
And thoughts of other's needs.

And when its pages I must close,
Pray let there be no grief,
But let my hands turn happily,
The new book's last clean leaf.

- Author Unknown

* * * * *

If someone is too tired to give you a smile, just give him one of yours anyway. For nobody needs a smile as much as those who have none left to give.

* * * * *

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

A little more deed and a little less creed,
A little more giving and a little less greed,
A little more bearing other people's load,
A little more Godspeed on the dusty road,
A little more rose and a little less thorn,
To sweeten the air for the sick and forlorn,
A little more song and a little less glum,
And coins of gold for the uplift of the slum,
A little less kicking the man that is down,
A little more smile and a little less frown,
A little more Golden Rule in marts of trade.
A little more sunshine and a little less shade,
A little more respect for fathers and mothers,
A little less stepping on the toes of others,
A little less knocking and a little more cheer,
For the struggling hero that's left in the rear,
A little more of love and a little less hate.
A little more of neighborly chat at the gate.
A little more of the flowers in the pathway of life,
A little less on coffins at the end of the strife.

- Selected by Anna Miller

* * * * *

BACK TO GOD IN EDUCATION

- By Mark Fakkema

"THEY HAVE TAKEN AWAY MY LORD." This is the just complaint which every truly God-fearing Christian must make concerning secularized instruction. The secularism of the schools of our land has dismissed God from His world. It has banished the Creator from creation. It has disowned "the Lord of all". What the fool has said in his heart is now by implication proclaimed from the educational housetops.

Let those who name the name of Christ

awaken to the full meaning of this. Two devastating consequences are inevitable.

Deprive education of its vertical relation to God and we deprive it of its fundamental educative character. If a man is a fool who says in his heart there is no God, what must we say of the school which implicitly, if not explicitly, teaches that there is no God? The soul of education is the education of the soul. But what must we say of an education that denies the very existence of the soul? Education without religion is a sharpening of tools without giving direction as to their use. Worse than that, given a depraved human nature, education without religion is education seeking its own depraved level unhindered. Education without God is an engine without a governor. More than that, due to man's fallen state, education without God is an engine in reverse. "Without religious motive," says Wyatt Brown, "any education is adding power to irresponsibility."

If we adhere to the Biblical principle of education and make the fear of Jehovah the beginning, the chief part, of knowledge, blessings will extend not only to the field of education but also to the fields for which education prepares. On the other hand, if we remove our Lord from the scene of educational endeavor—and thereby remove "the fear of the Lord"—we undermine knowledge in its most vital and vitalizing aspect. The truth of these Biblical maxims is forcefully brought home to every one of us who is at all conversant with the apostatizing tendency in modern churches and the demoralizing tendency as expressed in the present day, ever-increasing figures concerning juvenile delinquency, crime, lawlessness, divorce, and the general moral breakdown of modern social life.

But there is more: An education without God dishonors our God. If there is anything that we . . . hold high it is the honor of our God. Our God is a jealous God. He will not brook our disowning of Him in any field of endeavor—and least of all in the field of education, which is basic and formative to all other fields. How can we confess on the first day of the week that the glory of God is the chief end of man, and during the next five days send our children to an institution which prepares them for a life in which man is set forth as the chief end of life? The Word of God tells us that "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." If the daily, physical eating and drinking of our children should be to the glory of God, should their daily mental and spiritual eating be less to His glory? We contend, do we not, that a life of good works must proceed from true faith, must be in accord with the law of God, and must be to His glory—and it must not be founded on human-spun theories of life. If the life of our children should be thus, should their preparation for life consist of daily instruction which does not proceed from faith, which is not in accord with the law of God, and is not to His glory, but which is founded on the false theories of evolutionary thinking?

Not only is the well-being of our children concerned, not only do the future orthodoxy of our church and the moral integrity of our civic life hang in the balance, but also the honor and glory of our all-glorious God is at stake. Indeed, an educational system divorced from religion is a maladjustment of the first magnitude.

A Serious Situation

In his Chicago address, delivered in August, 1933, Dr. J. Gresham Machen said, ". . . the bearings of truth, the meaning of truth, the purpose of truth, even in the sphere of mathematics, seem entirely different to the Christian from that which they seem to the non-Christian; and THAT IS WHY A TRULY CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IS POSSIBLE ONLY WHEN CHRISTIAN EDUCATION UNDERLIES NOT A PART, BUT ALL, OF THE CURRICULUM OF THE SCHOOL. TRUE LEARNING and TRUE PIETY GO HAND IN HAND, and CHRISTIANITY EMBRACES THE WHOLE OF LIFE—THESE ARE GREAT CENTRAL CONVICTIONS THAT UNDERLIE THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL. . . . I can see little consistency in a type of Christian activity which preaches the Gospel on the street corners and at the ends of the earth, but neglects the children of the covenant by abandoning them to a cold and unbelieving secularism."

In his Chicago address of 1934, Dr. Machen ponders the question, "What is there about Christianity which makes it necessary that there should be Christian schools?" His answer is, "Christianity is, indeed, a way of life; but it is a way of life FOUNDED UPON A SYSTEM OF TRUTH. That system of truth is of the most comprehensive kind; it clashes with opposing systems at a thousand points. The Christian life cannot be lived on the basis of anti-Christian thought. Hence the necessity of the Christian school."

Christian Schools Service, Inc.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

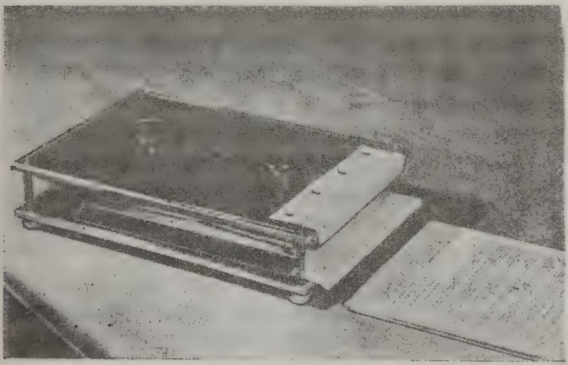
Don't forget the essay contest. Read the rules again and watch that deadline! Come on. Let's hear from you.

. . . .

On our recent trip we saw a simple little duplicator at Calvin Andersons, called "Press-n-Print". The list price is only $19.95, but Calvin said he can get them on a wholesale basis, and will sell them to teachers or schools at a discount.

One of the things that impressed us most on our trip was the wide use made of duplicators for preparing lessons.

For those schools who do not want to invest a lot of money, the little Press-n-Print outfit will give good service, though admittedly slower than crank and drum models. Stencils can be typed or handwritten.



If you are interested, write to Calvin E. Anderson, R. 1, Holmesville, Ohio.

. . . .

The following publications are available to schools and teachers. Why not order a supply today?

1. "Who Shall Educate Our Children?" 80 pages; 25¢ ea.;$2.00 doz.; $10 per 100.

2. The Challenge of the Child, 124 pages; paperbound; selections from the Blackboard Bulletin. $ 2.00 each.

3. REPRINTS:

A. "How to Kill Molehills"; "How to Grow Mountains"

B. "An Imaginary Parent-Teacher Conversation"

40¢ dozen; 50 for $1.00; 100 for $1.50. Samples free of reprints.

. . . .

David Wagler and I had the privilege of attending a school meeting near Elmira, Ontario on Monday, December 27. A large group of Old Order Mennonites in that area are interested in establishing parochial schools.

This meeting had been called by the local five-man township school board to learn why the Mennonites wish to withdraw from the public school system. It was also an attempt by that board to persuade them to continue with a modified consolidation program, four schools for the township.

We were glad to see the interest shown by this group in private schools, and feel sure they will soon open schools of their own.

Over a hundred copies of "Who Shall Educate Our Children?" were passed out following the meeting.

These Mennonites have lived in Ontario for 150 years, and their probable withdrawal from the public school system at this time has excited wide publicity in newspapers and on radio and television.

. . . .

Instead of an editorial this month, we would like to report on our Ohio trip. The December Bulletin was mailed out the tenth of the month, and on the thirteenth, early Monday morning, my bro.-in-law Joe Gascho and I started out.

We arrived at Welshfield, Ohio (Geauga Co.) by bus Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock and were met by Uria R. Byler, who took us to Crist M. Hershbergers for the evening meal.

After supper Uria took us to Newcomb Road School where a meeting of Geauga school board members and teachers had been planned. Here several topics were discussed, including the teacher shortage and a proposed financial program for Geauga schools. We certainly enjoyed the evening of fellowship. A number of songs were sung at the close of the meeting.

Early the next morning a group gathered at Meadow Glow School (Uria Byler and Ida Miller) to begin a day of visiting schools. Meadow Glow is a brand new school, and one of the more attractive schools we saw while on our trip. It shows clearly the trend to a newer type of Amish schools — lower ceilings, tile and block construction, and in general, a neat and inviting school.

Another feature of this school was the cleanness and tidiness of the classroom. Though Uria one time called the school Meadow-mud instead of Meadow Glow, and though we did see a lot of nice yellow mud in the new lawn, there was hardly a spot inside, thanks to a simple make-do device, two large pails of water at the end of the walks, where the pupils swished their boots clean.

From Meadow Glow our group stopped at the following schools, allowing only about thirty minutes at each one: Pleasant Valley, a busy two-teacher school, where we saw some classes in operation and heard some Christmas carols; Nauvoo Country School, an extra nice one-room school with a devoted teacher, Katie Weaver;

Valley View School, taught by the Misses Detweiler, and where we heard the best singing of our entire trip; and Hayes Corner School, where lunch was being enjoyed by the pupils and the teacher, Emma Miller.

Then we took time out for lunch at Middlefield, after which we drove to Parkman Parochial, first Amish school in Geauga. The school did have an older and more experienced look, as if it, too, had learned much from the busy years. Teachers Mel Hershberger and Ada Yoder had their children well in hand and working industriously.

Troy Parochial, our next stop, looked much the same as it did in 1961, when I visited it once before. Now, however, Monroe Schmucker is teaching the west room where Menno M. Hershberger taught at that time. Amanda Hershberger is still teaching the primary room, and here we heard some good reading. Amanda's plan is to have the class at one end of the room while she is at the other, and then the pupils have to open their mouths and speak out. A good idea.

Last school for the day was Wilma Glick's new school, Nash Road Parochial. Wilma was ready to dismiss her pupils when we arrived, but we got a good glimpse of this fine classroom before the children left.

The following day (Wednesday) we got to Raymond Weaver's school in Holmes County about an hour before noon. We knew our stay in the Holmes-Wayne area would be entirely too short (only 24 hours), and we wished ardently we could stay a few days longer, especially when we began to think of all the people we would have to miss.

Raymond left his school in charge of his daughter, Esther, his regular helper, and with his five-year-old son, Roy, he went with us Wednesday afternoon. We called at Jonas Nisley's school (Knob View) first. We left with a profound respect for this hard-working school and teacher, especially because of their art and writing notebooks. Each morning Jonas writes a few paragraphs of current events, human interest articles, or local history on the blackboard, and the older grades copy this material in their books, illustrating the same with sketches. The ones we saw showed outstanding work and careful effort.

Our next school was the one taught by sisters Lovina and Amanda Nisley. We did not stay long, but long enough to hear a few songs and to note a new idea in art, painting with ordinary marking pens in a wide variety of colors.

Susie Yoder's school was having recess when we got there. We waited till after the bell rang, and saw a few classes being held. Another good school.

We next called on Sarah M. Weaver and found her just finishing a vocational class. She had substituted that day for her sister.

After supper at Raymond Weaver's, we moved on to Calvin Andersons in the hills behind Holmesville. Early the next morning Calvin took us to his school, Sunnyslope, very aptly named and in a picturesque setting. We stayed for the opening exercises, after which we left for Millersburg to board the Greyhound again.

I had never before had the opportunity of visiting so many schools. We spent not much more than two days actually visiting schools, much too short a time!

The visit was thoroughly enjoyed, and we came home with fresh determination to make our own school a better school, and a fuller understanding of, and appreciation for, what our schools in Ohio are doing. Thanks to all for your hospitality, and we ask that you return the visit some time.

- J. S.

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KIRKWOOD, PENNSYLVANIA
Dec. 19, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to all in Jesus' name.

For some time I have wanted to try my hand at writing a letter for the Bulletin, although to write something worthwhile is quite a task for me. I always enjoy reading the paper, and feel we can learn much in the way of child training. Every time I read the paper I think that now I really want to try and do better, with the help of God.

We have three boys; the oldest will be four in February. Their school years will be here before we realize it, if they stay healthy and growing. I never went to a parochial school myself, but I believe the school I attended was much more like them than the public schools of today. We always had Bible reading and prayer before classes began in the morning.

One teacher was especially kind, and I can't remember that she ever showed anger when someone displeased her. She and her husband were killed in a car accident last year. They were about 76 years old.

I am thankful if we can have the privilege to send our children to a private school with an Amish teacher, who will not only teach them the 3 R's, but other necessary things as well, including singing. I don't think a school is complete without singing.

May God bless each one of you.

- Mrs. Emanuel B. King

HOLMESVILLE, OHIO

Dear Readers,

Greetings in our Master's holy name.

I have been reading the Bulletin for a while and enjoy it very much. I am always glad to see the next issue.

Valentine's Day will soon be here again. How was it started? Why do we celebrate it? Who was St. Valentine? Maybe you have asked yourself these questions, too. I was very much surprised to see an article in "The Budget" last year about it. I thought I'd share it with the Bulletin readers.

It reads as follows:

"Dear Editor,

I walked into the drugstore the other day and noticed some pretty teenagers discussing the purchase of Valentines. The thought entered my mind, — Who was St. Valentine? We send cards to friends, saying, "Be mine," "I love you", etc. Why?

Using the Bible, Lincoln Library, Encyclopedia Brittanica, and my desk dictionary, I started out to find the answer. I was shocked!

Nowhere in the Bible could I find reference to a pre-Christian or a Christian celebration even resembling Valentines Day. I found the following facts elsewhere:

1. Valentine is a common Roman name for mighty, strong.

2. February 14-15 was a Roman pagan celebration known as Lupercalia or wolf festival.

3. According to references, the first man known as Valentine was "mighty" Nimrod of Babylon (Gen. 10:9), Santa or Saint being another name for him — hence St. Valentine.

4. Hearts, so prevalent on cards sent on February 14, are an ancient symbol of Babylon and Nimrod.

5. Cupid was the Roman God of Love (Eros, by the Greeks), not the brotherly love of the Christian, but eros — passion, lust, desire.

According to tradition, who was called the first cupid? Why, Nimrod the mighty hunter, the St. Valentine. Why?

Nimrod's father (Cush) was black. His mother was white. Nimrod became his mother's cupid — for it is said she lusted after him when she saw her black son.

Ancient inscriptions on Egyptian monuments bear this out. They say Nimrod is his mother's husband.

Isn't it time we in a "Christian nation" take heed to St. Paul when he said in 2 Cor. 6:17, "Come out from among them,".

- (Mrs.) Nancy Travis

If these things are true, why should we Christians celebrate and exchange valentines on this day?

- Ruth E. Anderson

* * * * *

A LESSON I DIDN'T FORGET

- By David Wagler

Ordinarily children learn from their parents, but sometimes it is the other way around. I remember a November day when I was working in the barnyard. Our three-year-old son came running out of the house against the chill wind.

After a few minutes I noticed that he had discarded his coat and was busy playing about the yard. I proceeded to rebuke him for being outside without a coat on. But even while I was lecturing him, I could see by the sly grin on his face that what I was saying was not soaking in.

Finally when he got the opportunity he said, "But Daddy, I don't need to put my coat on!" When I asked why not he pointed at me and said with a smile, "You don't have any on".

What he said was the truth, and he won the argument. But it caused me to reflect, — how much more effective would our admonitions be if we could show our children what to do instead of merely telling them!

- Aylmer, Ontario

* * * * *

WYOMING, DELAWARE

Dear Bulletin Friends,

Greetings in the name of our Lord. We are to give thanks in all things, and a grateful feeling comes when reading the Bulletin, especially to those who write and work to make it what it is. It can mean encouragement to us all, whether we are teachers, parents, or others. Yes, encouragement to all who are concerned for the church and its future, and therefore, concerned and interested in our schools.

School was interesting to me as far back as memory reaches, and it still is. Even in preschool years my interest was high. I was the youngest in the family, and heard much about school from my older sisters. Our local teacher was also a close neighbor. Later she was my teacher, too, and a dedicated and earnest one — not of our faith, as private schools were unheard of at that time in Pennsylvania. (That was over thirty years ago, and marks us as "getting old").

This teacher was named by some of you as your "favorite", and I agree with all that was said about her. In my later grades, we moved to another school district, but again we had a teacher who taught us well. Both taught us many hymns and Bible verses, with much good advice, Among the hymns was one, "Love Divine, All Love Excelling', which our last teacher, a Lutheran, told us they sang each Sunday in church, much as we do our "Lob-lied".

The last I heard, both teachers were still teaching, and are probably making lasting impressions on their pupils' hearts as they did on mine. But now so many public schools are far from that standard, and our children are at the mercy of worldliness more than we often realize, and to our grief.

How necessary that we, ourselves, be true "teachers" in the home, living examples of what Christ asks of us. And you who are teaching school — your calling is serious, and the results reach into eternity.

The nearest I ever came to teaching school was when I was asked to teach here in Delaware, before our marriage. But I was needed at home at the time, and then my own little family later took over. But whatever our work, we need each others' earnest prayers, that our children will see to follow the Lord and hold fast to the faith. Death with hope is much kinder than the anguish of seeing a child being blinded by the world and its many allurements. Yes, pray for us!

I will close with a little verse that an elderly man wrote on a recent letter to us. (Ella B., this is a new one for your pupils, perhaps.)

"Life is like a journey, taken on a train,
With a pair of travelers at each window pane,
I may sit beside you, all the journey through,
Or I may sit elsewhere, never knowing you.
Yet if fate should mark me to sit by your side,
Let's be pleasant travelers — it's so short a ride!

Humbly, and to God be all the honor,

- Mrs. Joe D. Byler

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AYLMER, ONT.
Dec. 26, 1965

Wishing the Grace of God to all Bulletin Readers.

Another Christmas day has passed; another day is dawning with the bright rays of the sun glistening on the newly-fallen snow. How clean and white the newly fallen snow is, covering the mud of former days. Yes, dear reader, that was the mission of Christ on earth, we were as the mud, but Christ Jesus took upon Himself the form of sinful man, that we through His blood might be washed white as snow as foretold by the prophet Isaiah, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. 1:18).

Well, how are all teachers and Bulletin readers by this time? The second week of December the editor and I had the privilege of visiting schools in Geauga and Holmes County, Ohio and also one in Crockett, Kentucky. On Tues. Dec. 14, we visited eight schools in Geauga. Meadow Glow, where Uria Byler and Ida Miller teach was the first one. From there on Uria Byler, Joe K. Yoder and Crist Hershberger accompanied us to the other schools. Later in the day we picked up a few more passengers, two Andy Bylers. The other schools we visited were: Nash Road Parochial (Wilma Glick); Nauvoo Country School (Katie Weaver); Parkman Parochial (Melvin M. Hershberger, Ada Yoder); Pleasant Valley (Katie Miller, Ada Miller); Troy Parochial (Monroe Schmucker, Amanda Hershberger); Valley View (Mary Ann Detweiler, Ida Detweiler); and Hayes Corner (Emma J. Miller).

On Wednesday we visited four schools in Holmes County. South Bunker Hill was the first one, where Raymond Weaver and his daughter Esther teach. From there Raymond accompanied us to Knob View (Jonas Nisley); Maple View (Amanda and Lovina Nisley); and Buckeye School (Susie Yoder). Thursday morning we stopped at Sunny Slope (Calvin Anderson) before leaving for Kentucky. One school was visited in Kentucky where Lela Birky teaches.

We found all the teachers and pupils busy, showing interest in their work. We heard some good singing. All in all it was very interesting and educative. It was very inspiring watching different teachers, different students, all working together. Only one thing was wrong, that was our crowded schedule.

Yes, we have a wonderful privilege, a great responsibility lies upon us, a great possibility, and that is of having our own church schools. Schools where children can be taught daily in the ways of righteousness instead of being exposed to the corrupting influence of the world. Yet there always seems to be some that are not awake to this fact. The reason thereof very likely is because the bare facts have not been presented to them so they can understand and grasp them. If there are still those in your locality who object to church schools, why not distribute some of the editor's booklets, "Who Shall Educate Our Children"?

There also seems to be a teacher shortage in most localities. Yes, where are we to find teachers, seems to be the over all question and a hard one to answer. Yet, I believe there are many people with the teacher talent who are just too shy to step out and try, being afraid if they would fail they would then be a laughing stock before the people. Let us all take warning, lest we discourage anyone from trying to teach, that is if he is sound in faith and concerned for the welfare of the children. We should guard against such expressions as, "I wouldn't teach regardless of what wages I'd get", or saying, "Oh, she's just a teacher". Even younger children hearing such remarks will shrink from the thought that they too might some day be a teacher. Yes, is that not the place to look for teachers? Right in the school room. Encourage the pupils, "Wouldn't you like to be a teacher some day"? Surely, there are a few pupils in every school, who, once awakened to the fact, would make good teachers, and if they take an interest already in school years they won't have to do so much reviewing afterward, when in later years they get the urge to teach.

Wishing all a Happy New Year,

- Joseph Gascho

* * * * *

DER DOKTOR SAGT, "..."

- By Maynard Bragg

"Children's Addiction to Television Is Threat to Independent Thinking" is the heading of one of Dr. George Crane's recent articles which appeared in his column carried by many daily newspapers. Der Doktor indicts modern television for making growing children too "ear-minded". They are able to see and hear, but they lack the time to "think or debate or develop opposing ideas". Thus, "An 'ear-minded' nation is duck soup for a Hitler or any other glib tongued politician."

Was vorschreibt der Doktor? Er schreibt, "Dramatize books! Read stories — don't merely tell them! ...

Of course, this is not to dismiss television as an effective medium of communication, for it stands beside the newspaper and radio in this respect. However, it is a warning which needs to be sounded for those who would become addicted to this medium.

As teachers, we must see some value in the use of "visual aids" in our teaching. Biblical literature abounds with both "visual" and "audio" aids. In His teaching, Jesus spoke of birds, dogs, foxes, grass, and lilies. Oral sayings of the Fathers or "the tradition of the elders" had caused many to miss the teaching of Scripture. This, Jesus criticized. Many in His day were "hard of hearing". He was the Master Teacher! He used the best methods of His day to teach! Often, He would begin answering His critics with "Have you not read..." He would teach in parables.

What are the best methods for teachers today? May we find and use them!

- P.O. Box 163
Holmesville, Ohio

* * * * *

THE KITE

- By John Newton

My waking dreams are best concealed,
Much folly, little good, they yield;
But now and then, I gain, when sleeping,
A friendly hint that's worth the keeping.
Lately I dreamt of one who cried,
"Beware of self, beware of pride;
When you are prone to build a Babel,
Recall to mind this little fable".

Once on a time a paper kite
Was mounted to a wondrous height,
Where, giddy with its elevation,
It thus expressed self-admiration:
"See how yon crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the steeple:
How would they wonder if they knew
All that a kite like me can do!

"Were I but free, I'd take a flight
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight.
But ah! like a poor prisoner bound,
My string confines me near the ground.
I'd brave the eagle's towering wing
Might I but fly without a string."

It tugged and pulled while thus it spoke,
To break the string—at last it broke!
Deprived at once of all its stay,
In vain it tried to soar away;
Unable its own weight to bear,
It fluttered downward through the air;
Unable its own course to guide,
The winds soon plunged it in the tide.
Ah! foolish kite thou had's no wing,
How could'st thou fly without a string?

My heart replied, "O Lord, I see
How much this kite resembles me!
Forgetful that by Thee I stand,
Impatient of Thy ruling hand;
How oft I've wished to break the lines
Thy wisdom for my lot assigns.
How oft indulged a vain desire,
For something more or something higher!
And but for grace and love divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine."

- Selected by
Mrs. Sylvia Raber

* * * * *

Voices of the Past

CHRISTIAN BEHAVIOUR OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS

- By John Bunyan

There lieth a duty upon children to their parents, which they are bound by the law of God and by the law of nature to observe conscientiously. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." And again, "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing to the Lord".

There are certain general things in which children show forth that honor which is due to their parents from them:

1. They should always count them better than themselves. I observe a vile spirit among some children, and that is, they are apt to look over their parents and to have slighting and scornful thoughts of them. This is worse than heathenish; such a one hath got just the heart of a dog or a beast, that will bite those that begot them and her that brought them forth.

Objection: — But my father (and so forth) is very poor and I am rich, and it will be a disappointment, or at least a hindrance to me, to show that respect to him as otherwise I might.

Answer: — I tell thee that thou arguest like an atheist and a beast and in this, standeth full flat against the Son of God. Must a gift, and a little of the glory of a butterfly make thee that thou shalt not do for, and show honor to thy father and mother? "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son despiseth his mother." Though thy parents be ever so low, and thou thyself ever so high, yet he is thy father and she thy mother, and they must be in thy eye in great esteem. "The eye that mocketh at his father and that despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out and the young eagles shall eat it."

2. Thou oughtest to show thy honor to thy parents by a willingness to help them with such necessaries and accommodations which they need. If any have nephews or children, let them show pity at home and to requite their parents, saith Paul, for that is good and acceptable before God.

And this rule Joseph observed to his poor father, though he himself was next the King in Egypt. But mark, let them requite their parents.

There are three things for which, as long as thou livest, thou wilt be a debtor to thy parents:

A. For thy being in this world; they are they from whom immediately, under God, thou didst receive it so.

B. For their care to preserve thee when thou was helpless and couldest neither care for nor regard thyself.

C. For the pains they have taken with thee to bring thee up. Until thou hast children of thy own, thou wilt not be sensible of the pains, watchings, fears, sorrows, and afflictions that they have gone under to bring thee up; and when thou knowest it thou wilt not easily yield that thou has recompensed them for their favor to thee. How often have they sustained thy hunger, clothed thy nakedness! What care have they taken that thou mightest have wherewith to live and do well when they were dead and gone! They possibly have spared it from their own belly and back for thee, and have also impoverished themselves that thou mightest live like a man. All these things ought duly, and like a man, to be considered by thee; and care ought to be taken on thy part to requite them. The Scripture saith so, reason saith so, and there be none but dogs and beasts that deny it. It is the duty of parents to lay up for their children and the duty of children to requite their parents.

3. Therefore, show by all humble son-like carriage that thou dost to this day, with thy heart, remember the love of thy parents.

This much for obedience to parents in general.

Again, if thy parents be godly and thou wicked, (as thou art if thou hast not a second word or birth from God upon thee), then thou art to consider that thou art more strongly engaged to respect and honor thy parents; not now only as a father in the flesh, but, as godly parents, thy father and mother are now made of God thy teachers and instructors in the way of righteousness. Wherefore, to allude to that of Solomon, "My son, hearken to the law of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thy heart and tie them about thy neck".

Now to provoke thee hereto, consider —

1. That this hath been the practice always of those that are and have been obedient children; yea, of Christ Himself to Joseph and Mary, though He himself was God, blessed forever.

2. Thou hast also the severe judgment of God upon those that have been disobedient to awe thee; as

(1.) Ishmael, for but mocking at one good carriage of his father and mother, was both thrust out of his father's inheritance and the kingdom of heaven, and that without God's approbation.

(2.) Hophni and Phineas, for refusing the good counsel of their father, provoked the great God to be their enemy: "They hearkened not to the voice of their father, because the Lord would slay them".

(3.) Absalom was hanged, as I may say, by God himself, for rebelling against his father.

Besides, little dost thou know how heart-aching a consideration it is to thy parents when they do but suppose thou mayest be damned — how many prayers, sighs, and tears are there wrung from their hearts upon this account.

Every miscarriage of thine goeth to their heart, for fear God should take an occasion thereat to shut thee up in hardness forever.

How did Abraham groan for Ishmael? "Oh (saith he to God) that Ishmael might live before thee!"

How was Isaac and Rebecca grieved for the miscarriage of Esau!

And how bitterly did David mourn for his son who died in his wickedness!

Lastly, and can any imagine but that all these carriages of thy godly parents will be to thee the increase of thy torments in hell, if thou die in thy sins notwithstanding?

Again, if thy parents and thou also be godly, how happy a thing is this! How shouldst thou rejoice that the same faith should dwell both in thy parents and thee! Thy conversion, possibly, is the fruits of thy parents' groans and prayers for thy soul, and they cannot choose but rejoice; do thou rejoice with them. It is true it is the salvation of a natural son which is mentioned in the parable: "This my son was dead, and is alive again: was lost, and is found: and they began to be merry".

Let therefore the consideration of this, that thy parents have grace as well as thee, engage thy heart so much the more to honor, reverence, and obey them. Thou art better able now to consider the pains and care that they have shown, both for thy body and thy soul; wherefore, strive to requite them. Thou hast strength to answer in some measure the command; wherefore do not neglect it.

It is a double sin in a gracious son not to remember the commandment — yea, the first commandment with promise.

Take heed of giving thy sweet parents one snappy word or one unseemly carriage. Love them because they are thy parents, because they are godly, and because thou must be in glory with them.

Again, if thou be godly and thy parents wicked, as often it sadly falls out, then,

1. Let thy heart yearn toward them; it is thy parents that are going to hell.

2. As I said before to the wife touching her unbelieving husband, so now I say to thee, Take heed of a parroting tongue: speak to them wisely, meekly, and humbly; do for them faithfully without repining, and bear with all childlike modesty their reproaches, their railing, and evil-speaking. Watch fit opportunities to lay their condition before them. Oh! how happy a thing would it be if God should use a child to beget his father to the faith! Then indeed might the father say, "With the fruit of my own bowels hath God converted my soul". The Lord, if it be His will, convert our poor parents, that they, with us, may be the children of God.

- Selected by Eli Garbers, St. Joe, Arkansas

* * * * *

WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN?

- By the Editor

Part III - (Continued from last issue)

Along with atheism and evolution, there are several other dangers that are more common in public schools than in our own church schools.

One of these is pornography, the movement of obscene photos of nude men and women in every act of lewdness. A report of the tremendous increase of this filth was given in the March, 1959, Reader's Digest, in an article entitled, "Help Stamp Out This Vile Traffic". The U. S. Post Office Department reports that organized publishing and selling of pornography reached a then peak value of half a million dollars for the year 1958. Three-fourths of this was aimed at, and was reaching, school age children from ages down to 11 and up through high school.

According to the article, "These pictures are pure deadly poison. Naked men and girls, singly and commingled, pose wantonly ... The obscenity portrayed strikes an adult mind with an almost physical nauseating shock. The effect upon the unformed mind of a child must be beyond description."

This filth is only one indication of the immorality in the world today. The following appeared in a national magazine some years ago:

> "Asking an engineer armed with a dipper to stop the flow of water over Niagara Falls is child's play compared to the teacher's job of combating the flood of misrepresentation, propaganda, and immorality flowing out of Hollywood, book publishing houses, popular magazines, newspapers, radios, and television." 23

We agree. The job is too big for a teacher.

It is the responsibility of the church and the family. Has it been to the best interests of the church the past one hundred years to have turned this responsibility over to those outside the church? Will it be to our spiritual growth to continue sending a large part of our children to state schools?

These are the questions that we face, as we consider the trends of the times. What are our answers?

5. What is wrong with public schools? The teachers in the public schools are not of our faith. True, there are sincere and dedicated teachers in the public schools, many of them. These may even be sympathetic to our beliefs, and respect us enough not to teach our children anything against our wishes. We can be thankful for such teachers.

But wait! If an occasion demanded us to leave our homes for a year, and we would be unable to take our children along, whom would we choose to have oversight of them while we were gone? Would we ask these teachers who already are caring for them half the time to take on the full duties as temporary parents? Or would we ask a trusted brother and sister of our faith to take our children into their home?

Do you see the inconsistency of having a teacher who is not of our faith? No matter how sympathetic, such a teacher can come only half way. He can desist from teaching objectionable material, but he is not in a position to teach the desirable material in which our children should be instructed as long as he himself refuses it by his example.

There are a few of our church schools that employ non-Amish teachers. That is their business, but it would seem they are losing half the benefit of parochial schools. Is it actually necessary to go outside our own church for someone to train up our children in the way they should go?

Some people feel it does not work to have our own teachers, for "familiarity breeds contempt". It is true there is a tendency for children to have less respect for someone they know well. Just the fact that a teacher is Amish makes some children think he does not merit the respect another teacher would.

We do well to recognize this danger and seek to overcome it. Several hundred Amish men and women have taught successfully, proving that it is a problem that can be overcome. We show weak reasoning and a weaker faith if we decide teachers of another faith, or perhaps of no faith at all, would be superior to our own church members, just because of this element of familiarity. If this were not so, what have we been doing all these years ordaining ministers from our own brotherhood?

6. What is wrong with public schools? Public schools are changing fast, and we fear it is not for the better. These changes are in the areas of A. Control, B. Teaching of religion, and C. Subject matter.

A. Public schools are fast changing control. The days of the one-room school and its district school board are fairly past. The move to consolidated school areas began a number of years ago, and in the United States is in its final stages. This trend to centralization is not restricted to schools. It is found in churches, industry, and government, so that the average individual has less and less to say to matters.

What does it mean and what will it lead to?

The creeping evil of socialism, or increasing government control of almost every area of our lives, can mean only one thing, the gradual loss of our freedom. Already we have government plans forced upon us in the form of social security, workmen's compensation insurance, hospitalization and Medicare plans, farm quotas and soil banks, artificial price controls and subsidies. As local groups lose control of our schools, we can expect the government to dictate what will be taught and how.

Did you know that in Russia today many of the children are raised and trained by the state from the age of two months on? According to a newspaper report from a Moscow columnist, this is true. We quote:

> "In order to care for the children of all its working mothers, Russia has gone into the baby business in a big way. Collective baby-raising, it's called, and the U.S.S.R. is a world leader in this field. Child care experts and nursery school workers from all over the world travel here to see the state's mass program for the scientific raising of children, according to Marxist-Lenin doctrine.
>
> "'We know what's better for the children than their mothers,' I was told my Mrs. Eugenia Radina, chief of the laboratory of education of younger children at the Academy of Pedagogical Preschool Sciences. 'The government would like every child, whether the mother is working or not, to be given over to the state for scientific care.'
>
> "The children are taught 'love of their country and esteem and love for the founder of the Soviet State, Vldimir Lenin.' A key part of their program includes the

laying of fresh flowers before the gigantic picture of Lenin, which dominates the auditorium of each nursery school." 24

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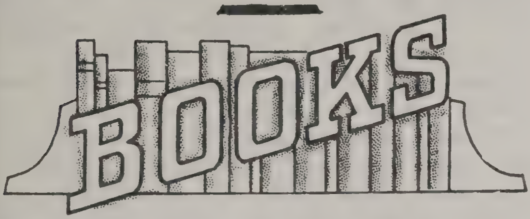
[23] The Educational Courier, 1961

[24] Worthington, Helen, "An Organized Routine for Russian Babies", The Toronto Telegram, June 16, 1965

-To be continued



WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN- a new booklet, just published, of considerable interest to those who are interested in obtaining their own schools. This booklet points out the reasons why the public schools are fast approaching the place where they can not be acceptable to Christian parents. Also gives suggestions for getting private schools started. Prices: 25¢ each, $2.00 per dozen. Special quantity price $10.00 per hundred.

Note: This book contains 80 pages, and the special quantity price is made to encourage distribution.

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RADIO, TELEVISION & THEATER, McGrath	.40
LIFE STORY OF WM. McGRATH	.50
SEPARATION THROUGHOUT CHURCH HISTORY	.50

ANSWERS TO ARITHMETIC PROBLEMS

As my father, Noah S. Miller, is in the hospital recovering from surgery, he asked me to send in the answers to the problems in the last Bulletin.

No. 1 - A twelve pound cut of meat should be cooked $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

No. 2 -Fifteen men greeting each other with a handshake shake hands 105 times.

Prizes go to Jonas J. Mast, R.3, Fresno, and to Harry J. Yoder, R.2, Fredericksburg, Ohio. About seventy answers were received from many different states. Well over half of them were correct.

Father took sick very suddenly and was taken to the hospital and underwent surgery, but is recovering very nicely. I am sure he would enjoy mail, to help him pass the time.

- Elizabeth Miller
c/o Noah S. Miller

(over)

Star Route
Millersburg, Ohio

* * * * *

BURTON, OHIO 44021
January 2, 1966.

Any mail today? Yes, one of those letters with a window in it and two postcards. From whom are the cards? You couldn't guess!

By this time I had my hat and coat hung up, and I reached for the first card. It was postmarked Gordonville, Penna. Hm-m-m, an invitation to teacher Lydia Kinsinger's and Isaac Lapp's wedding in Lancaster Co., Penna.

I'd been waiting for a good excuse to go to Lancaster, and I couldn't see what more we'd need, so I told Emma I guess we would pack up and go.

"But you haven't read the other card yet," she said. Well, well, another wedding invitation, from Nancy Troyer and Don Miller. Nancy was one of my former pupils at Parkman Parochial. Both weddings were scheduled for Nov. 23.

Emma had never been to Lancaster and we both thought several days vacation wouldn't do us any harm, so we boarded the Greyhound in Cleveland Monday, Nov. 22, at 4:30 A.M. We arrived at Harrisburg, Penna. at 1:00 P.M. and were surprised to meet a former teacher, Molly Renno, with her parents, David and Lydia Renno, from Mifflintown, Penna. at the depot.

We were getting train tickets to Lancaster when who should appear but Noah and Rachel Zook. (Noah is the author of Seeking A Better Country)

From Lancaster we accompanied Noahs to their home and had supper there. After chores, Noah's son Crist and wife Jemima took us to Samuel S. Lapp's for the night. There we met Saloma Lapp, one of the teachers at Clearview. She was busily engaged in building a schoolhouse (out of rice crispy candy) to be presented to the newlyweds the next day.

Tuesday morning David and I walked to Abe Lapps where the wedding ceremony was performed. The women came with Sammy Lapps. We met many of our friends at the wedding, including Lydia F. Beiler, secretary of the Bulletin, and Sarah Lapp, a former teacher. We enjoyed the occasion very much.

Joe I. Peachey's and we spent the night at John F. Beiler's. Wednesday morning we visited the school for 14-year-old's in John's old farmhouse, where Emma Esh teaches. (Emma is a niece of former teacher Christie Esh.)

We then visited Lydia F. Beiler's school where we saw her teach arithmetic. There were also Thanksgiving poem recitations and singing. We went to Rachel Petersheim's school from there. The third graders were reading about Japan. The fifth and sixth had geography review and the seventh and eighth graders were reviewing history. The first graders recited some poems and all sang for us.

We ate lunch, then proceeded on to Mary F. Huyard's school. The first and second graders had reading and recitation, and all sang. We enjoyed it all so much. It brought back many memories. I picked up two special gems on this visit which I want to remember and practice:

"Remember that your tongue is in a wet place and is likely to slip!"

"If you must publish someone's faults, publish your own."

We then went to Davey and Christie Esh's and from there to Andy Kinsinger's for supper. Lydia and Rachel came also and accompanied us to Elam Beilers, where we spent an enjoyable evening. Davey's and Christie's also came over.

We spent the night at Elams and the next morning (Thanksgiving), Elam got a taxi, Mrs. Wheary, to take us to the bus depot in Lancaster. They accompanied us there and then went to Elam Katie's brother John's, if my memory is correct. We boarded the bus at 9:30 and arrived in Cleveland at 7:50, just in time to get the bus to Welshfield.

We found the family well for which we were thankful. We are surely indebted to our dear friends in Lancaster County — for the wedding invitation, making the trip possible, for the unsurpassed hospitality and many acts of kindness. Emma and I join in humbly saying, "Thank You".

- Crist M. Hershberger

LOST HOURS

Author Unknown

I lost two golden hours
Somewhere yesterday,
Between the dawn of the morning
And the close of the day.
Each of these lost hours
Was a rare and precious gem,
For sixty diamond minutes
Adorned each of them.

I did not really own them,
They were only loaned to me,
To be used in helping others
The best in life to see.
But they are charged against me,
And for them I must pay,
In one way or another,
Tomorrow or today.

No reward is offered for them,
No need for them to yearn,

-Continued at top of next page

For they are gone forever,
Never to return.
I know I'll never find them
No matter where I stray.
I could have used them wisely,
But I idled them away.

I never can recall them,
No matter how I try,
For they are gone forever,
No more to pass me by.
But while I am permitted
Upon this earth to dwell,
The rest of time to me committed
I shall guard and use it well.

- Selected by Elizabeth Esh

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BOOKS - HANDLE WITH CARE

- By David Wagler

Many people think a publishing company and a printing company are one and the same. Actually, these are two separate jobs. It is true that quite a few publishing companies also do their own printing, for example, The Budget company both publishes and prints that weekly paper. On the other hand, the A. M. Publishing Company, owned and operated for many years by the late L. A. Miller of Arthur, Ill. never printed a page. All their work was done by outside printing companies.

The Pathway Publishing Corporation is a combination of the two. This company owns a small offset press that is used for printing smaller booklets while the full-length books are printed by a large commercial printer at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

We have received a number of requests from individuals, asking us to reprint a certain book for them. Usually they say they want a dozen copies or so.

What they don't realize is that it costs anywhere from a thousand to ten thousand dollars to print one copy of a book, depending of course on the size and the binding. To make it economically practical, it is ordinarily necessary to print a minimum of two thousand copies.

To make only one copy would be a very expensive affair. An ordinary-sized book might cost $1200.00 to print one copy but the next 1,999 would cost perhaps $800. Figured at the cost per book, the first copy would cost $1200, a dozen copies would cost around $100 each, but for an edition of 2,000 copies the cost would be only $1.00 per copy!

For this reason, a publishing company will not ordinarily accept a book unless they feel assured there is a market for at least 2,000 copies.

The publishing company is responsible for getting the books printed and for paying the printing bill. If it is a new book, they will also pay a royalty to the author, usually amounting to 8 or 10% of the retail price.

Then they must get the books out to the dealers. Discounts are given to dealers varying from 10% to 40%. Some small publishers attempt to sell only direct to the public but usually this does not provide a large enough outlet to make it worthwhile.

How many copies of a book should be printed? This is one of the problems facing the publisher. Usually the publisher will want to print enough to last for 4 or 5 years, but sometimes this is extremely hard to calculate. Sometimes the demand will be better than expected and the edition will be sold out in a year's time. At other times the books will move slowly and may last for ten or even twenty years. This is one of the financial risks any publisher must take. It is evident that to have thousands of dollars tied up in a book for this length of time is not a paying proposition. At 6% interest, the sum would double itself in 17 years.

On the other hand, it is not wise to print less than are needed as this increases the printing costs. Recently when the German Menno Simons books were reprinted, (a book of 1056 pages) it was assumed that 2,000 copies would be enough for years to come. But because of unexpected demand, the edition was sold out within several months.

Many of the publishing companies such as Pathway Publishing Company, Rod and Staff, and Mennonite Publishing House are non-profit organizations. This does not mean that they do not make profits on the books they sell. It merely indicates that any profits will be used in publishing or distributing other books. The persons working at such places may also receive wages.

Because of the nature of the work and the many expenses involved, most of these companies depend on interest-free loans and donations in order to keep going. There are always interested individuals who have the means and the desire to help in a financial way. Without such moral and financial support, it is doubtful whether any of these publishing firms of religious materials, would come into being.

The next time you see a new book, if you will stop to consider that someone was willing to invest thousands of dollars to get it published, you will want to - HANDLE IT WITH CARE.

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MILLERSBURG, OHIO

Greetings to all readers in the name of Jesus. The day is drawing nigh which we hallow as His birthdate. But do we hallow it, or are our minds turned to wondering what gifts we might receive, and by so doing lose the true joy of giving?

This being the last day of school before Christmas, our lessons were halted somewhat, and instead of taking all the usual classes, the upper grades wrote letters to handicapped persons. The interest that was shown, and the effort to write well, was highly appreciated. Misspelling there was, but we trust the ones who received the letters will overlook that. To do the best we can and to ever reach forward to do better with each new day, is all that is required of any of us.

Half of the school term at Maple Grove will soon be past. Have I accomplished what I should have? One can have intentions to do numerous things in a day, but so often they are not all accomplished. But we must not dwell too much on today's shortcomings, or we will mar tomorrow. As has been mentioned, both the teachers and pupils should reach forward to higher goals.

Our lower grades have eighteen pupils. Lovina, my sister, teaches these. In my weakness, I am teaching the upper grades, with twenty-two pupils.

Winter is here, though we have not seen much of it here in Holmes County. Our walk to school each morning seems longer, though the weather is not the reason. One misses the scampering of chipmunks across the path, the chirping of birds, and the leaves on the trees. You can imagine our way to school is not over a hard-surfaced road. No, it's just a back road, and the bare trees give it a lonesome look.

Teachers, do we carry a "lonesome" look to school with us? Or do we greet the pupils with a cheerful "Good morning!", even if we face problems?

As was mentioned by someone else, a pupil's like or dislike of school can almost be measured by his morning's greeting. The teacher experiences inner joy when pupils say "Good morning", to each other, and to the teacher.

Many visitors have knocked at our humble door this year. Last week the editor, Joseph Stoll, and Joseph Gascho, made a brief call. This reminded me that I wanted to write to the Bulletin. Well, not exactly reminded, as this is not the first time I attempted to write. I guess it was plain cowardice that kept me from finishing the other times.

Almost any work is pushed aside in order to read a newly-printed Bulletin. So one's duty is to help supply news for the paper. However, I feel myself unworthy of the task. The pupils' interest in writing their letters gave me new courage to try again, and ease my conscience.

Yes, many visitors have called at our school, teachers and friends from five different states. Sister Lovina's former teacher visited us one day. We all enjoyed his visit. He talked of recognizing the handwriting of his former pupils.

I was reminded of the time my teacher remarked, "Pupils, your writing is too poor!" What were the results? Every day for weeks we wrote whole notebook sheets of penmanship. Some days we wrote nothing but a small _a_, and another day the capital _A_. By the time we finished practicing, our writing had greatly improved.

Only a few parents have called this year, but we are hoping to see them attend our Christmas "program" and join us in song.

Parents show interest when they visit school. But there are a number of other ways in which they can show interest and concern. Sending their children on time and every day possible is one, but a very important one. Even sending a Christmas greeting by mail, though it might sound unimportant to some folks, is treasured by the teacher as a gift. Or to make a long story short, it shows heartfelt concern for their teachers, and that is what is appreciated.

Should not we teachers in return try our best to make their children's school life a successful one? I am always in need of more instruction along that line.

New Year's is just around the corner. Did you make any resolutions? Mine will probably be as always, to try leading a life more pleasing to God. In closing, I am sending my best wishes to all for the coming year.

- Amanda Nisley

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ST. JOE, ARKANSAS

Dear Parents and Teachers,

As touching the bringing up of children to the Lord, we will try to give a number of short thoughts and experiences of our own, as we are able and space permits. That is, some of our experiences in teaching school, and now also in training our own children, though they are still small.

The main purpose of this writing is to reflect on the unnecessary care often taken to help children learn things which are natural, and which, after they have been learned, need to be restrained. That which is good, the children never learn by themselves, but there are natural skills which they learn soon enough, such as laughing, playing, walking, talking, etc. And in these they even need our training so they do not misuse them. "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Proverbs 25:15.

We are referring to children who are to be reared in a quiet and peaceful way of living in all godliness and honesty, according to our Christian profession. (I Tim. 2:2; I Thess.4:11).

Training starts almost as soon as the baby arrives. The first nature of all children is for self, which of course, is necessary, to tell us what the baby needs. But within a matter of days a baby will readily take advantage and demand undue attention.

We are naturally a little spoiled ourselves, and may not realize how important it is not to give our little darlings all they call for, especially when they are so young and cute. We take for granted that when they are older they will soon enough learn the rules of life. But, by that time, they will have developed habits and attitudes that need to be undone and redone, and this takes extra watching, patience, time, and effort. Habits are not so easily changed and forgotten.

Indeed, we love to give our child all he needs for physical comfort. But in this, the mother has the opportunity to give the child its first lesson in contentment and patience. The baby that is not given an undue amount of attention is just as happy as a pampered child, yea, happier, especially when left by himself while the mother works.

When babies first reach for objects, many mothers hang before them shiny and attractive toys. When the baby is tired of one toy, the mother produces another. The child at first is innocent and does not choose such himself. Rather, the mother presents it. This baby is not likely to play with its little patties or feet or other normal surroundings — such things as are present. As time goes on the child will look for more and more of these bright toys, and still will not be so happy and contented as the one who does not have so many gay toys.

Very small children know neither right or wrong. It is the attitude or spirit that needs to be watched, and not only the objects with which they play. It is the spirit that is most importhat, for it molds the character of the child's mind. If a selfish and discontented spirit continues unchecked, it will demand something more exciting, of better quality, and more of the same. How can such a child be considerate of his neighbor, even when still young, in playing with his fellows?

Indeed, one can say that evil flesh and blood is never satisfied. Some parents may "humph" at this and think that a small, innocent, and loving child has no instincts of this sort. But how soon a trace of anger can be detected even in very small babies! Does this not prove the inborn nature of the "old man", which from early childhood wants to develop all manner of folly and mischief contrary to godliness?

These things start in a small way, yet one can see that it doesn't take long till a child is no longer innocent and cute, if he is left untrained. This, of course, does vary in different children.

If restraining our children from the most obvious misbehaviour pays blessed dividends, then watching them even more closely to prevent unbecoming and perverse attitudes from taking root, will yield more blessed fruits. It is so much easier to train children in the years when they are young and tender.

All parents have some things which are of positively no business to their children, such as the match box, strong box, business drawer where important papers are kept, glassware cupboard, or Dad's toolbox. Of course, these are kept out of reach of small children, but school-age children are taught to leave them alone. Similar to this is the training given even to small children to see a shame in nudeness, and to remain quiet and reverent during family prayer. If a child is disrespectful or disobedient to his parents in any of these areas, what steps are usually taken to bring such a child into subjection, to show a broken and reverent will to his parents? Is it not by using the rod of correction?

In such instances the children are usually trained while they are very young, and the more easily persuaded. But they still continually need to be reminded of the honor they owe their parents in all things.

When a child is not allowed to do a certain thing, he will often resort to crying, a likely indication that he is not yielded to his parents' will. Crying, then, it would seem to us, is best not tolerated, for it is likely to lead to brooding. However, a keen disappointment when plans have to be changed, etc, is something different. But even then there should be a limit to crying it out. Pouting is often exercised in that way.

When children are boisterous and loud, and this includes noisy laughter, they should be seriously called to order. In this we ourselves are to set a good example, in all sobriety and meekness. What an un-Christlike witness to neighbors and passers-by if we are unrestrained in these things! For so do those who profess not Christ.

Someone has said, "We must see that our children are in subjection to the Word of God. For though it is of God to rule the heart, yet He expects that we rule their outward man, which if we do not, He may in a short time cut off His blessing. Therefore, let us see that we keep them temperate in all things, as also in apparel, in language, and not to suffer them to carry themselves foolishly toward each other. Take heed not to allow any ungodly, vain, or heretical books in the house which tend to provoke to idleness, pride, and covetousness, or such as oppose the fundamentals of the Gospel. (I Cor. 15:33). All those in the Acts set a good example in this, for they took their curious books and burned them before all men, though they were worth five thousand pieces of silver." Acts 19:19.

To us, it seems that play comes naturally and needs not to be encouraged in healthy normal children. They will soon enough find play. If they become so absorbed in playing competitive games that it is hard for them to break away to perform useful duties, then they will only find it harder to forsake such idleness and childishness after they are grown to adulthood.

This we can observe in the vain and foolish competition in sports in our nation. And worst of all, such things have deceptively crept in and infected our young people, and to our shame, even some of our young married men! Are we become so carnal and fleshly that we cannot bear reproof against such practices. (May we ask a question? If we are not willing to gladly and completely give up any "sport" — ball games, hunting, fishing, even reading sports pages of newspapers — is it not an indication that we love these things more than we should? We're speaking to adults. Ed.)

Train up parents in the way they should go: and when they are old, their children will not depart from it.

We wish the grace and peace of God to all.

– Eli and Lydia Garber

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GIVE THE BEST FEED TO THE LAMBS

– By Jonas Nisley

After having written to the Bulletin before on the good that can result from parents visiting school, I hope to add a word of encouragement again. A better title for our topic then may be, "Place the Feed Low so the Lambs Can Reach It".

Very few people of middle age or older can remember things as well as they did when they were children and teen-agers. If we parents realized more fully how our little children are nourished by parental love and affection, I think we would consider it as necessary as feeding and clothing them naturally.

Yesterday afternoon a humble father stood by the glass window in the hall of a maternity ward, so deeply moved by what he saw that the tears started trickling. A new-born baby was squirming around in its crib, opening its eyes to the new world of a glass-sided crib in a room with other babies. The doctor pronounced the baby a normal, nicely-developed infant. There are other children in the family who are learning that this world reaches far out in whichever direction they look.

We hold these little ones as priceless possessions, and were it not for faith in an Almighty God, we would tremble at the thought of bringing them up in the right way.

So, parents (and grandparents, too), keep this in mind, your children are priceless gifts from God, and no matter how their eyes brighten up when you give them a new toy or a gift, it is the little things you do for them that really mean much. Like going along with them to school and offering to carry their lunch baskets (the way they enjoyed carrying your shoes around at the end of the day when they were just learning to walk). Yes, parents, be there in good time and help the whole school start the day. If you come only a short time during the day, the teacher may not be reciting the subjects that you enjoyed most when you went to school, so take in a full day like you would if you went to a farm sale or a quilting bee.

If you live till your children are grown and gone from home to make homes for themselves, I am sadly mistaken if those days you spent with them in school do not stand out as dear memories, both to you and your children.

In our school so far this fall and winter we have had a number of visitors. There were teachers from several states, friends from Missouri, the editor of this paper and his brother-in-law from Aylmer, Ontario (accompanied by Raymond Weaver of near Berlin), and also our own home parents.

We enjoyed the visits from the strangers, and you know you are welcome to come again. But no matter how close the friendship between a visiting friend and me, it is the visits from the parents that really count for the welfare of the school.

One Friday afternoon shortly after the pupils had been dismissed, about half of the Geauga County teachers drove in at the school. A number of the older children were busy with their weekly house-cleaning job. The teacher seldom misses being present for this occasion, but on this particular day he had left for home. The Geauga group followed me and found me at home in butchering uniform.

May God bless you all and keep you well through the new year. Pray for us.

- Jonas Nisley

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TOPEKA, INDIANA

A greeting in Jesus' name to all the Blackboard Bulletin Readers,

I'm very much interested in our Amish schools. We ourselves are now in our fourth term. We had quite a time to get our heads together to start our school. It seems in most cases the financial end is the hard part. According to what we read in Matthew 26, verses 6 to 11, money should not be spared when it goes for something good, or we might say for something that is pleasing to God.

I also agree with what I read in the Bulletin about the way a school house should stand, with the blackboard on the north side. Then when we study the maps the world is lying right for us. I have a map of the journey of the Israelites, and also one of Abraham's journey, which I think help me quite a lot, particularly when I have the main sermon at our Counsel meeting church services.

I am very much concerned about our vocational school program. The way it looks to me the main reason some people take their children out of the public schools and send them to the vocational school is the gain they have in labor, or in other words, the money they can gain. Even if they do pay $25.00 or $30.00 tuition, this would hardly pay a hired girl more than two weeks, so they have a gain of 8 1/2 months.

The way I feel, these schools are not built to make us money, or to save us money, they are meant to keep the children away from worldly temptations. (We must be careful to use them to this end, and certainly not misuse them for our own selfish gains. Ed.)

When Jesus was in this world, He came to the temple and drove out the people that sold oxen and sheep. He said, "It is written, My house is the house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves." My fear is not so much what the public school officials will think, but much more what our Heavenly Father thinks. If He is not pleased with our work and will not bless it, then we will go from step to step toward that which is bad. We need God's rain and dew to make our spiritual work grow.

I do not want anybody to understand me that I feel that these schools are 100% perfect, and will keep all the children on the right way. But they should be a help to them. We are trying to do our duty in a humble way.

I am wishing God would bless all teachers, parents, and children. I want to be remembered in your prayers, and am likewise minded.

- Will J. Yoder

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THE TEACHER I REMEMBER BEST

- By Mrs. Eli S. Bontrager

After reading the articles on this subject, I am moved to relate an experience I had in school some forty years ago, hoping it may help some pupils of today who might be led to do something they would very much regret later.

Out in western Oklahoma where I went to school, we had a two-room school, located less than a quarter mile from where we lived. There were living quarters provided on the school grounds for the teachers, and here they boarded during the week.

Two sisters, 18 and 20 years of age, taught one term. They were the friendly type. The older one had the upper grades. She had such a nice way, and had the nearest to perfect order I have ever seen in a school room. There were about thirty pupils in each room. Some of the older boys attended school part of the term till they were eighteen years old. They were the problems, and not the small children.

On the first day of April one year, the teachers went over to their house to eat their lunch, and left the children alone in the school room. After we had finished eating, one of the older boys said, "Let's play hookey!"

Now what was "playing hookey"? I had never heard of that. But we all followed the leader, and made our escape in the opposite direction from where the teachers were. Every pupil in school was involved except my younger brother David and his devoted playmate, who had eaten their lunch outside and were playing in the other direction.

We went through the neighbor's field, climbed several fences, and ended up behind a hill, on a level spot in my father's pasture, a quarter mile from the school. Here we played games such as we often did on the playground, but back there in that odd place it didn't seem the same.

We hadn't gone far till I wished I had stayed back. I had not the least idea even then that we wouldn't be back by one o'clock. I hated to think we might turn our friendly teacher against us, and also, what would our parents say if they found out?

Finally, at recess time, we all agreed to go back. When we got back, both teachers stood at the doors, faces red, and wearing frowns such as we had never seen before. "Line up", they both said, (which we always did, and then marched in.).

After we were in our desks, they said, "Everyone march up to the front!" They had the doors open between the two rooms, and both teachers went through the same procedure. Our teacher said, "I don't know what I will do if this happens again, but I do know what I'm going to do this time. Then she reached over and got a strap from her desk drawer, and walked over to the end of the row.

My brother Johnny, just younger than I, stood at the end of the row. We stood there, horrified, to put it mildly. She took him by the arm and began to swing the strap across his back. The moment she began to use that strap, I knew there must be a joke behind it all, for she barely touched Johnny's back. He screamed at the top of his voice, not because it hurt, but with fear. And I believe I could say for the most of us, that we felt like screaming too.

After a few seconds of this, the teacher suddenly stopped, turned to us, and said, "It's the first day of April. You may take your seats".

Then did those teachers laugh! But for us the fun was past, and it took a while till my heart seemed to be back in its normal place. And no more playing hookey! It was the first and the last time. We had all learned a lesson that we will never forget.

"Wenn dich did bōsen Buben locken, so folge nicht." Sprüche 1:10.

- Iowa City, Iowa

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LAGRANGE, INDIANA
Dec. 23, 1965

Dear Readers,

After reading the article in the last Blackboard Bulletin by Calvin E. Anderson, as well as the writings of others, we were also moved to write about this subject.

Most people would probably still feel there would be something missing if the school children had no exchange-of-names for Christmas. By looking at this from all angles, is this a good pattern to follow in our parochial schools, or is it just a hand-down that takes away the true spirit of Christmas?

On the principle of dress, the Apostle Peter wrote in the Bible, "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel;" I Pet. 3:3. So if it's wrong to have outward adorning in dress, why would we want to think of adorning the school house for Christmas, or have so much outward commotion as a name-exchange?

We know that much time and money is spent and wasted for things that are not needed, and some things that are even harmful, and some children are very disappointed afterwards with their gifts.

Such things as trashy books and toy revolvers are commonly given. When our boys still went to a public school (though the school was all Amish), one of them came home with what we called a bad trashy book for a Christmas present. By taking a little time to think it over, we were all agreed to burn the Christmas present and give him another book instead.

I want to ask all Bulletin readers, did we do the right thing?

Some of our people hire a car to go to a far-off town to do Christmas shopping. How many millions of dollars are spent every year for Christmas greetings? Does this really improve things spiritually, or are we seeking some honor, or is it just the way we always did? Could not all that money have been spent for a better cause?

Yes, we also observed Christmas at our school. We parents came together to hear the children sing songs, and strictly not one or just a few sing a song alone, but the whole school together. This we enjoyed very much. With our parochial schools we have a wonderful opportunity for our children to learn spiritual songs, and this is also a commandment, (Col. 3:16).

Would it not be better to teach our children to help other poor children in this world, those that have to go to bed hungry, or some place where we expect nothing in return, as we read in Luke 6:33, 34. This kind of giving has touched a lot of people in this world, and led them to live a Christian life.

No, we would not want to say it's wrong to have a name-exchange for Christmas, if something needed and worthwhile was given, but we board-members at Woodside School feel there is a more Biblical way to observe Christmas, and for that reason we do not want to start it.

- Levi J. Lambright

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MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
December 21, 1965

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings from Valley View School on this lovely winter day. We are having nice weather, more like the first day of spring than the first day of winter. Maybe that's why the children are noiser than usual today.

For an English assignment last Monday I asked the Grade 4-8 pupils to write a theme on "What Christmas means to me". One of the eighth grade boys wrote the following, and I would like to share it with you.

"What Christmas Means to Me"

"Christmas means a lot to me. We keep December 25 as the birthday of Jesus. On Christmas we should read the Bible, if it is possible, and most of the time it is, if we want to. Most people want to read it and do as it tells, but we sometimes don't think what Christmas is until it is past.

"I don't think Christmas is a time to be silly, or to not know what you're doing, like some people do.

"It is nice to be happy, but no fights nor treating one person better than the rest. Treat everyone the same and Christmas will be better for all of us."

I was curious how many children really think about Jesus on Christmas, and was pleased at the good results.

I hope the editor and the rest of you enjoyed your visit as much as I did. I thought our meeting Monday night was very interesting. The shortage of teachers seems to be a real problem, but I can say I have never done anything that I have enjoyed more than teaching. There are days when you feel like pushing everything on someone else, or you feel as if you're going around in circles, but I think that in spite of these times a teacher has many rewards.

The day after our meeting I was refreshed and eager to start another day. I only wish we could manage it more often. I think it was thought very worthwhile by everyone who attended.

Wishing you all God's richest blessings in the coming year.

– Ida N. Detweiler

* * * * *

South-East-Center School
LOOGOOTEE, INDIANA

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come to God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Hebrews 7:25.

This verse has become a reality to me within the last few months. The challenge and trials of a beginning teacher have often driven me to the uttermost, to God in prayer. I felt so incapable to carry the great responsibility of a teacher. But doesn't He say He ever liveth to make intercession for us? We have so much to be thankful for. I know the Lord did bear with us and gave His grace as was needed. The blessings, and true joy I have in teaching, words can't express.

Since I started teaching, the Blackboard Bulletin has become a new paper to me. Isn't it funny how we can very suddenly become interested in something that we gave little thought to before? I now search it for answers, helps, and new ideas. Seems there is always someone that has experienced similar problems before, so let's all work together.

The new booklet Who Shall Educate Our Children should inspire us to see the great need for our own schools. The facts given must be faced sooner or later. Let's all get a copy of it, then pass it on to others. The book The Challenge of the Child has been very helpful in teaching. If parents and teachers have not read this book, I would highly recommend it.

Even though I go home with a weary burdened heart, sometimes, and feel that the best has not been accomplished, we still have many rewards. These encourage us onward, to try and do better. The interest that my children show in singing is a blessing to me. I love to sing and have been using the opportunity to teach them a new song as fast as they learn them. I have been reading stories to them part of the time, but they much prefer to sing. Isn't it exceedingly better to sing hymns and gospel songs, than the songs we could call jazz they learn in the public schools? Is there anything more blessing than to hear little children sing of the great Redeemer?

We have 65 pupils in school now. Mr. McVey (my companion teacher) has 33 in the upper grades, and I have 32 in the first four. At present we are practicing on our Christmas program. It consists of songs, poems, parts and readings. Amid this we are also having our exams. It seems hard to keep the children's minds on the lessons with so many other things of interest to them. I have also noticed that the children learned their parts for the program easily and quickly. Is it because they were interested in it? There is a great truth in this for me. A child or adult must become interested in a subject or an object before he can master and learn it effectively. Perhaps it would be well for us to become more interested in spiritual things and learn them effectively.

Mr. McVey has been a real blessing to us all. He always has a good subject or story to present to us in devotions each morning. He has also helped me to get my bearing in this new field.

We are having cool weather. I am driving back and forth each day, so you wouldn't blame me for wanting a mild winter, would you? The distance is from five to six miles.

May God bless each one of you as you labor.

Pray for us,

- Lester Marner

* * * * *

DEDICATION

- By Mary Weaver

The August editorial on criticism directed towards the teacher merits an article on dedication. If both teachers and parents are dedicated to their role on the school program, criticism is constructive.

Most people in America are working at jobs which reasonably satisfy them, but few put their whole heart and life into their jobs. In a recent weekly paper a mother asked, "What has happened to the really dedicated teachers?" The following week an answer to her letter by another mother appeared in the paper. The answer was in part, "Those dedicated teachers are still in the classroom teaching, just as they've always been, and wondering what has happened to the "really dedicated parents".

Parents dedicated to the school are parents who set rules for their children and see to it that the children observe them. Parents who stand behind a teacher's decision, or at least give it a trial, instead of dashing to the schoolroom to accost the teacher. Parents who care where their children are and what they are doing. Parents who visit the school frequently and give the teacher advice, along with a few words of encouragement to show they appreciate her efforts though she is not perfect.

Teachers, like parents or any other group— doctors, preachers, brick-layers, merchants, are human and subject to make mistakes. For years I've known teachers intimately, and worked side by side with them. Most of them want to do the best they can under the circumstances. Sometimes outsiders don't know all the circumstances. In my opinion teaching is like all other professions. There are many wonderfully devoted teachers and some misfits. I have seen teachers working with their pupils to bring out the best in each, only to meet with violent objections from parents. Why? Likely the parent never visited the school. Parents should realize they're as much a partner with the teacher in good education as they are with the doctor in medicine.

Moreover, the teachers should not accuse the parents too quickly for not visiting the school if all goes well and are seemingly satisfied though it is very encouraging and helpful at all times. I've learned from experience how parents with good intentions can so easily put it off week after week, may we add, some put it off year after year. As I am not teaching this year, my intentions were to visit one school each week. Here we are at the end of the third month of school, and I haven't even started on my visits yet. Except for the one day at Green Valley when the Captain of the ship was to an Uncle's funeral, and I did the steering in her stead.

Many of the schools are overcrowded. Sometimes the below-average and the more-intelligent get neglected, but it might not be because of lack of dedication. It is more often because of lack of time, and the inability to squeeze any more energy from an overburdened teacher.

It's amazing to see how a dedicated teacher can take a roomful of restless, robust, inattentive youngsters, calm them, and get his message across to them in terms that they can understand and remember. May God bless them all.

No, teachers are not perfect, but neither are the pupils nor their parents. We all need the guiding hand of the Lord to become dedicated in our role, be it parent, pupil, or teacher, or a supporter.

- Fredericksburg, Ohio

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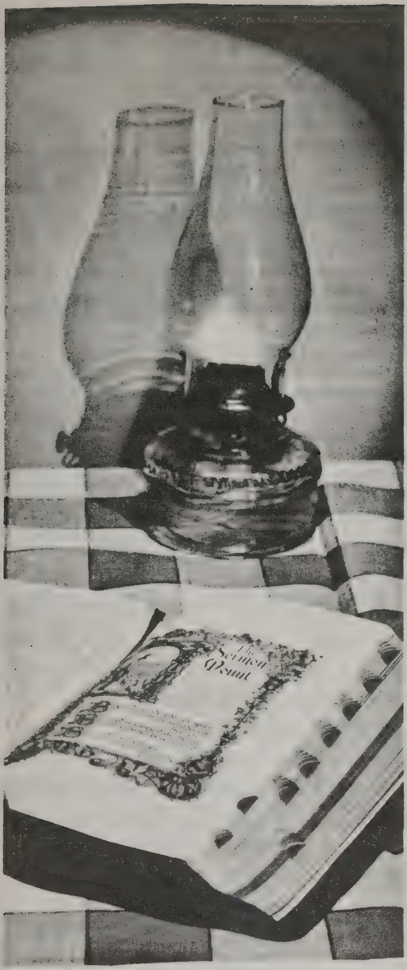

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.

FEBRUARY, 1966 VOLUME 9; NUMBER 7

IF I WERE A TEACHER

I would want to---

1.--try to keep myself neat.
2.--practice good posture.
3.--try and be a good example in everything I do.
4.--try not to do anything that I forbid the children to do.
5.--encourage the children at Christmas to give small gifts (10¢ or homemade) to one another without exchanging names and not forgetting the poor.
6.--warn the children not to call out at passing motorists or act silly when a car passes (which too often is seen) on their way to and from school.
7.--have a "brickbat and bouquet" box for the older children, and the teacher, where they can put in notes to reprove or approve one another. I would want to empty the box and retype the notes, so the identity of the writer is unknown. Enclose the notes in separate envelopes for each pupil, to keep it confidential, but encourage each pupil to add a bouquet (compliment) to every brickbat (rebuke), such as "Johnny, you are a kind boy, but I don't like your show-off ways", and "Mary, I like to play with you but wish you wouldn't be so bossy", etc.
8.--strive not to have favorites but show equal love to all.
9.--understand every child and the motive behind the deeds.
10.--treat each as an individual.
11.--let the children know that mocking brings forth a just punishment.
12.--continue to strive to do what is right in the eyes of God, for I know I can't please all the parents all the time.
13.--try to be fair to each child and the parent so as to have a peaceful conscience towards all.
14.--gracefully admit and submit when I'm wrong.
15.--carefully consider each request before answering, then letting my "no" be NO, and my "yes" be YES.
16.--be gentle, but firm when commands are given.
17.--smile easily, and often.

(P. S.--Yes, if I were a teacher I would probably make so many errors, and be too occupied to sit on the sidelines and make boasts.)

- By a sister

MIFFLINTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA
January 17, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

This is my second term teaching, and I find it a lot easier than last year. I have more experience and knowledge, and even more patience. We need all three of these in teaching, and a good deal else besides. I know I don't have all I need yet, but I hope the parents can have patience with me in my weakness.

Last year when I started teaching here, everything was strange to me. I was not even acquainted with the children, though I did know most of the parents. At first I was almost too timid to raise my voice to talk, but time changed that. The names, faces, and habits of the pupils are no longer unfamiliar to me. And I'm not sorry I undertook the task.

We always appreciate visitors, but it seems they are scarce. I think it is just as important to visit the little schools as the bigger ones. I didn't realize myself how much it means till I had the experience of being at the teacher's desk.

I enjoy teaching school much better than being a hired girl, and I have now had experience in both jobs. Some girls tell me they would rather do hired work, but how do they know if they have never tried teaching? But I suppose hired girls are needed too, just as well as teachers.

- A Bulletin Reader, L. R. Y.

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BALTIC, OHIO
Jan. 17, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Here the new year has started and I didn't visit our school yet! What excuse is there, especially when the teachers in recent issues of the Bulletin have invited, pleaded, and coaxed the parents to come and visit schools?

The main excuse started last fall with wheat sowing, silo filling, corn cutting, husking, cutting firewood, hauling manure, choring, fixing machinery, getting rid of salesmen, clipping cows, fixing windows, grinding feed, going to town for visiting, groceries and supplies.

Then there are the farm, livestock, machinery, horse, and feeder pig sales that need to be attended so that no bargains will be missed. (?)

Also included would be fertilizer, lime, and feed dealer meetings.

Maybe we parents would be farther ahead to have our names signed in the teacher's "Visitor Book" than on the sales slip of some high-powered salesman.

To change the subject, it seems the results of sweets and overeating during the holidays is bound to bring lower attendance averages in the schools. The book Back to Eden has excellent rules and advice for better eating and health. I will quote a few lines.

"To make the blood stream pure, the first thing to do is to eliminate all harmful articles of food and drink, such as tea, coffee, alcoholic drinks, soft drinks, all white-flour products, all cane-sugar products, and the liberal use of free fat or grease.

"Eat fruits, the green part of leafy vegetables, carrots, carrot juice and potatoes. 'The fruit of the tree is for man's meat, and the leaves for his medicine.' Ezekiel 47:12.

"'Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.'" Ecclesiastes 7:29.

Man has made many inventions that are good and useful, but many also which destroy both soul and body.

Following is a selected writing, a modern version of the Twenty-third Psalm:

"The government is my shepherd,
Therefore I need not work;
It alloweth me to lie down on a good job;
It leadeth me beside the still factories.
It destroyeth my initiative;
It leadeth me in the path of the parasite
For politic's sake.
Yea, though I walk in the valley of laziness
  and deficit spending,
I will fear no evil
For the government is with me;
It prepareth an economic Utopia for me
By appropriating the earnings of my
  grandchildren;
It filleth my head with false security.
My inefficiency runneth over;
Surely the government shall care for me all
  the days of my life
And I shall dwell in a fool's paradise forever.
(Author Unknown)

- Vernon J. Troyer

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

A New Paper

After a good bit of planning, a new periodical has now about reached the launching pad. It will be especially for boys in 1-W service, but also in general to help the entire church — parents, youth, ministers — to a better understanding of the way of peace taught by Jesus, "Resist not evil,"; "do good to them that hate you,", etc. This, we hope, can be brought about by letters and articles from boys in service and ministers and parents at home.

Such a paper can succeed in this endeavor only if writers write and readers read. If you have not already done so, send in your subscription for "The Ambassador of Peace", at $2.00 per year, (Free to boys in service). The paper is to be published monthly.

All material should be sent to the editor, Calvin E. Anderson, Box 121, Holmesville, Ohio, 44633.

A New Book

A new book some of the readers may be interested in is THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, the life story of Elizabeth "Grandma" Stutzman, of Stark County, Ohio. Your editor is the author, and he would like to mention how glad he is the task is finished, though the work was enjoyable enough. Work on this book was first begun five years ago.

The 188 page clothbound book is published by Pathway Publishing Corp., and will be distributed through most of the bookstores in Amish communities. You can buy your copy locally, or we would be happy to fill your order personally, by mail, at $2.75 a copy, ppd., U.S. funds.

More New Schools Planned

Widespread interest in establishing church schools is evident in a number of Amish communities that have heretofore not had parochial education. Chief among these are the Arthur, Illinois area, Johnson County, Iowa, and Milverton, Ontario.

Three men from the Milverton area were down to visit our school Jan. 18-19. They were Chris Kuepfer, Allen Z. Kuepfer, and Ezra Albrecht. From here they went to Norwich, Ontario to visit the two Amish schools there.

The Drop-out Problem in Canada

Ezra Albrecht of Milverton gave us an interesting news clipping from a recent issue of The Kitchener-Waterloo Record. Perhaps those people who look with scorn on Amish parents who feel a good sound Grade 8 education is sufficient book learning for their children, might do better to expend their efforts in needier fields. We quote,

"A school drop-out problem in rural Canada shows up in the 656,566 school-age children not now attending school although they have been in school four years or less.

"This figure, representing 20% of Canada's rural school-age population five years or older, was given recently by Forestry Minister Sauve as one of the main causes of poverty in rural areas.

"The information was in a speech prepared for delivery to the Manitoba Farmers' Union and read on the minister's behalf by Al Davidson, director of the Agricultural Rehabilitation and Development Administration.

"The speech defined for the first time the full extent, distribution and degree of poverty in the country.

"The percentages of school children with Grade 4 or less who do not attend school, ranged from 13% in Ontario to 38% in Newfoundland. In Newfoundland that represented 48,828 children out of a total of 129,348 based on the 1961 census.

"Other provincial percentages are given by the minister as: P. E. I., 13.6; Nova Scotia, 14; New Brunswick, 25; Quebec, 28; Manitoba, 22; Saskatchewan, 19; Alberta, 17; B. C., 14.2.

"The minister also said that nine per cent of all Canadians of working age have education totaling four years or less. This amounted to 1,017,869 men and women.

"Of a rural population of 3,286,258 who are of school age, 64% or 2,078,691 have education no higher than Grade 8."

The Christian Home

In this issue are several selected articles on the Christian home. These are a product of last-minute planning. Somehow, our writers almost all rested on their oars this month, and the only way to bring the ship in on schedule was to dig up some "fuel" elsewhere.

These articles on the home are worth reading! They were written by men of an earlier generation, men who were esteemed leaders in their churches.

Writers, Wake Up!

Yes, material was scarce this issue, in contrast to the four previous issues, when we usually had more than we could use. There must be a reason.

We are wondering if the January Bulletins got through on schedule. They were mailed the

14th. and 15th., our regular mailing dates. If at any time your Bulletin does not arrive within a week or so after the 15th., we would be interested in learning of it.

Remember, writers. Our deadline is the 25th. of each month.

Wedding Bells

Our teacher here at Aylmer, Rosemary Wagler, plans to be married Feb. 3 to Joseph Gascho. This is quite an occasion for the pupils, of course. And no less so for the teacher!

One result will be that your editor will be teaching full time for a week or so, instead of only part-time. This in the midst of the February Bulletin work may mean some problems. Bear with us.

May God's blessings rest on the newly-weds, as they seek to establish a Christian home together.

Christian Schools Service, Inc.

We recently sent for sample copies of school literature put out by Christian Schools Service, Inc., of 10119 Lafayette Ave., Chicago 28, Illinois.

They have a variety of leaflets and booklets on parochial school subjects. The organization is directed by Mark Fakkema, whose article "Back to God in Education" appeared in the January issue of the Bulletin.

Among the items of literature available from this address are writings on financing church schools, "How to Train Children Morally", "How to Educate Children Mentally", "Fostering Pride or Humility", "Is Theistic Evolution Scriptural ?" (It is not!), and "How to Teach Obedience".

The organization also publishes two periodicals:

CHRISTIAN SCHOOL LIFE (four times a year) $1.00

CHRISTIAN SCHOOL GUIDE (five times a year) $1.00

If you are interested in seeing their literature, write to them at the address above.

Give-of-the-Rest or Live-of-the-Rest

I fear some of our people who are slow to accept church-operated private schools are just afraid of the price tag. In one of Dr. Fakkema's leaflets, he says this is not a financial problem, it is a spiritual problem.

We would like to quote a few paragraphs:

"While in a small town in the West I called on a grandmother. She was 83 years old. She was bed-ridden — the bed that soon was to be her deathbed. ....

"Speaking of the Christian school, Grandma told me the following story: 'When I was a little girl, I recall on Saturday evenings Father would come home with his week's pay. He would give the money to Mother. As Mother took it she would say, 'So much goes to the Church and so much goes to the Christian school and we live of the rest.'

"In those days there were 'live-of-the-rest' people. Today we have difficulty maintaining our Christian schools because there are too many 'give-of-the-rest' people. They say, 'So much for the car, so much for the house, and so much for our vacation, and we give of the rest.' How our Christian schools would thrive if all Christians were of the live-of-the-rest variety!" - J. S.

* * * * *

SHALL WE TEACH OUR TEACHERS?

- By the Editor

Several months ago we wrote an editorial on "born teachers", and the value of training even for those who are born just right. At the same time, the subject was being discussed in a teachers' circle letter.

Since then we have received letters from many areas and have talked personally with a number of teachers and school men. In view of the widespread interest, we think it is time the subject was laid open for further discussion.

Our Amish schools are probably unique in present-day education. There is nothing else today quite like them. And where a thing is done differently, there are always over-ready critics to say it cannot work.

"An eighth grade graduate teach school? Impossible!"

But it has been done, and is being done, quite successfully.

But There Are Problems

We would be less than frank if we denied having teacher problems. Our schools are no longer in the experimental stage, for some of them are in their fifth decade of operation. In the past, our teacher problems have been kept to a minimum by real effort and dedicated teaching, but as the number of schools has increased, the extent of our problems has kept stride.

Though many of our teachers have had only a grade eight formal education, a strong emphasis on home study and personal preparation has been evident. We have not been blind to the fact that a very real "margin of knowledge" between teachers and pupils is essential to effective teaching. Indeed, I believe this fact is included in the minimum standards adopted by each of the Amish State Boards in Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

Our teachers have been burning the midnight oil, studying their school texts and other books. But they have been doing this, as a rule, only after they began teaching. In view of our rather rapid teacher change-over, this has left something to be desired.

Our new teachers want help. I have still to talk to the first Amish teacher who did not wish for a little more "training" that first day of school. When the suggestion of a summer study class for teachers was mentioned in our teachers' circle letter, every one of the seventeen teachers said they would like to attend and once more sit in a pupil's desk. And some of them have been teaching for over twenty years! Do the teachers need teaching? They think so.

The number of Amish schools is twice what it was before 1960. This means twice as many teachers. If the past term is any indication, teachers are becoming more scarce. How many would-be teachers are holding back only because they feel they do not have the knowledge or education? How many need only a little encouragement, a few pointers, an outline or a teacher's manual to follow? How many refuse to try because they fear they'll fail?

Take, for instance, the man or woman who has been out of school for ten or twenty or thirty years. Courses of study have changed. The pupils may not be learning the things they learned in school, nor learning it by the same methods. And even at best they have forgotten most of what they learned at school. Such a person has had years of real life experience, and in the process he has learned many things that can't be taught from books. He (or she) would make a good teacher, but a refresher course is needed, partly to bolster his self-confidence and partly to bolster his ability.

Or, take the younger man (or woman) who is not long out of school, but received all his education in a graded school. Now he is expected to step into a mixed classroom with eight grades, or at best four grades, to teach and supervise. He becomes teacher and principal, and perhaps janitor, and what all else. It's too much of a load to pick up, when there are easier jobs elsewhere. But if he could have a little help, or a chance to practice-teach with some experienced instructor, he could at least get a good look at the thing and decide if it was for him or not.

Or, take the graduate of an Amish school, who in many ways is better prepared for the task than any others. But again, as we get into "second-generation" teachers, we're going to have other and different problems. We will get into problems of correct pronunciation of words and correct usage of the spoken language, as we get out of the mainstream of English diction. Remember, we have no radio or television announcers to teach us pronunciation.

We face the cross-drafts of opposing ideas. We want our children to be as well-taught as possible. We want their elementary education to be second-to-none. And we want teachers of our own faith to instruct them.

At the same time we do not want our teachers to pick up their learning at secular schools and colleges. Nor do we have any faith in church colleges, because we have too many examples of what has happened in other Mennonite groups. They solve no problems anyhow, for the professors in the colleges must still get their education outside the church, and in a few short generations the church college which was intended to strengthen the position of the church, takes the lead in undermining it through false philosophies brought in from outside.

Our only choice is to make use of what we have. This will mean guarding carefully against any teaching that may enter our schools that is unsound in doctrine. It will not mean that we can learn nothing from outside sources, but it will mean a careful screening. Our experienced teachers must share what they have learned with our beginning ones. And one and all must pray to God for wisdom, "Who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." James 1:5.

Possible Solutions

But you say, "Experience is the best teacher." Perhaps it is, but experience is sometimes needlessly painful. How many of you farmers have ever sheared a sheep? If you watch an expert, it looks as simple and as easy as taking off your own jacket. But I have seen men become so frustrated at this job, there were tears in their eyes. Shearing a sheep is not easy, unless you've sheared your first thousand. Like teaching, the breaking-in process can be made a lot faster and easier if you've read a "how-to-do-it" manual, or you have an expert at your side. And when I say "faster and easier", I suppose the sheep would be the first to agree!

And so it is with teaching. The pupil stands to gain the most. And that is what we want, assuredly.

A few ways to teach our teachers, or to help our teachers teach themselves, have been suggested. Some have been tried and proven;

others are new ideas for us. Each and all of them have their "Gefahr", yet all could be used to good advantage. We list them here for two reasons, to inform prospective teachers what can be and is being done, and to give an opportunity for our readers to express themselves on any part of this situation.

I. A Teacher's Manual especially for our Amish Schools.

Why not have a manual of instructions written by one or several of our own experienced teachers? Here the new teacher could have an outline to follow and a good many hints what to expect. By the use of questionnaires sent to a number of our veteran teachers, a rather complete over-all picture of Amish schools could be gotten, and the author could include his findings in the book. This would be a reference book to which the new teacher could turn for advice and direction.

In the meantime, there is a book available that has been an inspiration and a help to teachers for the past two years. It is THE CHALLENGE OF THE CHILD, to be obtained from the Blackboard Bulletin at $2.00 a copy.

Similarly, we hope the Bulletin itself can be a monthly help to teachers. We would encourage teachers to write in detail of their experiences, so that others might gain therefrom.

II. Practice Teaching

Why not encourage would-be teachers to be helpers in a classroom for a few weeks? This could be done during the winter in preparation for the following school term.

This method would be one of the simplest of all. The "student teacher" would have the privilege to work with an experienced teacher, serving an "apprenticeship", so to speak, without pay.

The busy teacher would welcome a little help, and the school board would also appreciate it.

It would certainly serve to familiarize the young teacher with schedules, methods and procedures. And we are unable to think of any objections to such a plan.

III. Home Study, or Correspondence Courses

We might divide home study into three classes, according to what books are being used.

A. Pupils' Textbooks and Teachers' Guidebooks: The teacher needs to be thoroughly familiar with the pupils' texts. And the teacher's editions often contain helpful suggestions on how to teach the material. These books all teachers should know and study.

B. High School Correspondence Courses:

Home study by mail is being widely used by our teachers. This is both good and bad. It is good because it is an effective method to enlarge that "margin of knowledge". It is good practice for the teacher, and excellent review work.

But it has its disadvantages. Some of the subjects are not particularly suited for teachers-to-be, and mean an expense of money and time that could be used more wisely elsewhere. Moreover, the texts are the same ones used in resident high schools and are not written from the Christian viewpoint. Also, these are high school courses, not a "how-to-teach" course.

We understand these courses have been discouraged in Pennsylvania, largely on the grounds that if state officials learn that some teachers have high school diplomas, they will insist that all of them obtain them.

As far as the diploma itself is concerned, in our opinion, it is not worth the paper it is written on. However, there are some subjects, especially in grammar and mathematics, that are worth studying indeed. It is possible to choose one's own course from a correspondence school, if one does not care for the status-bearing diploma. In other words, pick out only the subjects of greatest value. This, to us, would seem to have its worth. It would also indicate to public officials that our teachers are being trained, and yet it would not give them anything concrete to use as a pry against us.

The leading correspondence school is the American School of Chicago. In Ontario a high school course is available from the Department of Education, free of cost except for the textbooks.

C. Our Own Correspondence Courses For Teachers:

It might be simpler than it sounds to prepare our own study-by-mail course. The course could be prepared and conducted from a central office, but the completed exams mailed to our "retired" teachers for checking and grading. One teacher would be responsible for one or several subjects, depending on the number of enrollees.

We might start with a half dozen subjects, and add more later, if desirable. The ones we have thought about are: 1. The Teachers' Manual (mentioned above), 2. A refresher course in English grammar and in 3. general mathematics, 4. Child Study, 5. Teaching arithmetic, 6. Teaching grammar, 7. Teaching Social Studies, 8. Teaching reading. Church history and German might also be considered.

IV. A Summer Study Class

Such a class would have many advantages over studying individually at home. But, of course, it too would have its problems.

Anyone who has never been a teacher can not realize the value of fellowshiping with other teachers. A summer class assembled either locally, or a larger group at a central location, would be a great source of inspiration and a means of introducing new teachers to teaching.

No miracles could be performed in a few weeks time, but it would be a means of lighting a spark of interest (or fanning it to a flame) in a good many young men and women who do not know whether or not they want to teach.

As mentioned in our article last fall, if something like this would be possible, it would have to be kept informal, and with no thought of certificates or diplomas.

We do not know whether this (or some of the other ideas above) would be advisable or not. It definitely is an area where we should proceed with caution, and seek the will of God.

But if we see the need to help one another in any of these ways, we want to all be willing to do what we can.

WINNERS OF ESSAY CONTEST

As announced in the December issue, the Bulletin sponsored an essay contest for school children under 16. We were well-pleased with the results — 189 entries. Thanks, teachers and pupils, for the effort.

What was the purpose of the contest? To encourage budding writers, and in general, high scholastic standards. Also to spot potential writing ability, and incidentally, potential teachers.

Of the 49 children who wrote on "What I Would Like to Do When I grow Up", one-third wanted to be teachers. Of the 19 who wrote on "What a Christian School Has Meant to Me", there were very few who did not mention the influence of Christian teachers. One boy wrote, "I hope when I grow up I can be like my teacher, and not like some of the boys in _____ County."

We were surprised, and pleased, because of the high moral content and Christian idealism shown in these essays. There were hardly any that were non-sensical or showed a selfish spirit.

The subject of "My Favorite Book" was the leading topic with 51 essays. The book most frequently mentioned was the Bible. Almost all the other books chosen were ones we could highly recommend. It was interesting to note, that next to the Bible, the leading book was Worth Dying For by Nicholas Stoltzfus.

"A Lesson (or An Experience) I Won't Forget" was the subject chosen by 46 children. Here were many exciting adventures, runaways, and accidents.

There were 189 entries in all, from many different schools. The average length was about 400 words.

Judging was Difficult

The tall stack of entries looked to be an endless job of judging. For a while the judges were ready to admit they got more than they had bargained for. But one by one, the entries were examined and the stack melted slowly down. In all, the essays contained as many words as a full-length book.

Neatness had to be considered, correctness of grammar and spelling was important, and above all, literary talent and style was sought. This included originality of thought and expression, and saying a lot with a few well-chosen words.

The first time through, the selected pile was narrowed down to about fifty of the best essays. Again and again the pile was shuffled and sifted, and here one, there one, marked out. The surviving essays were considered the winners, and they are listed below. The judges admit that selecting them was not easy. They did the best they knew.

First Place: WILMER KNEPP 15, son of Fred Knepp, Montgomery, Indiana. (Teacher: Mrs. Sylvia Raber). Essay: "What I Want to Do When I grow Up." - Prize of $5.00.

Second Place: MELVIN J. BONTRAGER, 14, son of John M. Bontragers, Shipshewana, Indiana. (Teacher: Fannie Mae Mast). Essay: "A Lesson I Will Not Forget" -Prize of $2.00.

Third Place: ANNA ZEHR, 14, daughter of Jacob S. Zehr, New Haven, Indiana. (Edwin L. Kuhns, Teacher); Essay: "A Lesson I Will Not Forget". -Prize of $2.00.

EIGHT ADDITIONAL PRIZES of $1.00 each go to the following essay-writers, listed here alphabetically:

COBLENTZ, BETTY, 13, dau. of Dan N. Coblentz, Shipshewana, Ind. (Fannie Mae Mast, Teacher).

ENTZ, RACHEL, 14, dau. of John Entz, Jr., Bright, Ontario (Abigail Shearer, Teacher).

LEE, ESTHER A., 13, dau. of Albert N. Lee, Anabel, Missouri (Melissa Cook, Teacher).

RABER, JOSEPHINE, 15, dau. of Jerome Raber, Montgomery, Ind. (Mrs. Sylvia Raber, Teacher).

RIEHL, PHILIP E., 14, son of Aquilla E. Riehl, Crockett, Ky. (Lela Birky, Teacher).

SHANTZ, LENA, 10, dau. of Ervin W. Shantz, St. Jacobs, Ont. (Mrs. Kanitz, Teacher).

WAGLER, JESSE, 13, son of David Wagler, Aylmer, Ont. (Rosemary Wagler, Teacher).

YODER, DAVID, 14, son of Freeman Yoder, Shipshewana, Ind. (Fannie Mae Mast, Teacher).

HONORABLE MENTION: (Included in the Honorable Mention list are a number of essays that were outstanding in some ways, yet were perhaps weak in another respect. And, of course, here are the near-winners who just about made it.)

Beachy, Earl E., 14, Millersburg, Ohio
Beechy, Delbert L., 15, Jamesport, Mo.
Bontrager, Martha J., 11, Shipshewana, Ind.
Correa, Beatriz P., 12, Bright, Ont.
Eicher, Ben A., 14, Berne, Ind.
Eicher, Fannie M., 14, Grabill, Ind.
Eicher, Kathryn, 15, Grabill, Ind.
Eicher, Sarah Mae, 12, Grabill, Ind.
Entz, Thomas, 12, Bright, Ont.
Gingerich, Jacob M., 14, Apple Creek, O.
Graber, Emma, 15, Grabill, Ind.
Graber, Esther, 13, Aylmer, Ont.
Hershberger, Abner, 13, Burton, Ohio
Hershberger, Betty Ann, 14, Apple Creek, O.
Knepp, Rosemary, 15, Montgomery, Ind.
Knepp, Wilmer, 15, Montgomery, Ind.
Kubassek, Johanna, 12, Bright, Ont.
Leid, Ruth, 15, East Earl, Penna.
Martin, Annetta B., 13, Fleetwood, Pa.
Miller, Jonas J., 14, Burton, Ohio
Nissley, Ruby Ellen, 15, Ligonier, Ind.
Overholt, Ruth, Minerva, Ohio
Raber, Ruth Ann, 14, Millersburg, Ohio
Schlabach, Alfred A., 11, Apple Creek, O.
Slabaugh, Enos C., 13, Apple Creek, O.
Schmucker, Barbara R., 13, Burton, Ohio
Schrock, Amanda, 15, Shipshewana, Ind.
Swartzentruber, David L., 15, Montgomery, Ind.
Troyer, Joas D., 12, Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pa.
Troyer, Joseph D., 12, Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pa.
Troyer, Mary J., 12, Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pa.
Weaver, Martin A., 11, McAlisterville, Pa.
Yoder, Katie, 14, Mifflintown, Pa.
Yoder, Martha, 13, Dundee, Ohio
Zehr, Rosann, 15, Grabill, Ind.

In announcing these winners, we would like to add a note of encouragement and advice to the successful ones, and at the same time, consolation and appreciation to those who did not make the list.

Natural talent is nothing of which to be proud. Instead, it should humble us. What have we that we have not received of the Lord? Those who do well in a competition of this sort should remember that from him unto whom much is given, much is also required. Where God has given us a particular talent, He has likewise given a greater responsibility in the using of this talent to His honor and glory.

We would like to quote the following story, which will explain itself. It is taken from Book Two of Christian Philosophy and Its Educational Implications by Mark Fakkema.

Combating Youthful Pride

A youth came home from a high school meeting. He was in very high spirits. The judges announced him as the winner of the annual oratorical contest.

When his father was informed he was equally elated and lavished great praise upon his son. The son responded by nursing a feeling of self-importance.

A glorious opportunity for moral training had miscarried. Contrast this with the following story:

When the budding orator came bursting into his father's room, he exclaimed, "I won, Dad."

"With whose ability, my boy?"

Dropping into a lower key, the boy replied, "God's ability."

Keeping up the spirit of enthusiasm, the father replied, "Then we have two reasons to be grateful. First, for the ability that God has displayed, and secondly, for the fact that it pleased Him to select you as the exhibitor of His ability.

"You know, Son, we are ever tempted to credit ourselves for what we do. The reason is that we so soon forget that God created us to be images of God who must ever reflect God's attributes — not our own.

"In speaking about oratorical ability, I am always reminded of King Herod, who lived in the days of the Apostle Paul. You may recall that one day this king made a great oration, and the people applauded him as though he were a god.

"In fact we read that 'The people shouted saying, The voice of a god and not of a man.': and immediately the Lord smote him and he died of a most loathsome disease — he was eaten of worms while still alive.

"What was the reason given for this terrible affliction? We read that when the people lauded him for his speech, he gave not God the glory. Now, son, since God has given you this wonderful talent of public speaking, have you thought how you could best use this talent for Him ?"

. . . . .

A different boy came out of Father's room. A different boy discussed the outcome of the contest the next day in school. The grace of humble gratitude, instead of vaunting pride, characterized his attitude whenever his achievement was discussed.

And ever since, whenever he is applauded for "his" speaking ability, the memory of Herod's death exerts a salutary influence upon the youth.

* * * * *

THE PLANTER

One man plowed an open field
And planted winter wheat;
He labored for some months before
The harvest was complete.

Another wished his work to last
His lifetime through, and so
He set a tree of oak, and then
With pride he watched it grow.

Another planned eternity
With manner true and mild;
He placed a noble thought into
The heart stream of a child.

- Wilma W. Burton

* * * * *

"Who Shall Educate Our Children?"

PART III - (Continued from Last Issue)

We will not attempt to predict what may yet come to pass in our country if present trends continue. But if the Lord tarries, it will surely mean a continued loss of our liberties, including freedom of religion. And it may come about so smoothly and deceivingly that we will play into the very hands of the enemies of the church.

B. Religion is fast disappearing from our public schools. Recent court cases have even declared religious devotions to be contrary to the U. S. Constitution, which forbids "establishment" of religion.

The Supreme Court Ruling of 1963 affected over half of the U. S. schools, especially the South and East where the majority of schools have always opened the day's program with prayer or Bible readings.

Other court cases have followed the lead. The attorney-general of the state of Washington has ruled that commencement services which are religious in nature may not be held in public schools. He also said the distribution of the Bible in public schools by the Gideons is unconstitutional.

On the other hand, California's attorney-general, Stanley Mosk, has ruled that teaching Darwin's theory of evolution in public schools does not violate Constitutional guarantees of religious freedom.

C. The standards and curriculum of public schools are changing, too. Fifty years ago a girl in shorts at school would have been promptly expelled. Yet it is a fact that just recently a minister's daughter attending an Akron, Ohio high school was expelled because she would not wear shorts to gym practice!

We cannot understand why anyone should be forced to take part in gym practice in the first place, though we are told it is a required subject for two years in high school in the state of Ohio.

Similarly, we read the following in the physical education program of the Ontario Department of Education:

> Dance for Primary Children, Gr. 1-3
>
> "Young children are naturally spontaneous and imaginative. These characteristics are fostered through art, music, and drama. Movement is another outlet through which children can express their ideas and moods. In the expression of these ideas and moods through movement, movement becomes dance.". . . . .
>
> "The children will find their movement less restricted if arrangements can be made to have them work in shorts, T-shirts, and their bare feet."

These are examples of the importance that is attached to extra activities in the public schools. Sports, music, plays, and other entertainment take a large cut of money and time.

Dancing lessons are a part of the program in many schools.

A Pennsylvania mother has written of her experiences,

> "Our two older children graduated from public school. During their school years, particularly in the upper grades, they specialized in extra-curricular activities. To them school meant a good time and social life. Studies were got through with as little time and effort as possible to maintain passing grades. The school enjoyed a reputation in sports and music, and encouragement was given along these lines, even at the expense of scholastic attainment." 25

The sailing of Sputnik through the skies in 1957 marked a turning point for many schools. In the United States, the public became alarmed at how fast Russia was gaining in the space race. Pressure was at once put on the public schools of the nation. The American pupil had dilly-dallyed around long enough. It was time to start studying.

The result has been a reslanting of text books and a stepped-up program in science and mathematics. But very few of the "pleasures" of school life have been removed. This has resulted in armloads of books lugged home for evening homework, while extra activities continue to take part of the day.

The public schools are not striving for the same goal Christian parents are. We are not interested in building missiles and jet aircraft. They are not interested in building Christians. We must go separate ways.

* * * * *

SOME O'S

In looking through the alphabet,
You'll find the letter O.
A letter full of romance,
And I'll tell you why it's so.

It's used in spelling cheerful things,
It's used in spelling love;
It's used in spelling peaceful things
Like home and house and dove.

It's used in words that stand for warmth,
Like cool and also hot,
It's used in words that stand for youth,
Like young and boy and tot.

Let's take a simple sentence
That is full of warmth and cheer
And see how many O's in it
Will bob and appear.

"O boy of mine,
Your Mother loves you so."
In every single word but one,
You'll find there is an O.

No O's you'll find in misery,
In grief nor yet in pain.
You will find one tucked away
In snow, but not a one in rain.

There's romance in the letter O,
And what's more striking, too,
There's warmth and cheer within your hearts
An O is found in You.

- Selected by Ella A. Byler

* * * * *

IV. WHAT DO CHURCH SCHOOLS OFFER?

Church schools are controlled by the church. This is one of the greatest advantages of the parochial school over the public school. The brethren of the church have full control over what texts to use, what teachers to hire, what program to follow, and how the finances shall be used. The environment of the school, the equipment that is used or not used, the devotional period — all these things are controlled by those of our own faith.

The advantages of church control of schools have been well presented by John E. Kauffman in his writing, "Why We Have Our Own Private Schools".

> "In this school we have the privilege of training our own children in the way they should go, by teaching loyalty to God, Christ, and the Church; respect for all constituted authority, including the government; restraint from carnal pleasures and self-indulgence; and if necessary, we can put the emphasis against tobacco, alcohol, and social impurity.
>
> "Our devotional period, which consists of reading and memorizing the Bible and prayer, and the singing of spiritual songs, can be in charge of a consecrated teacher of our own faith.
>
> "We can select books without fairy tales, myths, goblin stories, chronological exaggerations, evolution, and other silly and senseless literature, and can

We know it's odd to write in here, but the last time we did it we sold over a hundred new gift subscriptions. So we might as well

get along well without comic magazines, radio, or jazz. We can, on the other hand, select books so that the child in all his reading is absorbing something worthwhile. We can use the Bible, the Book of Books, as our master textbook and can use it to correct imperfections that occur especially in history and geography. It is the teacher's opportunity as well as duty to lead the mind of the child in the proper course. We may now exalt the heroes of faith by teaching church history, which will inspire the child to hold on to the faith once delivered to the saints.

"We have control of the environment in a way we never had before. The child is not continually confronted with the temptations of worldliness in attire, in powder, paint and bobbed hair, in money-raising entertainments, immodesty, shows, dances, secular songs, games in immodest clothes, athletic competitions which take them to distant schools night and day. Neither are they compelled to associate with children from immoral, atheistic, and profane homes." 26

What do church schools have to offer? Very much. Not only do they provide safety from the dangers of worldliness and false teachings, they provide an opportunity to teach by word and example our faith. As another writer has stated,

"We do want to avoid undesirable influences but we want to do more than that. To avoid is negative. Are we satisfied with negative reasons only, good as they may be? Certainly not! Christian purposes must also have positive reasons. We must accomplish as well as avoid.

"What do we hope to accomplish? Is our chief aim to teach the "3 R's"? The public schools are better equipped and financially more able to do this than we are. Therefore, it would hardly be good stewardship to incur the added expense of operating our own schools if our positive purpose were confined to secular education which the state could give more effectively than we can.

"God expects more of His children than to merely duplicate the unobjectionable phases of the public school system. Christian schools should by all means accomplish some things which our public schools are not even expected to attempt. In no way should we approve lower standards than they do. A Christian school is hardly worthy of its name if it does not in many ways surpass the present public schools.

A FENCE OF TRUST

Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving works
And therein stay.
Do not look through sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow.
God will help you bear what comes,
Of joy or sorrow.

- Selected

* * * * *

"For example: They teach how to be a good national citizen; we should train our children to be dynamic witnesses for Christ. They teach social ethics; we should train for Christian character. They teach fairness; we should teach second-mile Christianity. Their best schools may teach excellent conduct and refinement; we should teach spiritual regeneration. They may teach moral virtues; we should teach the New Birth. They may teach the best that man can offer; we should do all that and more; we should teach what God has offered. We have no right to fall behind them in the good things they teach, but we have the Christian duty of going beyond that, if our schools are to be truly Christian." 27

What do church schools have to offer? They have that to offer to our children which our churches offer us, namely, a simple, nonconformed, trustful faith in God and His Son, Jesus Christ; faith that is literally based on the teachings of the Bible as the only guide for "strangers and pilgrims".

Schools can help build the churches of the future, and strengthen and preserve our present congregations. Working hard together hand in hand to establish and operate church schools can bring great blessing. Ignoring and neglecting our convictions that we should have church schools will bring anything but blessings.

* * * * *

25 "The Need for Christian Day Schools", Gospel Herald, Aug. 8, 1961

26 Kauffman, John E., "Why We Have Our Own Schools", tract

27 Hershberger, Ervin N., "Why Do We Have Our Own Schools?", the Blackboard Bulletin, April, 1958

-TO BE CONTINUED

running in installments in the Bulletin. Order now at 25¢ ea.; $2.00 per dozen; or $10.00 per hundred. Thank You. -J.S.

TOO BUSY!

- By Isaiah Bauman

Too busy to read a chapter a day,
TOO busy, yes, even too busy to pray.
TOO busy to think of our wasted time,
In this whirlwind of life that won't last.

TOO busy to speak a word of cheer
To a heart-broken friend standing near;
Too busy to help life his heavy load
He's trying to carry on life's rough road.

TOO busy bringing in dollars and dimes;
For the worthwhile things, we haven't time.
TOO busy to hear the orphan's cry,
And with a glance we hurry by.

Someday we'll lift our voice to the sky,
For not one of us is too busy to die.
Perhaps when we reach the white throne,
God will be too busy to call us His own.

So let's slow down to a slower pace,
To be ready to meet Him face to face.

- Selected by Paul R. Weaver,
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

THE SOUL OF A CHILD

The soul of a child is the loveliest flower
That grows in the garden of God
It climbs from weakness to knowledge and power
To the sky from the clay and the clod.

To beauty and sweetness it grows under care,
Neglected 'tis ragged and wild;
'Tis a plant that is tender and wondrously rare,
The sweet wistful soul of a child.

Be tender, O gardener, and give it its share
Of moisture, of warmth, and of light;
And let it not lack for painstaking care
To protect it from frost and blight.

A glad day shall come when its bloom shall unfold,
It will seem that an angel has smiled,
Reflecting a beauty and sweetness untold
In the sensitive soul of a child.

- Selected by D. E. M.

OUR TEACHERS ARE IMPORTANT!

- By William Rogers

How positively a little child declares, "Well, teacher said so." That settles it. How significant it is when a 15 year old girl tries to dress and talk and walk like her teacher. We older folks look back and remember so vividly the teachers we had that we begin to realize what powerful influence they were in forming our characters and our ideals.

The deepest impressions made by the first school teacher I had was due to the fact that every Sunday she came into church, moved quietly to a pew and sat down with reverently bowed head for a few moments before the service began. She came into the school room with that background and so strengthened my youthful faith.

The influence of the church can be largely offset if the sneering unbelief of teachers and college professors turns our youth away from the Bible and prayers to the sterile fields of materialism.

When things go wrong in the national life we cry to the politicians, the financiers, the law, the reform agencies, to save the country. But the real power to change lies far back in the character, purpose and influence of our great army of teachers.

The results of education are slower, but they are most permanent.

- Selected by J. B.

BOOKS - HANDLE WITH CARE

- By David Wagler

The printed page is the medium for the exchange of thoughts. The last link in the chain, which carries this commodity to the consumer, is the book dealer.

Perhaps we could make this plainer if we compare it to the farmer who raises beef. The first job is to produce the cattle. Usually it requires years of experience and painstaking labor to produce a load of fine fat steers. When they have just the right finish, and are sleek and shiny, the farmer will send them off to market. Perhaps he will give them a final going over before he sends them off.

When they arrive at the packing plant they are slaughtered and changed into a product suitable for the consumer. It is turned into something the consumer wants, put up in packages acceptable and attractive to the average consumer.

The next step is to distribute the product to hundreds of dealers who are in position to furnish it to the consumer. It would not be possible for the average housewife to go to the packing plant for her pound of T-bone steak. Neither would it be practical for the meat packer to sell it to her direct. The packing companies depend on volume and instead of one pound, they sell hundreds of pounds to the stores, who in turn sell it to the customers by the pound.

Applied to the book trade, the writer who takes an idea, a topic, or an event and keeps working with it to produce a book is like the farmer who raises a steer. When he is finished with his work it is still only a manuscript. It would be no more acceptable to the average reader than the fat steer would be in the kitchen of the modern housewife.

When the author is finished with the manuscript, he goes over it and brushes it up several times before sending it off to the publishing agent.

The publisher either rejects it (about 85% of manuscripts meet this fate) or if he feels it is worthwhile and meets a need, he will negotiate with the author to buy it. Usually this is not outright, but on a royalty basis.

The publisher then gives it to the printer in about the same way as the carload of steers is sent to the slaughter house. When the printer has finished his job, the manuscript has turned into a book, whether paperback or hardbound, and oftimes with an attractive jacket.

Now it is in acceptable form for the public, done up in a neat package, like the pound of bacon in the meat counter. But the publisher does not expect to sell his thousands of copies direct to the readers although he will usually fill retail orders. But in order to dispose of so many books he must get them out to dealers, where the people can see and buy them.

Most publishers furnish books to hundreds of retail bookstores, and the number may run into the thousands. The book dealer in turn may buy books from many different publishers, usually 3 or 4 dozen different ones. In order to get the full discount on a book, the dealer must purchase it direct from the publisher.. This tends to make considerable paperwork and bookkeeping. Orders must be made out and accounts paid to the many different publishers. Records must be kept as to which books each publisher has.

Everyone knows that a fat steer which may bring 25¢ a lb. on the market, will end up wrapped in small packages on the meat counter at 75¢ to $1.00 a lb. It is also true that many books on the market today are priced at several times the actual printing costs. Even with the high margin some of these books are a financial risk.

In our last article we pointed out that one of the reasons for this is because of the operating expenses of the publisher. The other reason is that the book dealer must make a good-sized margin in order to keep going and to provide good service to his customers.

The man who operates a store in a big city has many overhead expenses. He must pay rent or taxes, help must be hired, and there must be funds available to stock the books he needs. He must also be able to obtain hard-to-get books or some on which there is no margin, or even a loss.

Most of his profit is made on the best-sellers. For this reason he is glad to see a new book come out, and especially so if it proves to be a best-seller.

Besides the best-sellers, he must also carry many reference and trade books for which there is but small demand. It is not often that anyone wants a Strong's Exhaustive Concordance, but when the request comes, he will want to be able to fill it.

The publisher of a book will always give a suggested selling price. Actually, it is illegal to enforce a certain price on any book, but most dealers will follow the suggestions of the publishers. The exception seems to be certain book dealers who deal mostly with the plain peoples. They can sell for less than the customary margin because they have practically no credit risks. These dealers may include the deacon of a church, who will keep song books and certain other books for the benefit of the people in his district. Often these men sell at exactly the same price they pay for the books. They do not carry a large stock, thus do not have much money involved. What time they spend, is counted as a donation for the service of the members of the church or community.

The next group is the local bookstore, which carries a larger assortment of books, oftimes in conjunction to dry goods or other merchandise needed in the community. Some of these stores do a considerable business and are a vital link in the distribution of worthwhile books.

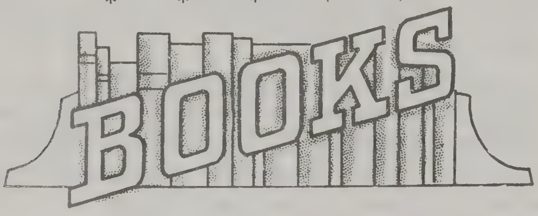
The other class of book dealer commonly found strictly among the plain peoples is the mail order book stores. These depend on advertisements in newspapers like the Budget in order to sell their books by mail. Some of these do a considerable business. Years ago, there were only two of these well-known mail order establishments, L. A. Miller of Arthur, Ill. and J. A. Raber, Baltic Ohio.

During the past few years, a number of mail order companies have come into operation which have greatly increased the volume of mail order sales.

These companies oftimes sell for slightly less than regular list prices. This is because of smaller overhead expenses and no credit risks. Here at Pathway Bookstore we at times do several thousand dollars worth of business in a month, and so far have never received a worthless check.

Why then, is it necessary to make any profit on the books we sell? The book dealer meets up with a lot of problems the average person could not imagine. Sometimes we get into predicaments which are as amusing as they are difficult.

* * * * *



New Book, THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, by Joseph Stoll. Ready for immediate shipment. The story of Elizabeth Kemp Stutzman, the little Amish girl, who, left motherless at three, grew up to be a brave pioneer and a Christian mother. Now in her 93rd year she has become widely known for her friendly smile and her ready testimony. A widow for 15 years, she has become feeble in body, but is patiently waiting for the call to go home to be with the Lord who is her Shepherd. Hardbound, with nice illustrated jacket. Price $2.75.

Other outstanding values, Favorite Amish Family Recipes, $3.00; Language of The Deathbed, $3.00; Hutterite Life, 50¢; Stories for the Childrens Hour, 85¢; Hiroshima, 50¢; Heidi, 60¢; Heidi's Friends, $2.95; Bible and Modern Science, 40¢; Nervous Christians, 40¢; Paula, The Waldensian, $2.00; German-English Testament, $1.25; Strongs Exhaustive Concordance, $15.00; Zondervan Pictorial Bible Dictionary, $8.00; McGrath's Life Story, 50¢; Hurlbuts Story of the Bible, $5.00; The Long Winter, $3.00; I Found God in Soviet Russia, $2.95; The Holy War, $4.50; Why We Believe In Creation, $3.25; Sinking of Titanic, $3.95, paperback, 45¢; Night the Lights went out, 75¢; Meditations for New Mother, $1.50; Sanctity of Sex, $2.95, paperback, $1.00; Real Cloth Books for Baby, 30¢ each; Low Carbohydrate Diet, $1.00; Mennonites in Europe, $2.75; Josephus Book, $6.50, paperback, $4.50; Trial and Death of Jesus Christ, $2.95; How to Write, Speak and Think More Effectively, 75¢; Worth Dying For, $3.00, paperback, $2.00;. Send Check or Money order, American funds or equivalent, to PATHWAY BOOKSTORE, R. 4, AYLMER ONTARIO.

GERMAN AND ENGLISH ALPHABET SETS

Again the time of year is come when we try to turn out some alphabet sets for the parochial schools. Last winter we didn't paint enough sets, so we painted a few in the summer. But this is too costly, when the time is needed elsewhere. Even so, the demand was greater than the supply, or the time that was needed to make them.

As we can only make a limited number of sets because of the time involved in hand-painting, we decided it might be better to raise the price so that we can afford to hire help and thus supply the demand. To encourage early orders, we will still supply them at the original price of $15.00 per set (An additional $3.00 for numbers and Roman numerals) on all orders received by March 15. They do not have to be paid or picked up until the Teachers' Meeting next summer.

All orders after March 15, 1966 will be $18.00, plus $4.00 extra if you want the numbers. We expect to put them up in packages approximately 1 1/4 in. thick, two feet wide, and four feet long. Wall space needed is two feet high and twenty feet long for the letters. There are five four-foot sections. The numbers are two feet by four feet. The letters are painted black on a white background. See the March, 1965 issue of the Bulletin for more details.

We had intended to make a drawing to show the shapes of the letters, but we are too busy making real ones.

- Christian G. Esh
R. 1, Gordonville, Penna. 17529

* * * * *

ANNOUNCING:

CHURCH-DISTRICT MAPS OF LANCASTER, CHESTER, AND LEBANON COUNTIES, PENNSYLVANIA

- By Christian G. Esh

Work on these maps and directories was started in the spring of 1964 by Joseph F. Beiler, who later was chairman of the committee of ten who carried out the work. It was started in a small way but by encouragement from the bishops, it was decided to try to do a real job. So a committee was appointed to help.

The completed map is 38" x 42", with the church district lines in gray and the division date beside the line. The districts are numbered, and then the homes of each district numbered according to church rotation. The homes where no church services are held are marked with letters.

The 8 1/2" x 11 1/2" directory of 66 pages contains the names, first the husband, his father's name and number in parentheses, followed by the wife's name and her father's name and number.

The index in the back of the directory lists family names in alphabetical order, the husband's name, the wife's maiden name and their address and home number referring to the map.

The school houses and cemeteries are also shown on the map with corresponding names and numbers.

The last job confronting us is to sell them, and this seems to be the easiest task of all, for they just go.

Because of the human element involved in preparing this work, it could not be brought to perfection, but we do hope to have a fairly accurate record of our people in these counties. The price is $3.25 postpaid.

- R. 1, Gordonville, Pennsylvania 17529

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MT. PLEASANT MILLS, PENNA.
R. R. #2, 17853

Dear Friends,

Greetings of love and best wishes to everyone, in the name of our Saviour. May His Spirit dwell within us, guiding, strengthening, and urging us to a better life.

How is school going? I usually answer this question with, "Oh, all right, I suppose," which doesn't mean I have everything just as I would like to have it. No, indeed not! It would be quite impossible with such a lively and intelligent room of scholars, or so I find it.

Teaching to me is interesting and enjoyable. It doesn't become monotonous the way some jobs do. The children have their own thoughts and original ideas, some of them quite humorous.

We lately discussed the life of Samson. The children marveled at his strength, and were very much interested. We had read how Samson rose up in the night and found himself enclosed within the city of Gaza, and how he tore off the gates and gateposts and carried them twenty miles away to the top of a hill. We were then wondering how long it took the Philistines to find their gates, when Joseph, a sixth grader, said, "Oh, they could track him. He must have left deep tracks."

The pupils memorized the following verses this week: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; (which is the first commandment with promise;) That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." Ephesians 6:1-3.

I read the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah to them, which I think contains a good lesson on that subject.

We, as Christian teachers, have a wonderful chance with God's help to teach these innocent ones, by setting a good example and telling them of God and His Word, His wondrous love for us and His hatred against sin.

In closing, I ask you to look to Christ for your daily strength, friends; I trust He will never fail you.

- Rachel J. Troyer

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CONEWANGO VALLEY, N. Y.
Jan. 24, 1966

Dear Readers,

First a greeting in Jesus' holy name. May we always humbly submit to His will.

We received the Bulletin on Saturday and its again just a reminder of what my mind has urged me to do before, to the extent that three letters have been written for the Bulletin but were never mailed.

The first one was about teaching writing, an important subject to be taught. If the teacher happens to be one of those who doesn't have good penmanship the pupils will also likely not become good writers. This is easy to remedy, though, if the teacher is willing to spend a little time practicing and then teach the pupils to practice.

The second letter, written several years ago, was to parents to teach their children to speak English before and when they start to school. I'm glad I didn't mail it then as so far I've failed to get it done even though I tried. And I've learned again that you can't teach a very young child something he isn't ready to learn. Our daughter is now six years old (will start to school next fall) and has just recently become interested in learning English so now we get more accomplished.

It has been my experience while teaching that some first graders need help outside the school in this one subject if they are to progress with the rest of the group, especially if the teacher is already burdened with 30 or more pupils in all eight grades. Teachers can also help this a lot if they speak English at all times school is in session, as required, and also explain new words. Hope we don't have any teachers who don't do these things.

A child who doesn't understand English will not understand what he is reading. Maybe you'll say a child can't read that way. But I know from experience that he can become a word caller, can study the reading lesson so that he can read a page without missing any words and still not know what it's about. Later on, a child's understanding of his reading reflects on many other subjects also. So if your child has not been getting good grades in different subjects I would suggest that you check on his understanding of English. Helping him learn to speak and understand English may be the most important single item in improving his school work and grades.

The third letter I had written was about "born teachers". The teacher who was mentioned several months ago as having said "Teachers are just naturally born to be teachers, rather than educated for the undertaking" probably has been teaching for so long that he has forgotten what it was like to start in. And possibly been teaching eighth grade for so long that he knows the books by heart. No wonder he doesn't need the summer course.

Now look at the other side. A person has gone through elementary school and maybe not even completed 8th grade. (Remember the laws were not always so strictly enforced as now.) He hasn't looked inside a school book for about 30 years except maybe now and then to help one of the children when necessary. He feels he might like to teach but just hasn't the education. Wonder if a summer study class as mentioned by the editor wouldn't be made-to-order for this person? Don't forget that being able to teach is a gift of God even though you must study some so that you're as smart as the pupils.

Thinking back, I, myself, only went to school seven years and completed that many grades. But I always liked school and when the chance to teach came my way I tried it. But I've often pitied my first eighth graders because I didn't know the subjects well enough to explain them thoroughly. And, of course, they didn't learn much that way.

When I went to school I was never in a room with more than one grade to a teacher. Now imagine my plight when I started in a private school six weeks near its closing date and no written schedule to help me through. So I feel a summer study class could have been a great help to me during those first trying years.

But teaching has always appealed to me. I know there are days when everything seems to go wrong, but the number of happy memories of those eight years I've spent teaching far outweigh the unhappy ones. No, I haven't been teaching for five years now, but who knows? the time may come when I'll head for the schoolhouse again.

Wishing you all the grace of God,

- Mrs. Dan N. Byler

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I. THE CHRISTIAN HOME

IN THE HOME

- By Daniel Kauffman

It is said that religion ought to begin at home. No statement can be nearer the truth. Religion should not only begin at home, but also abide there.

No spot is more to be prized than a model Christian home. Tell me the character of the average home, and I'll tell you the character of the average citizen. Tell me the character of the average Christian home, and I'll tell you the character of the average church.

The model Christian home is invariably noted as a house of prayer. When we say prayer, we mean grace at the table, family worship, and such private and secret prayer as the Spirit may move each individual to offer. It is the foremost mark of a model Christian family. It is as natural for a child of God to pray as it is for a natural child to ask favors of and to adore its earthly parents. What is true of a Christian individual is true of a Christian family.

Some well-meaning people who say that they believe that family worship is a good practice, neglect it because they think they haven't time. The idea is a mistaken one. Which is the more important, the welfare of the soul or of the body? Christian parents, there is a heartache for every opportunity which you neglect along this line. Neglect your business, neglect your personal comfort, neglect everything rather than the religious training of your children. With the best of care on your part, they may be overcome with worldly influences. How much more liable is this to occur when you neglect them! I don't believe that anyone ever lost a cent by having devotions regularly. But even if it meant a great financial loss, what is that compared with the loss of the souls of your children? There are other ways in which we can look after the spiritual needs of our children besides family worship; but there is nothing which can take its place. Family worship should be regarded as a sacred duty, never to be neglected.

Love is another characteristic of a model Christian family. It is the bond which sanctifies the union between husband and wife, makes duty a pleasure, and binds the children to the first commandment with promise. It drives gloom from the heart, lightens the cares of the household, and makes a paradise of home. Happy the family in which the bond of law is securely hidden in a bond of love.

Since the Christian home is the place where useful citizens and noble Christians are developed, no pains should be spared to make it as Christ-like as possible. Let the sunshine of cheerful faces, the instruction of intelligent conversation and useful books, the tender ties of warmest love, and the cultivation of sterling Christian virtues, be among its most prominent features. Whatever our position in the family, let our duties be studied and practiced. God instituted marriage for the well-being of man. Let His directions be followed and His name will be glorified and His cause flourish in every Christian home.

- From A Talk With Church Members, 1907

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II. THE CHRISTIAN HOME

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ATMOSPHERE OF THE HOME

- By J. S. Shoemaker

The Lord gave specific instructions to the fathers in Israel as to how they were to instruct, teach, train, and rear their children. The moral and religious training of them is a divine requirement of all generations of the Christian Church, hence is binding upon every Christian parent in this present age, but alas, how many, even of those who claim to be loyal Christians, come far short of fulfilling their solemn obligations in the all important work of teaching and training their children as the Lord hath commanded.

Fathers and mothers, it is for you to decide whether from your home shall go forth young men and women who shall be a credit to your name or not; whether a blessing to the world or not; whether a glory to God and His cause or not.

The principles of purity, truthfulness, honesty, gentleness, patience, courtesy, and all other Christian virtues and graces should be taught and exemplified by the parents in the home; yea, everything we wish our posterity to be in time and eternity should be taught and instilled into their minds and hearts while they are under the parental roof. Children are close observers, and very much inclined to imitate the words and actions of their parents, whether they be good or bad. This being true, parents should be very careful as to their example.

There is nothing that can be established in the home that is of greater importance than daily reverent, informative family worship. In homes where the Bible is read daily in the presence of the children, and its lessons simply and prayerfully explained and taught, the effect for good cannot be comprehended with the finite mind.

As the physical body needs to be nourished with wholesome food each day for its daily tasks, even so the soul needs to feed upon the "sincere milk of the Word" at the beginning of each new day, in order to be enabled to faithfully perform its daily duties. Children do not alone receive a lasting benefit from such a daily service, but parents themselves receive from it a most helpful stimulus for their own spiritual life.

Christian parents cannot afford to neglect to establish family worship in the home, and when established they cannot afford to allow any work, business, or the cares of life to crowd out the sacred service. It is the hour in which the soul puts on its armor and prepares itself for the faithful performance of its daily duties.

It is very essential that the family worship be conducted in a way that it may be of special interest to the younger members of the family. In some instances the service is conducted in a way that it becomes wearisome to at least some extent. Long chapters are read, often in a lifeless and drone-like manner. The prayer is usually of a stereo-typed nature day after day. The petitions are frequently the same and of the most general kind, touching all classes and conditions of men except the little group which are kneeling around the family altar. ...There can be no justifiable reason for so conducting the worship that it will become dull to any member of the family group, (who is old enough to understand). The family worship should be of such a nature that it would mean a season of real soul refreshment to the entire family, its refreshing features eagerly anticipated from day to day, and its memories prove to be the most hallowed of all home recollections.

There are no earthly treasures which parents can bequeath to their children that are of such great value to their posterity, both for time and eternity, as the blessings received through the influences of a godly home.

Eternity alone will reveal the problems that have been solved, the difficulties that have been overcome, the burdens that have been lifted, the victories that have been won, the days that have been brightened, the peace that has been enjoyed, the souls that have been made happy, and the blessings that have been realized on the part of those who have been reared in homes that have been enriched with sacred devotions.

Fathers and mothers, do you desire to teach and train your children for the Master's service in this world, and the unspeakable joys of the eternal world? If so, do not neglect to gather them together at least once a day in the study of God's Word, and in earnest prayer commit them to the loving care, guidance, and protection of Him who "shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus".

- From The Ideal Christian Home, 1925

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"Evening and morning, and at noon, will I cry aloud; and He shall hear me."

- David

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III. THE CHRISTIAN HOME

FAMILY DEVOTIONS

- By D. E. Mast

To raise a family without a "family altar" or worship in the home, is almost heathenish. Those who mornings and evenings kneel in prayer with their families, and worship the merciful God in faith, do well, and open the door to more grace; and those who read an appropriate Scripture, drawing the fleeting thoughts heavenward during the hour of worship do better yet.

I remember a brother who was converted and made a strong confession of sins. He was the father of a family, and went through life without establishing a family altar. He observed fast days, but not fasting and prayer days, as he himself confessed. He is dead now, but reaped already in this life what he had sown. May God awaken us and deliver us from this Laodicean lukewarmness, that we may become watchful and prayerful Christians, shining forth as bright lights in this dark world. Daily devotions should be observed in every Christian family to God's honor and to the upbuilding of His Kingdom.

"Woe to the parents, whose children must say,
'I never have heard my dear parents pray.'
But happy the parents whose children can say,
'I hear my dear parents pray for me each day!'"

Daily prayer in the home is being seriously neglected, and often at the time when it is most necessary. If we seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, this will bring us a great blessing, while on the other hand, through worldly mindedness, the "first love" (if we ever had it) is lost and choked by the cares of this life. Matt. 13:22.

We are exposed to many violent temptations, especially in these perilous times, and there is a constant struggle. For Satan, who has caused sin to come into this world, is very sly and understands his destructive business well. He would like to draw us older ones into a spiritual pride and self-righteousness, and our children into a pernicious pride and haughtiness, to which there is no end, and to dress in the fashions of the world for the sake of being admired by others who are themselves equally unwise in these things.

Brothers and sisters, let us wake up anew, for our calling is important, and we have but one opportunity to make this calling and election sure, by God's help and grace. Daily family devotion is as necessary for food for the soul as it is for the natural body to be fed. Who would think of feeding the natural body only once a week? The body would become poor and lean and without strength. And the same is true of the soul, if it does not receive its food daily.

- From "Anweisungen zur Seligkeit,
translated by D. J. Stutzman

* * * * *

NARVON, PENNSYLVANIA

Dear Fellow-Pilgrims,

"Let us not grow weary in this work of love...
Let us gather jewels for a crown above."

Let us all pull together, for we know that only by standing together for the right can we expect the blessing of the Lord. If we cannot agree in the basic principles of our faith, how will the state officials ever know what we want. They will sense that we surely aren't Christ-centered if we cannot agree among ourselves.

We all have a place to fill in a good school system. Parents, teachers, and board members must work together in perfect harmony. If however, we do not have this harmony matters can be helped a lot by not talking about each other, especially in front of the children.

Parents can do a lot of good by visiting the school. It is always best, when there is a misunderstanding, to get the facts from the teacher. For example, a child might say, "Mother, the teacher made me stay in at recess because I was a little late this morning. John was late, too. She didn't make him stay in. She likes him better."

The parent gets the idea that the teacher does not love her child. But wait, before telling the child so, or passing it on to another mother, she should take time to visit the teacher. The teacher will tell her that her child has a habit of loitering on his way to school, and comes in with a lot of noise after school is in session, perhaps even missing the first class period. John was late only once, and that because his mother was sick and he had to pack his own lunch or perhaps wash the dishes.

To get the many trifling troubles like this straightened out, I wish it would become the practice of every school system to hold a regular meeting every six weeks or so for board members, parents, and teachers. Then they could discuss school matters, regardless if there are problems or not.

Many will say, "Oh, I'm satisfied with everything about our school." Yes, that could be, but just because you are satisfied is no excuse. Just suppose you would be satisfied with the way the corn is growing; you wouldn't sit back and relax, or the weeds would soon grow, too.

Many others will say, "I'm too busy to spend all that time with school matters." But the same people will find time to go to a sale once or twice a week. Please realize the difference in these things. The sale at best can't be as important as a school where your child's character is being formed. Actually, neglecting your child in school may mean neglecting your child's soul. How important!

But I do not feel as if I could do any better than most parents do, for I know that I can always see others' mistakes better than my own. "Let us pray for each other, not faint by the way, in this sad world of sorrow and care."

- Ida Shirk

BOOK REVIEW:

THE BRANDED CHILD

- By Edward J. Van Allen

A few months ago we read an article in "U. S. News and World Report" regarding the growing federal control of public schools. Included in the report were selected questions from psychological tests being widely used on school children by the U. S. Office of Education. Some of the questions of a personal nature were startling!

Now we have just finished reading an eye-opening book written by an aroused newsman who was refused permission to see his son's school files. The resulting law suit and court ruling in the state of New York brought a lot of hidden secrets to the light.

Van Allen, in the preface of his book, states that many people are asking, "Is a huge educational bureaucracy becoming the arbiter—hence, the dictator — of life in America ?"

(Continued on next page)

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HAS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED?

The past few months we have been so busy we could find no time to send out expiration notices. Perhaps you can help us by renewing now, and then we won't need to send you a notice.

"What do the numbers following my address mean?" Readers keep asking this question. And small wonder, for the list does look like some secret code. But it's simpler than it looks.

At the time your stencil is typed, it is prepared for ten or twelve years ahead. The first number following the month is the year of expiration. When you renew, we simply fill in (with correcting fluid) as many years as you renewed, and the first surviving number is your new expiry date.

For Example: If your address looks like this,

Jan. 67-8-9-0-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 etc.

it means that your B. B. expires in Jan. 1967 (or '67). When that time comes and you renew for ... let's say 2 years ... your revised list will look like this:

Jan. 9-0-1-2-3-4-5-6- etc.

or, in short, Jan. 1969 (Jan. 9).

Now, then, take a good sharp look at your code on the address corner of this Bulletin, and if you think your credit is getting low, how about depositing a little more money?

NOTE: IF THERE IS A RED x IN THE CIRCLE BESIDE YOUR ADDRESS, IT IS TIME TO RENEW.

The book furnishes evidence that public educational leaders are zealously trying to fit all pupils into a mold of their own making, and they are even trying to make over some of the parents! If such a concern were rightly centered, it would not be such a bad motive, but it is clear that the mold being used is a product of "progressive education", the Deweyism that "teaches the whole child" (and ignores the parents and their beliefs), that is bent on a socialistic group-consciousness where non-conformity cannot, and is not permitted to, survive.

In order to accomplish these aims, psychology steps in to wield the hammer. "Brain picking", as Van Allen calls it, is heavily relyed on. Some of the personality tests and information quizzes are shameful, and certainly must be harmful to the child's sense of values. Most of the tests are run without the parents' knowledge or consent; indeed, many appear to be tests to "spy out" the personal lives of the parents. In short, the parents and their ideas are considered an obstacle in the way of indoctrinating pupils with modern philosophy. So an attempt is made to erase the influence the parents have on the children, religiously and morally.

Indeed, a UNESCO publication, "Towards World Understanding", admits as much in plain language. "The kindergarten or infant school has a significant part to play in the child's education. ... Not only can it correct the errors of home training, but it can also prepare the child for membership ... in the world society."

Not all public schools are using these tests, but the author says, "The important part to remember is that in most states your child attending the public schools may be used as a guinea pig completely without your knowledge or consent and asked to tell all he can about himself and his parents, including not only their financial affairs, religious, and political beliefs, but even their sex life!"

Though we do not agree with all author Van Allen says, nor think his attitude is exactly that of non-resistant Christianity, yet we could recommend the book to parents who wish to be informed of the state of public education today.

What a contrast between the Christian idealism of our church schools and the "vain philosophies" of education rampant in the modern world!

The 154 page paperback book is available at $1.00 per copy from THE REPORTORIAL PRESS, Dept. B., P. O. Box 182, Mineola P. O., L. I., New York 11502.

- J. S.

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THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN
R. 4, AYLMER, ONT., CAN.

BAD NEWS

PRICE RAISE
MARCH 1, 1966

Our costs all along the line have been going up, up, up for years, but our growing subscription list has made it possible to freeze our low rate of $1.25 a year, or $2.00 for two years, until now. But we have known for some time that we were operating in the red, and some businessmen have told us this is a poor policy, so we no way to escape raising our subscription price.

UNTIL MAR. 1 –

OLD PRICE: $1.25 per year
2.00 for two years

AFTER MAR. 1 –

NEW PRICE: $1.75 per year
3.00 for two years

Postage Paid
At
Aylmer West, Ont.

Renew now! Last Chance at the Old Price!

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

MARCH, 1966 VOLUME 9; NO. 8

OUR VISIT TO AN OLD COLONY SCHOOL IN MEXICO

- By Elmo Stoll

We were nearing the building that the man had pointed out to us as the school. From the outside it looked much like the rest of the buildings in the dorf. It was a simple one-story structure built of adobe.

Yes, it sounded like a schoolhouse. Or did it? As we drew closer, we began to wonder. Were they reading? No, it sounded too loud for that. They're probably singing, we concluded, and they surely must have good voices.

We knocked on the door but they didn't hear us and the sound continued. We knocked again, louder. The voices melted into a sudden silence, reminding us of a swamp of spring peepers startled by the snap of a twig. A little boy opened the door.

We addressed him in High German. This was the only language we had between us. You see, we were in Mexico and the school was one of nearly 150 Old Colony Mennonite Schools in the state of Chihuahua. The Old Colonists now number nearly 30,000 in Mexico and they have had their own schools ever since they moved from Manitoba. They left Canada over 40 years ago because they did not want to teach English in their schools. They live in villages, or as they call them, "dorfs". The Mexicans call them Campos which means camp. We were at Camp 41.

The little boy told us the teacher was away for lunch and hadn't returned yet. We looked at our watches and noticed that it was quarter-to-one. But why were the pupils all in their seats then? We soon found out why. They hadn't been singing either. They were reading out loud the Cathechism. All the pupils took part with the exception of a few of the younger ones. Their Cathechism is a book of religious instructions put up in question-and-answer form. Every morning the children read the first half of it and at noon the other half. This way they go through the entire book once a day.

The Cathechism is not too large in size but it has sixty pages. Then every Friday the pupils have to repeat it all from memory at one stretch. I didn't ask how long it takes to go through it once but it must take quite a while. They had already begun on the last half when we arrived at noon and I would guess they were at it another 15 minutes after that. Apparently they are used to going ahead with it alone whenever the teacher isn't present. It was really something to hear as they chanted it together so well and so fast and so loudly. At every comma and period they paused, in perfect unison, but just for a split second, and then they raced on.

They were almost finished when the teacher came. The teacher was friendly enough and shook hands with us. But at first he didn't seem to know what to do with us. I don't think he is used to getting visitors. He asked us who we were and what we wanted. His name was Peter Dyck. He told us he was 55 years old but this was his first year of teaching. When he finally understood that we really didn't want anything but just to visit the school, he led us to the front of the room. Here he had an empty bench where we could sit. We told him to just go ahead with his classes as usual.

First they sang a song. Again we marvelled at how loud they could sing. There were only 26 pupils and none over 12 years of age, but they all joined in and really made our ears ring. You would have to hear it to believe it.

The teacher told everyone to study reading. To study they all read to themselves in loud whispers. It was certainly not a quiet schoolroom but it was orderly and the pupils didn't seem to be bothered in their studying just because everyone else was whispering too. The teacher didn't call the classes up to his desk but moved from desk to desk and the pupils read while he stood behind them.

Their seating arrangement is a little different from what we are used to, too. They don't have single desks and sit behind each other. Their desks are bench-like and they sit 4 beside each other. The pupils don't sit by grades either but the boys are on one side of the room and the girls on the other side. In fact, they don't have the kind of grades we do. They just have four grades. The youngest ones are the Fiblers. They concentrate on learning the alphabet and to read a few simple words.

The children in the second grade are the Kathechismer. Here they learn to read and memorize the Cathechism. Then they are ready to be moved to the third group, the Testementer. The 4th. and the last group are the Biebler. The only difference between the two is that the one group reads from the Bible and the other just from the New Testament. They use the same arithmetic book.

We seemed to make the teacher nervous so we thought maybe we should go to another school and visit it yet. The next dorf was only about a mile on down the road so we said good-bye and left.

We found the next school much the same except that the teacher had been teaching much longer and didn't mind us watching him. We stayed until school was out and talked with the teacher. His school was quite a bit larger as he had 38 pupils. He said he had been teaching for 7 years but when we asked him how he liked it he said, "I don't like it. It's too hard. By night I'm so tired I can just barely walk."

We noticed that he had the system of walking from pupil to pupil and checking their work one at a time. He was standing or walking all the time. We mentioned to him how the teachers do it in our country and he agreed that probably that would be much easier. "But" he finished, "we've always done it this way."

All their school is in German. They don't teach Spanish or English at all. Neither do they consider such subjects as geography, science, health, or history as necessary. When asked what subjects they taught, the teacher told us, "We teach our children how to spe l, how to write, how to read the Bible, how to pray and sing, and that is enough. We also have our own arithmetic book (in German) so that they learn how to figure a little."

Each pupil has his own slate on which to do his lessons. Not the magic kind either, but the old-fashioned kind that you need a rag handy and a bottle of water in the ink-well to erase your work. Very, very little paper is used, as almost all the work is done on these slates or on the blackboard at the front.

Wages are not high in Mexico, but the Old Colonists don't consider the teacher in the top wage bracket either. The last teacher told us he gets 800 pesos a month (12 1/2 pesos to U. S. dollar) and he has a large family to support. He does get his house rent-free though, and some feed for his horse. And he doesn't have to pay for his own four children who attend his school.

He told us, "Many of our farmers are rich and have a lot of land. But almost always the school teachers are poor. I would much rather farm too, but the land is expensive and I don't have any money to buy it with."

They only have school six months a year.

The public schools in Mexico have ten months. "I think we should have a little longer too. Because after being out of school so long the pupils have about forgotten everything they learned," he said.

The Old Colonists in Mexico have had a little trouble with the government about their schools but not very much. Mexico is still short on schools itself so they probably have figured that any school is better than none. But several people told us they fear there is trouble ahead, as the government is getting more and more schools and are passing stricter laws on education.

When we were talking about this, one old man said, "We left Canada because we could not have our own schools the way we felt was right. And if the same thing happens here we will just have to move somewhere else."

(Editor's Note: Alva, Elmo, and Ira Stoll are at present on a 99-day trip through the west of Canada and the U. S. A. and down through Mexico to Central America. Alva and Elmo are brothers to the Editor. This is the first of three articles concerning schools they have visited or plan to visit.)

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

We're having a book sale again! Last year's was an outstanding success. This year we have three times as many books and twice as many papers. For your convenience, we are printing up order blanks, available on request. Use these, and keep them for your records.

There are added awards equal to 5%, for every 100 dollars worth sold, but even if you do not qualify for any of these, the 10% commission will give your school a chance to buy some much-needed supplies, some new books for the library, or you could even make it a school project to donate to some worthy cause.

. . . .

Don't forget the new rates for the Bulletin. Subscriptions now cost $1.75 per year, or two years for $3.00. The Bulletin is still a bargain. We held the old price for seven years and doubled the size of the Bulletin twice over and then some. But we couldn't hold out any longer.

. . . .

Have you seen the Ambassador of Peace? This second Pathway paper has a good start. The March issue already has 20 pages, and is the same size as the Bulletin. If you haven't subscribed yet, why not try a year for $2.00?

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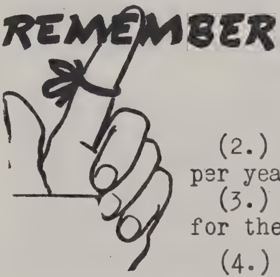

(1.) To use your Zip Code when subscribing.

(2.) New Rates are $1.75 per year, or $3.00 for 2 yr.

(3.) That the deadline for the Book Sale is Apr.20.

(4.) That the 25th. of each month is the deadline when material should be in to the editor.

(5.) That the Bulletin can be only as uplifting and helpful as the material you send us. And if you send us none, don't expect too much!

Hear this! It came with a renewal, "I enclose $2.00, but that number as to how long it is subscribed for is not clear to me. Other magazines have like this - Mar. 66, or June 67, and not a dozen numbers. Anybody can write 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-0."

Very true. Other magazines also have highly-paid secretaries who have time to pull out your address stencil and place it in the typewriter and type out a new expiration date. We have to do the whole thing alone (almost) and every moment counts. When we plan ten years ahead by typing out 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-0, that means we're saving inserting your stencil in the typewriter ten times!

We hope you're going to travel with us for awhile, so we make out your ticket ten years in advance, and tear off the parts as you use them.

- J. S.

. . . .

A man by the name of Samuel Cartright (who died 35 or 40 years ago at the age of 92) told me that when he was a boy and still single, he built the barn and house where Daniel A. Yoder now lives, and is owned by his son-in-law, Aaron Peachey. There were woods all around and the road that is there now was only a narrow road through the woods. Some men by the name of McClay (or was it McDowell ?) from Ireland bought and owned all the land from the top of Stone Mountain, to what is now the Stone Valley Road to Highway 655, up to the road now called the Allison Road. Later, there were four stone barns built on these farms, as the land was sold off in farms. One was the barn where Rudy Byler now lives with his father, Jonathan Byler. One was where Crist Renno now lives, which was rebuilt in a frame barn in 1864. And one is where Paul Hostetler now lives, and the other is where Emanuel Byler now lives, called the Yost Hostetler farm. All this was before Samuel Cartright's time, and was told to him by someone older at that time.

Some time later (it may have been in the 1770's, or near there) a family lived along the foot of Stone Mountain, and their name was Weiley. The site of their house could still be seen yet when I was a boy, as part of the wall was still there, and this land is still called the Weiley lot. I think my father bought the land later.

But this is to be a school letter. These Weileys had a daughter with some education. Before any school houses were built by the early settlers, she went around from house to house teaching their children how to read and write. Then the talk of the farmers and settlers was of building a school house, so their children would have a school. Whether this was a public school or not, I do not know, but this Weiley girl began to worry that now she would lose her job. She let it get the best of her and committed suicide. She was buried there somewhere, but I don't think anyone knows where anymore. So we can see school problems are not all new. Now this was told to me by my uncle Ben Byler, who died in 1956 at the age of 87 years, and it was all from mouth-to-ear talk of old people who are not here anymore.

I started to school in 1895. John Hooley was the teacher. I think he lived where Sammy Peight now lives. We had six months of school, from October till April. There were no grades, but A-B-C classes, big boys and little boys. The big boys when I started included Dr. Henry Miller, Harry Rodgers, Sam Yoder, and these are nearly all gone, and the ones that are left are in their eighties.

Later teachers were Brian Nale, Louis Axe, David Yingling, Frank Comey, James Wilson, S. Peters, . . . all dead now.

The school house was in McConixville near the cemetery in Chester Hartzler's field. And the scholars still living could nearly be counted with the fingers of two hands.

And so times went on and on until not many old-time farmers were on the board anymore, but more highly-educated men who moved in here and worked in shops and offices. The old saying is, "High education without good judgment is dangerous". Finally the little red school houses were put out of business, and large and very expensive school houses were built in the towns and cities. The pupils were taken there by very expensive transportation, and all the people could do was to put up with it and help along.

In 1951 or '52, our people were forced to go to high school after they were through the eighth grade. Here the test started. Some were put into prison for violating, as they said, the school law. The business men of our towns were not in favor of such actions, and paid the fines, so they were free again for a while. (I could not see so much in that as they all expected the money back again, which was done later).

The school board were all here one evening till late and asked some of us to go along to Harrisburg to see the board of education. I agreed, and a few of us went when we were given an appointment to see them. An old man by the name of Haas was the head of the Board. He was an old gray-haired man and he asked me if I wanted him to violate the law in our favor. We said, "No. We want to be law-abiding citizens, and be freed of high school." Finally he said, "Why don't you build your own schools ?"

Then the chairman of our home school board asked him, "If the local board does not comply with the school laws, will you then arrest us ?"

He answered, "I may and I may not. I've never turned the gun on anyone yet."

So we can plainly see that each local school board has more lease and consideration over the people than they say they have.

Some time later a school meeting was called for our people to decide what to do or not to do. A vote was taken and out of the forty or fifty there, only six were not in favor of our own schools, and I was one of them; for this reason —because of the answer of the board at Harrisburg when they said, "I may or I may not," and the already high school taxes with some of our people in debt. Then, bus service would be needed, for we have no autos. But I said if it passes, I will not talk or work against it, and I would also pay my taxes.

Directors were appointed, and they should take it into their hands and whatever they do and work, we shall be quiet and satisfied. It was not to be a church affair, but the directors can consult with the ministers and the ministers with the church, if necessary, which I don't think has happened yet, not more than once anyway. Some don't pay all their taxes, but we have five school houses now and only one not paid for yet. Also three schools in the Juniata church. We have all girl teachers, with eighth grade educations, and all seems quiet and moving along. I think it is very necessary for us and our teachers to fill all the requirements of attendance and all school rules, so we have a clean slate to show to the public if they ask for it. Honesty has never been out of line with God or man.

A few lines to the school children, which in our schools are now all Amish. Be nice to one another and to your teachers. It is the same as it always was, some learn faster than others and are brighter in ways, but you should never feel that way in school, home, or church. I know of scholars when I went to school who were that way and were not liked too well for their ways and actions and talk, and some turned out to be wayward when older.

The teachers have a nice work of teaching others, but they have three groups of people to please — first, the school board; second, the parents; and third, the scholars. And then also themselves.

Parents should never talk about teachers' faults in the presence of their children, and teachers should never talk about parents' faults in the presence of their pupils.

It seems the teachers of the Amish schools are somewhat like the ministers and bishops of the church. They have more than one kind of people to satisfy, and they also make mistakes. They have many things which is best to keep to themselvss, especially if talking makes things worse, which it often does, as experience teaches us.

- By J. B. R.

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THE BLIZZARD OF '66

- By Lydia F. Beiler

Feb. 16. - Winter has arrived in the Garden Spot of America at last, after a very pleasant open season. Today, just eight years ago, we had one of the greatest snowstorms of our time, but the Blizzard of '66, as it is being called, has in many ways surpassed it. True, we lost more school days then, due probably to a longer period of winds. But what made this storm more severe was that we already had inches of snow on the ground, ready to be tossed about with the new snow. Altogether we had from 28 to 30 inches of snow in one week's time.

On the evening of Jan. 29, the snow began to fall, and it continued well into the afternoon of the next day. While there was some wind in the night, the fiercest gale started about daybreak Jan. 30, and continued for most of the next day, Jan. 31, closing schools, stores, and factories. Some places of business which had never before been closed by snow, had to close this time. In many places also, church services were not held till the following Sunday, or were held during the week. In our particular district, twenty-eight people braved the storm only to find that the ministers were missing. Services were held one week later.

Until the roads began to be opened, it gave a person a very isolated feeling. Route 30 was about the only road that was kept open all the time. Even the trains were way behind schedule. But we did have two weeks of very good sleighing. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The family of one of our deceased church members may have had the loneliest time of all. The body of the deceased had been brought back to the home late Saturday night while the roads were still passable. But from then until Tuesday morning, no one but the closest neighbors called. The funeral was postponed from Tuesday to Wednesday.

Since then the weather has moderated and most of our beautiful snow is gone. Only the remains of the deepest drifts can be seen anymore.

School news is rather on the wane as is usual for this time of the year. We have had only two teachers' gathering this year so far (three this term). One was at the writer's place on January 14 with a very good attendance. The next one was at Sarah Beiler's place on Feb. 12, where we had some interesting English assignments to do.

Another one is scheduled for Feb. 18, where we usually meet each year, at Elam H. Beilers. A few of us intend to visit the Nickel Mines School in the P. M. Barbara Blank is the teacher there.

I had quite a happy surprise last evening, Feb. 15, when I went for the mail and found the Bulletin in the box. I can't understand its early arrival. (It was mailed the evening of the 12th. Ed.). It does help to give a person more time to get a letter written for the next issue before that deadline, the 25th.

I thought the Bulletin was especially interesting this time, and the editor had a timely, thought-provoking article about teaching our teachers. I agree with him, for no one but a teacher realizes how much it is needed and how we, as teachers, are continually struggling for more light and perfection. A few pointers or hints, or even a few lessons under an instructor would help to lighten the burden. As yet, I have found no job that takes as much striving for perfection or that runs so unevenly as school teaching. Nor have I found a job that our own people look at from so many different angles as they do teaching.

Some think and feel that it can't be done by our own people; some take it altogether for granted; but there are a few who do take a keen interest and would do anything to help or encourage a teacher. But even of this latter class, there are many who do not feel that a teacher needs teaching. Perhaps if they would step into a teacher's shoes a few weeks, they might change their minds. There must be a lot of truth in what our superintendent has often said, "We ask our young girls to do what we would not want to do ourselves."

Feb. 17. - A knock on the school house door. Company? Yes, two teachers with a few of their pupils, from Delaware. With Sarah Lapp (ex-teacher from our County) leading them, they managed to visit five of our twenty-three schools. Welcome? Yes. Come again. They ate supper at the writer's place before returning home. (Wish I could have heard some of the chatter on the way home. I might have learned something.)

Wishing all readers and writers the grace and blessings of God, to continue faithfully in their God-given tasks.

Sincerely, - Lydia F. Beiler

P. S.

Congratulations to Rosemary Wagler (teacher) and husband, of Aylmer, Ontario.

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BALTIC, OHIO
Feb. 10, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

A greeting of love in Jesus' name.

The time is now 4:15 A. M. I am sitting at the foot of a teacher's bed. She will not be ringing the school bell this morning. She is my sister, Lizziean, teaching at Johnson School in Wayne County, Ohio.

My place of writing is the Wooster Community Hospital, Wooster, Ohio. Lizziean was brought in here hurriedly on Sunday morning, four days ago, by Miss Elizabeth Raber, another teacher from Wayne County. Miss Raber was an overnight guest at Lizziean's place on Saturday night, and the two had planned to go to church together on Sunday.

Severe pains and continued vomiting started suddenly. By Wednesday night her doctor decided that surgery was necessary to relieve her from what he calls a rare case — congested colon.

I left the school, with a few other close relatives and neighbors, at noon yesterday. When we reached the hospital, the operation had already been performed, and in about thirty minutes, Lizziean was brought out of the Recovery Room to a semi-private room.

We had a nice talk with the doctor yesterday evening and he told us that, for such a serious operation, she is as good as can be expected. He also said she had several miserable days ahead of her, at the best. We were surprised that her mind is 100% clear after coming out of the anesthesia.

Last night a first cousin from Delaware stopped in while on his way home from a visit to his father and close relatives here in Wayne County. He came up close to her side and spoke her name. She murmured his name right away.

Mother is resting over in the lobby, where I stayed until midnight. Before I began writing this letter, I wandered down to the first floor to see what the waiting room looks like at this hour of the night. Because it was empty, I noticed things I had never seen before. One was a large cigarette dispenser, filled to the brim with seventeen varieties. On top of the dispenser is a large card reading, "WARNING! EXCESSIVE USE IS VERY DANGEROUS. NOT

ALLOWED TO MINORS."

While down on the first floor I also strolled through the hospital's immense kitchen. Two I-W boys were browsing in a corner and said it is about time to wash some dishes, and before long breakfast will be started. One of these boys I know personally.

Before the others left for home yesterday evening, I sent a brief sketch along as an outline for school classes today. So I guess I will not be ringing the school bell either.

If the Great Healer sees fit to have Lizziean recover, by the time this letter is in print she will probably be very glad for mail. Her mind is set on her school and she has already asked about it, and how long it will be till she can teach again. I answered her, saying she should not worry about school for this term, but concentrate on health and recovery.

Her address will be Lizziean Nisley, R. 3, Millersburg, Ohio.

Remember us in prayer. We are likewise minded in weakness.

- Jonas Nisley

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BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. I

1. What guided the wise men to the baby Jesus ?
2. What little boy heard God call his name during the night ?
3. Who told Noah to build an ark ?
4. What happened to the town of Sodom ?
5. Who were the first 2 brothers ?
6. What was the name of the first garden ?
7. Who was in the lion's den ?
8. To whom did angels appear to tell of Jesus' birth ?
9. What is the shortest verse in the Bible ?
10. Where was Jonah 3 days and 3 nights ?

Answers to questions # 1.

1. A star. 2. Samuel. 3. God. 4. It was burned with fire from heaven. 5. Cain and Abel. 6. Eden. 7. Daniel. 8. The Shepherds. 9. "Jesus wept" - John 11:35. 10. In the great fish's belly.

* * * * *

A LETTER FROM A PARENT WHO VISITED SCHOOL

February 23, 1966. Dear Bulletin Readers: First a greeting in Jesus' name. I have for some time wanted to write to the Bulletin but we were getting ours later than the deadline for the next month, so it was shoved off. But this month we received it in time.

I visited school some time ago and was somewhat surprised to see things there which I do not believe should belong in our Amish schools. I saw a number of playthings being used during school time and causing a good deal of disturbance among other pupils. There was also face-making at each other and using the hands to communicate with each other behind the teacher's back. Some also talked aloud to the teacher without permission.

While I got my schooling at a public school, I never saw such disorder there. What do we have our church schools for ? Will not the school of today be the church of tomorrow ? Or don't we know it when these things go on in the school ? Maybe we don't have time to find out.

Do we know only what our children tell us ? Of course, most of the time they only tell what others did. Do we take everything for granted what our children say about the teacher and blame it on her, or do we try to train our children at home to be obedient and respectful toward the teacher so she can have a well-behaved group? I think it is high time to wake up. What if a state official walked into the school room when the above-named goings-on were at their peak? Would it help us to keep our schools, or would they decide there is very little religion in such a school ?

A certain father whom I know thought his son's misconduct in school was nothing serious. When asked what he thought this boy would do when he was the age to take up church membership, he explained that he hoped he would have more "Erkenntlichkeit" by that time. Where are our children going to learn if they are not taught, and who is responsible for teaching them ? Is it not the parents (including myself) that must give account for our children ? The pleasures of this earth are not worth enjoying, if it will mean being cast into eternal death.

I write this not only as a warning to others but also for myself. I am afraid when I see things like this in our schools and nothing is done about it, the downfall of our church is at hand.

- By a Reader and Parent

(Editor's Note: We are glad for the deep concern shown by the above writer. He is not writing to criticize anyone, but to remind us all that we can not be too careful of conduct and behaviour in our schools. His name and address have been omitted so this letter does not cause unnecessary offense. As in every case of this sort, this information can be obtained by writing to the editor.)

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LITTLESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA
February 1, 1966

A greeting in Jesus' name to all Bulletin readers.

We are having real winter weather. Roads are closed. So I will try and write a few lines for the Bulletin. I enjoy reading it.

I sometimes wonder why we waited until the eleventh hour to have our own schools.

In the spring of 1964, thirteen families moved from southern Maryland to Adams County, Penna., between Gettysburg and Littlestown. By now we have seventeen families, but only one minister.

The school situation was investigated before we bought farms. It was found we would have to send our children until they are sixteen if we sent to the public schools, but we were granted the privilege of having a parochial school and using the vocational plan for fourteen-year-olds, and then a permit at fifteen to work on the farm.

There was a one-room school in the vicinity not in use. It is owned by several brothers who restored it to its original condition as an "antique". They allowed us to use it for the rest of the term only. Mary Stoltzfus taught and had some over thirty pupils.

It was soon time to plan for the next term. The first task was to appoint a school board. Next, we had to agree on a location where to build. The third thing was to appoint someone to be in charge of building a school. Last, we would have to find a teacher.

The school was built on Omer Stoltzfus' farm. The labor was donated. On September 6 my wife and daughter Susie went to help with the finishing touches at the school house. They came home with word that I was to teach the school. Mary Stoltzfus was there the first day and enrolled 37 pupils, passed out the books, and started the term. The following day it was up to me.

My thoughts were, "Who am I? And what shall I teach?" I had one day and one night to think about it. In the evening two of the board members came with some instructions from the County Superintendent. Thirty-six full time pupils and one vocational pupil were enrolled.

I soon received some literature and a letter of encouragement for beginning teachers from Lydia F. Beiler. After several weeks of teaching, my wife and I with Mrs. Wisler visited two schools in Lancaster County.

Because I was interested in parochial schools, I had read The Challenge of the Child the previous summer. But at that time I had no intentions of teaching.

One of my problems has been and still is, to have the children be respectful to each other and the teacher. Of course, there are many more problems to be solved. Sometimes they come faster than they get solved.

I believe it would have been easier for me if I were a total stranger. I am an uncle to most of the children, a grandfather to some and a father to one, but when we are in school we are all one "Freundschaft".

If you want something to pass the time quickly, teach school.

If you love books, teach school.

If you love children, teach school.

If you know the three R's, teach school.

If you feel you should have a little more education, teach school.

If you want to help build the church, teach school.

It takes more patience, less temper, more prayer, less self-mindedness, and more cooperation than hardly anything else.

- John F. Esh

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LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA
January 31, 1966

Dear Readers,

Greetings of love in Jesus' holy name.

I feel too "arm" und "gering" to write a letter to this wonderful little paper, but I guess if everyone took that for an excuse we wouldn't have a Bulletin. I am not a teacher, merely a parent. I feel the Bulletin has been a great help to me and I think all parents and teachers should read it. I know I never realized the teachers appreciate it so much if parents visit their schools, until I read the letters stressing this fact.

When I read about it, I thought to myself, of course, I want to go and visit the school. But I am ashamed to say I still haven't gone except at Christmas. We have only one boy going to school. He is in the second grade, age 8. We have three children in all, two boys and one girl. The girl will be six next August and the other boy is two.

Our little girl had a bad siege of rheumatic fever. She started in February last year and was in bed till about June. She still has a heart murmur and is not supposed to run and jump, which is almost impossible for a five-year-old. She also catches cold so easy and it is by far the best for her if I just stay at home with her, hence my excuse for not visiting the school.

We didn't have school today because of snow and real strong winds, which started Saturday night and lasted till Monday morning. A lot of the roads are still not open. The works of God are surely wonderful. We have drifts as high as a man and all shapes and sizes.

I am made to think of the Bible verse, "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Isaiah 55:9.

Remember us in prayer, and we are likewise minded in weakness.

- Mrs. Amos E. Stoltzfus

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WHY HIGHER EDUCATION IS NOT ESSENTIAL TO OUR WAY OF LIFE

- By Samuel Hertzler

Throughout our history as a plain people, we have not, as a rule, taken education beyond the elementary schools. Our standards in this fall short of what the general public considers a must in education.

But results are what count. Let us see where we stand in comparison to those who have taken a higher education.

Generally speaking, we are farmers. If higher education is of such advantage, we would have but a small chance to survive on the farms against such competition. But we do not find this to be the case. The communities in which we live tell the story.

If we take results to arrive at a decision, then "only an elementary education" does not fare so badly. Modern farming methods do not change the picture. We do not have many of the conveniences that are available to farming. For that reason, longer hours and harder labor is required of us. That, however, is no drawback to success. Nothing so assures success as a willingness to work. Thomas Edison said, "Success is 2% inspiration and 98% perspiration."

As a rule we take care of our aged and poor, and there is no unemployment among us. The law has very little or no trouble with juvenile delinquency among our people. There have been arrests of our people for conscience sake (such as for refusing higher education) than all other reasons combined. We pay our taxes and have a reputation for being honest in our dealings. If there is a government or an organization that surpasses this record, I would be interested to hear about it.

This is not written as a boast. We have no room to do so. We have many reasons to be thankful, instead.

It is written to make a comparison, and to see if the time spent in higher education and the extra expense involved really do produce a superior product. This letter is written from the business point of view only.

The questionable influence a student is under while gaining a higher education I have not mentioned. That question is being well taken care of in the Bulletin by the article "Who Shall Educate Our Children?"

- Lakeside, Ontario

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JAMESPORT, MISSOURI
Feb. 21, 1966

Dear Readers,

Greetings to one and all in Jesus' name.

Why am I writing this letter? I guess it is for several reasons. One reason is that I like to read other letters, and without writers we wouldn't have a Bulletin. Another reason is because of the note, "Writers, Wake Up", in the last issue. So I guess I'll wake up and do now what I have been wanting to do for sometime, although you can see I'm not gifted in writing. But I also like to read just common writing.

A third reason is the article, "Shall We Teach Our Teachers"? If I were a teacher I would say "Yes," to that article. I had the privilege recently to be a substitute for four days, following the tragic death of Dea. Jacob Hochstetler and two daughters of Blair, Wisconsin. Our sympathy goes to the bereaved. Jacob was an uncle of one of our teachers, so I consented to take her place in the school room while she attended the funeral

Did I like it? Yes, I can say I did, but it's quite a challenge, after having been out of school for almost 26 years. I have forgotten a lot of things in this time.

Let me start a little farther ahead with this story. Last fall when school started (we didn't have our own schools yet then), the public school buses took our children in the northeast part of the settlement to Lock Springs School, which is around fifteen miles southwest. Before this year they had gone to Jamesport, a distance of five miles. They have only the first six grades in Lock Springs, so some of the seventh and eighth grades were brought back to Jamesport.

Our bus began gathering up pupils soon after 7:00 A. M. and took a load to Lock Springs, and then took the seventh and eighth graders back to Jamesport, traveling a distance of forty miles two times a day. We have two children that had to go along to Jamesport. They rode thirty-five miles one way to go five miles to school, and some had even further.

The reason for this situation was overcrowded rooms in Jamesport, and they were talking of building an addition. What should we do? Would this be the time to start our own schools?

We decided to try it and got two ready. We opened Jan. 3. We already had one school building which we were using for those pupils through the eighth grade who were not yet sixteen. We are now using that school, and also built one new one.

Lydia Mae Bontrager teaches Pleasant Hill and Emma Hochstetler teaches Meadow View. I am hoping to see at least one more school ready by the time school starts this coming fall. I feel we were losing more than we thought by not having our own schools. Of course, there were and still are a lot of problems but they can be overcome with the help of God, and by working together.

I feel the booklet "Who Shall Educate Our Children?" is of great value in starting our own schools.

Now, getting back to the subject of teaching our teachers. I presume most teachers feel just like I did that first day behind the teacher's desk. If I wanted to teach, I would have to sit in the pupils' desk again for awhile. A teacher should have confidence in his own ability, although I feel too much confidence could be harmful, too.

I agree with what has been mentioned in the Bulletin that it would be good if all parents could spend a few days teaching. It is not so good for the pupils, though, to have many substitutes. By all means visit your school. Let us not condemn our teachers before we have tried teaching ourselves for a few days, or at least have visited the school a few times.

A teacher should be able to make good grades. I don't believe it would work too well if the pupils knew more than the teacher!

The book, The Challenge of the Child, is a worthwhile book for teachers.

A few words to pupils. Be obedient and respectful to your teacher and it will be more pleasant for all of us. Always try to do your best. Follow the Golden Rule, then all should be well.

Speaking to would-be teachers, don't say, "I don't know how." I am reminded of a lesson I'll never forget. I once said these words in school and the teacher answered, "Never say those words, 'I don't know how.'" This advice has been a great help to me many times in my life. Undoubtedly, some of you readers knew this teacher. He was killed in the Palm Sunday tornadoes.

Wishing you all the grace of God.

- Levi H. Beechy

* * * * *

YOUR TEACHERS SPEAK

(We asked several teachers to answer some questions for us. Because of the nature of some of the questions, the teachers' names will be omitted. In the following paragraphs are some of the questions and the answers we received.)

QUESTION: Do you allow any whispering?

Answer:

No. It is much easier to control if all whispering is forbidden than when some allowances are given.

Answer:

I have allowed free whispering for "business". However, we cannot hold the line. It is not successful. Now pupils raise their hands and one finger when they want to talk "business". The teacher nods or shakes his head. If any whispering is done without permission, the pupils are to stay in for 45 minutes with their heads on the desk. Very successful and much quieter. (Grade 1 does not have to stay in for 45 minutes).

- Ont.

Answer:

Yes. When I went to school myself, I always felt penned up and thought the teacher too strict and a bit independent because he did not allow any whispering at all.

Our upper grades do very little but the lower grades do more, but quietly. - Ohio

Answer:

No. It is easier to have no whispering than to allow it and try to keep it moderate. It is true that some whispering takes place that I never catch. But to allow it soon leads to a noisy classroom. I did allow whispering by permission at one time. I permitted only one person to whisper at a time and then only if it was about their lessons. At first it seemed to work out all right. Soon I saw that too much work was being copied. Also, some children took advantage of the opportunity and when given permission were soon talking about other things and having a good time. Therefore, when those same children wanted permission to ask someone about a lesson, I offered to help them myself. In some cases they didn't really know what they wanted when I offered to help.

Later this also caused resentment because I refused to give some of them permission. After receiving the assurance of backing from the parents, I cut it out entirely. Ah! What a relief! What peace! Since then the only time I allow whispering is if someone has been absent, in which case I may tell him to get his assignments from a classmate.

Yes, many recesses have been forfeited because someone whispered. If you're going to have no whispering, punishments will be necessary. There may be times when admonishing is enough, but sooner or later punishments will be needed to keep the situation from getting out of hand.

Children have also told me they like it better when there is no whispering, and order is maintained. - Indiana

Answer:

Whispering, if allowed, at will, tends to breed disorder in the schoolroom. There is also much more chance of cheating and wasting of time. A classroom need not be dull because no whispering is permitted. In fact, just the opposite is true. Pupils are more considerate, study better, and get their lessons finished better. - Ohio

Answer:

Yes, but I try to keep it to a minimum. I have found it saves me many a step and lots of time. I feel I can see when there is unnecessary whispering. Give the pupil a look, and you will soon see if he is guilty of unnecessary whispering. - Penna.

Answer:

No. Our rules say, "No whispering in school time". However, when we exchange papers in class to grade, they are allowed to explain or answer a question concerning their paper, but we try to keep this down to a minimum. - Ohio

Answer:

No. I had never allowed whispering until this year. As I have a smaller group I decided to allow whispering, but it was only a few weeks till I saw it had to be stopped. I then allowed only Grades 7 and 8 to talk without permission. It was still plenty noisy, and at the end of the first semester I stopped all talking without permission. It is certainly more quiet and orderly now, although I could not blame the pupils because it was really my mistake. I hope I will never make this mistake again. - Penna.

QUESTION: What, in your opinion constitutes good control in the school room?

Answer:

First of all, have everyone live by the Golden Rule.

Make a few rules, but not too many. And, teacher, be careful you do not break your own rules. At times it would be easier to ignore some of the rules than to punish a child. -Penna.

Answer:

This is something I think every teacher must have. Without it you can not succeed in teaching. The children must learn to obey not just part of the time but all the time. They must see that the teacher has trust in them that they will do what she says. If a teacher acts suspicious, the children will try more things.

Perhaps I trust mine too far, but the children have respected me and I want to do likewise in proportion. - Indiana

Answer:

The teacher's attitude toward problems has much to do with control. She should not make mountains out of molehills, and yet not let little things slip by too much. - Penna.

Answer:

In my opinion good control is when pupils are attending to the business at hand in a quiet atmosphere. Of course, a certain amount of noise is natural but noise should not be unduly loud.

What constitutes good control? Plenty of work with a variation from time to time or a contest and new games. - Ont.

Answer:

A firm but kind teacher who sets the rules on opening day and strives to have them followed. A warning is sufficient for the first offense, but upon repetition, a punishment should be given according to the nature of the offense. By using the pronoun we more instead of you and I, the teachers and pupils are brought closer together. - Ohio

Answer:

Explain to the children in a pleasant manner that yes is yes, and no is no. (Then make it so). - Ohio

Answer:

Once a teacher has won the respect of the pupils, generally speaking, the battle is half won. Co-operation from the pupils is necessary and good supervision is a must for good control. Any undue noises should be avoided by both pupils and teachers, but complete silence is impossible (and undesirable). - Indiana

Answer:

A regular morning prayer for guidance helps me to keep my nerves calm and clear. A good serious talk with the children does wonders. Make them feel wanted and that they belong. Each one has his part to do. Ask them certain rules and their opinions about what punishments should be applied for disobedience, then use your own judgment about their suggestions. I feel that I can teach in a quieter way since we use the "mark system". I go over the rules occasionally (we are all forgetful), then inbetween those times instead of just reminding them over and over about some little thing (which can be discouraging), such as turning around all the time or whispering, I just walk up to the board and write their name down and put a mark after it. That is reminder No. 1. The second mark means to stay in. The third and fourth mark means stay in longer and write something about their behaviour. Five marks in one week require a spanking!

However, they are usually careful if they have three or four marks. I think most of the parents usually take care of this for us as they are concerned if their children have a number of marks. The system was all explained to them so there would be no misunderstandings. These marks are also given on misbehaviour in playing. Nor does it always take five marks to merit a spanking!

Our rule for cheating is: The first time a zero with a good talking and explaining what cheating is, and why we must not let it go. Then the second time a spanking. Our parents want it that way and encourage us to try and stop such things before they get a head start. Another blessing for us. - Ohio

Answer:

Good control is wearing a smile, regardless of how you feel inside. Let them know it was your mistake if it was. This I think is a big help in getting them to own up to theirs. Be firm. Have a strong backbone, but not too stiff that it doesn't want to bend when necessary. A teacher should be humble. (No, I am far from the teacher I long to be.) - Penna.

Answer:

I hardly know how to express myself on this.

Fairness to everyone. Respect for the pupils in order to gain and keep their respect. Respect should be considered before friendship. If we gain their respect, we have their friendship.

Be firm, not stern, and above all, trust in God.

Maybe it should be somewhat in this order: Having faith and trust in God, be fair, respectful, firm if in the right, be honest with yourself and admit your mistakes if in the wrong. Be cheerful and slow to anger. - Ohio

Answer:

When the school room is quiet (except for the necessary noises of learning, — soft rustling of paper and books,) and when children are busily at work. In other words, an atmosphere of study and learning. I feel this atmosphere cannot be had in a noisy classroom. - Indiana

* * * * *

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

Oh, Lord, if I'm to teach, inspire me to be
The teacher that I want to be:
Direct my every word and deed,
Supply me with the wisdom that I must have
To guide each child through the day.

Oh, Lord, if I'm to teach, give me the gift
of understanding.
Give me the gifts of love and truth;
Allow my senses added insight
So my lips will speak kind words,
And my eyes will see goodness in everyone.

Oh, Lord, if I'm to teach,
Grant me strength to teach with joy in my heart
And allow my service to be a living example.
Lord, give me the gift of teaching...
I ask so much, but Lord, I need so much
if I'm to teach.

- Robert H. Stewart

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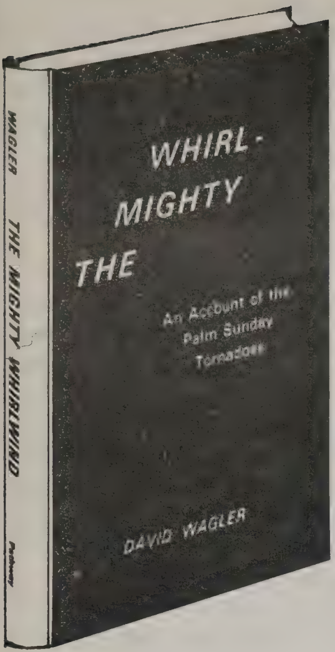
WAGLER THE MIGHTY WHIRLWIND
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WHIRL-
MIGHTY
THE
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Again this year a book sale will be conducted through the schools. Last year 37 schools took part, and we hope this year twice that number will join in, and earn a little money for their school while at the same time helping Pathway Publishers distribute Christian reading material to our homes.

This year the 10% commission is paid on subscriptions, too. Any school selling $100 worth receives an extra award of $5.00, and this is repeated for each $100 worth sold. These extra awards take the place of the prizes last year for the high-ranking schools. We felt this would be a fairer plan, and give everyone an equal chance. Both the commission and the awards can be taken as cash, or they can be turned in for books equal to their value.

Read the rules carefully and set to work. Our selection of books is larger and better than last year. Order blanks and literature are available on request. Or use this copy of the Bulletin to show to your customers.

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- All orders must be submitted by one person for the school, either by the teacher or a parent.

- The persons ordering the books will be responsible to see that they are delivered to the proper parties. All books will be shipped to the parent or teacher who ordered for the school.

- The Book Sale ends April 20, 1966. All orders must be postmarked by this date.

- Send in your orders every few days so shipment can be made sooner. Send remittance with each order, or send it all in one check at the end of the Sale, whichever you prefer. Subtract 10% commission from all sales, and keep it. It is yours.

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* *

I AM TEACHING BECAUSE...

- Author's name withheld by request

So many times we teachers have to hear the remark, "Well, I hope you like it, but I know I wouldn't make a teacher." This is usually followed by some excuse like, "I wouldn't have enough patience," or "I'm afraid my pupils wouldn't listen to me," or something along that line.

I can so easily remember the day when I tried to make myself believe the same things, but deep down there was a secret longing that would not be stilled. I loved children, and teaching sounded interesting, but I just couldn't quite picture myself as a teacher.

The more I thought about it, the more unhappy I became. I lost interest in my job. It was too self-centered. I guiltily realized I worked for two things: quitting time and pay day. The daily routine became tiresome, and I found myself daydreaming of other jobs. Soon this longing kept me awake at night until finally it won victory over my stubborn will, and I surrendered myself into His hand. Not long after this, an opportunity arose, and to the surprise of my family and friends, I accepted. The following fall, I found myself in the classroom facing a roomful of young strangers, who were supposed to be MY pupils.

How time has flown since that day! Before we know it, the third term will have slipped by. Although there have been trials and moments of grief and disappointments, I know I will never regret the time I spent here. The experiences we have shared, the knowledge I have gained, and the friendships that have been formed are riches that can not be valued in dollars and cents.

I have found teaching to be everything I expected it to be, and much more. It is a grave responsibility, but we do not have to bear it alone. We have a Master, whom we hope to serve, who is forever willing to lend us His helping hand.

Teaching gives us the opportunity to work with the child when his mind is still young and tender. It is up to us to help him form habits that are the foundation of manhood. He is away from home, on his own for the first time, and we are there to supervise the great steps he is taking. It is our duty to correct, punish, and forgive his mistakes, not seven times, but seventy times seven times. It takes patience, but ours is the satisfaction to see, little by little, the changes taking place.

I could not begin to name the rewards of teaching one by one. To see the daily progress of each grade, or each pupil, is certainly one. The love and respect shown by the pupils and their parents, the memories of past experiences, and the precious promise that tomorrow will be better keeps us going on those dark, humiliating days.

So often in the morning while we are singing, my mind wants to wander and dwell on other things. The great task lies before us, and we wonder what this day has in store for us. At this time the opportunity to have our own schools, and to teach our children to sing hymns in our language, and to teach subjects as we see fit and proper in accordance to our religious beliefs, without hindrance from officials, is realized more vividly by the teacher than at any other time. Then comes the thought that here I am, trying to undertake such a task, and am made to realize how much we teachers need Guidance from above, and co-operation and prayer support from the parents to fulfil our duty.

In these days when public schools are changing at such a fast pace, we rejoice to see more and more people turning to their own church schools. But each school needs a teacher, and we have reason to be concerned about the teacher shortage. It is not too soon to start thinking about the next term. Couldn't you perhaps fill a place behind some TEACHER'S DESK?

Visit schools in your neighborhood, and talk with the teachers you know. Ask them why they chose to teach instead of doing housework, or any other occupation. Give the matter some serious consideration, and think twice before you say, "I know I'd never make a teacher."

I do not know what the Lord has in store for me in the future, but I'd like to repeat, I'm not sorry that I started teaching when I did, and hope to continue to serve Him where and how that He sees best.

- ________, Ohio

* * * * *

STORY OF A LITTLE LIFE

– Selected by Levi Lambrights

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure, with a thin face, hollow eyes and pale cheeks, that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes apparently made for someone else. They were patched in places with patches of different colors. His shoes were old, his hair cut square in the front in the unpracticed manner in which women sometimes cut boys' hair. It was a bitter day, yet he wore no overcoat, and his bare hands were red with the cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Nine years old come next April. I've learned to read at home, and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hands, and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap with frayed edges, and the original color of the cloth no man could tell.

Presently he said, "I never went to school 'cause — 'cause — well, Mother takes in washin', and she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough now to help, an' she minds the baby besides."

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room.

While he was making this confused explanation some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out, "Say, Tommy, where are your cuffs and collars?" And another sang out, "You must sleep in the rag-bag at night by the looks of your clothes!" Before the teacher could quiet him, another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the boy was "old Si Brown, who is always as drunk as a fiddler."

The poor child looked around on his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble she found the place where he lived and then two kind ladies went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house. When they first entered they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of soapsuds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with gray, lowering clouds, that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a wash tub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron, and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty, but the color had gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down; then taking a chair herself, she said, "Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dark corner of the room, carrying a baby that she laid in its mother's lap, a lean and sickly-looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am, she ain't very well. I have to work hard, and I expect it affects her."

"Where is your little Tommy?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"

"Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going to get well." At that the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was never very strong, and he's had to work too hard, carrying water and helping me lift the washtubs and things like that. Of late he has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to take care of Sissy and baby and me. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood at the door and watched him going. I can never forget how the little fellow looked," she continued, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched-up clothes, his poor little anxious look. He turned around to me as he left the yard, and said, 'Don't worry, mother; I won't mind what the boys say!' But he did mind. It wasn't an hour before he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broken years ago. If it was, it was broken over again that day. I can stand almost anything myself, but oh! I can't bear to see my children suffer." Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The girl came up to her quietly and stole a thin little arm around her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered, "don't cry."

The woman made an effort to check her tears, and she wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness, she continued:

"Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it was no use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. Seemed like he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell you, but he whipped Tommy and the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he'd 'a' been sick anyway. But oh! my poor little boy. My sick, suffering child!" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

One of the ladies went to the bed. There he lay, poor little defenseless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep, and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds! Would that the law was more jealous of little waifs' rights!

His face was flushed, and the hollow eyes were bright. There was a long, purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said, "Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking." Then, in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered, "I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother anyhow. Up in heaven the angels ain't going to call me the drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes. And maybe, if I'm right up there where God is, I can keep reminding him of mother; and He will make it easier for her."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and said, in a lower tone, "Some day — they ain't going — to let saloons — keep open. But I'm afraid — poor father — will be dead — before then." Then he shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.

– Selected from an old Book, The Curse of Strong Drink.

* * * * *

TEACHER TRIES BOTH "OLD" AND "NEW" DISCIPLINE

Thirty years ago I taught my first year in a rural school. Lawrence Nelson was a cute, blonde, mischievous, second grader who started his shenanigans the first day of school. On Monday of the second week, Lawrence told me a deliberate falsehood. That did it. I led him to the back hall and vigorously applied my hand to the seat of his new overalls.

The next morning a sober-faced Lawrence handed me a package along with a note that read:

"Dear Teacher, Thank you for spanking Lawrence. Mother and I want our five boys to learn their lessons, but most of all we want them to be good boys. Don't use your hand the next time. I made two of these—one for you and one for me. When you need to use yours, I'll use mine. —Sam Nelson."

In the package was a foot-long paddle. Lawrence felt the sting of that paddle three times in the next two years, always followed by a "backer" from home.

Later I moved to Colorado to teach. Five years ago I had another Lawrence Nelson in the second grade. Time turned back 25 years—he was cute, blonde, and mischievous. After a month of talking and trying "new method discipline" I put Lawrence in the corner of the gym during physical education period to keep him from ruining the class for the entire second grade.

Lawrence went home for lunch and returned with his mother.

"Lawrence said you shut him in a dark closet," she accused. I pointed out that I couldn't have since there was no closet in the gym, but she screamed, "Yes, you did. My children tell me everything, and my children do not lie."

The next morning Lawrence announced to me, "The next time you won't let me play, I'll tell Mama you spanked me. Mama said if you spanked me she'd call the principal and you'll lose your job." Lawrence provided some real headaches for both me and the second grade the rest of the year.

Last Christmas, my first Lawrence, wrote about the Thanksgiving family reunion at the old Nelson farm. "All five of us with our families filled the old family farm home," he wrote.

"Ken is a doctor and Louis is a dentist. Mark and Gerald are co-owners of a drugstore. No one has done anything really spectacular, but Mother and Dad are mighty proud of all of us and I think you would be too. By the way, what did you ever do with your paddle? Dad's is still hanging on the end of the kitchen cupboard. Good old board of education!"

In May, a friend told me that Lawrence No. 2 and three other teen-agers had been arrested for vandalizing cars. Although the police had caught them in the act, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson were insisting, "He didn't do it. He says he didn't do it, and he never lies."

Sometimes I can't help but wonder.

- Selected by Freeman M. Yoder

* * * * *

LAGRANGE, INDIANA
February 21, 1966

DearBulletin Readers,

"Teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God." Ps. 143:10.

After reading the Bulletin the past year, I feel it is a great help for our own schools, and for all those who are interested in the Christian life, homes, schools, and families.

I must think of the Lord's Prayer, "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." This world has many evils and there are temptations from day to day, but why should we send our young lambs to the public schools where they must endure so many more temptations. "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." Col. 3:21.

Following is a short poem I would like to share with the readers:

KINDNESS

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue
And joined in thine innocent glee.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo, on her brow
Many traces of sorrow can be seen.
Oh, well, mayst thou cherish and comfort her now
For loving and kind hath she been.

Be kind to thy brother — his heart will have dearth,
If a smile of thy love be withdrawn.
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth
If the dew, affection, be gone.

Be kind to thy sister; not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love.
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.

Be kind to thy teacher; the burden she bears
Her spirits are wearing away;
No price for her labor so precious appears
As the kindness she meets day by day.

Be kind to thy schoolmates; not long canst thou be
With schoolmates to study or play;
The kindness will make thee more happy and free,
When school pleasures vanish away.

"My tongue shall speak of thy righteousness and of thy praise." Ps. 35:28.

Sincerely and humbly, - Daniel H. Graber

* * * * *

ON LIFE'S JOURNEY

Let the Holy Bible be our road map,
And Jesus Christ our daily guide;
So we can see the devil's trap
In which he catches souls with pride.

May we in our spiritual life succeed
That when Jesus Christ shall appear,
To judge every soul by his deeds
We may have joy without fear.

In the twentieth chapter of Revelation
To the very last verse we read,
Of the everlasting soul's destination
Who is not found in the Lamb's book of Life.

May we in life's journey be faithful
To how Jesus taught us to live.
He told us to be true, kind, and obedient
And eternal life to us He will give.

– By a Reader

* * * * *

SELECTIONS FROM A TEACHERS' CIRCLE LETTER

"In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths." Some turns in life's journey are hard to understand, but He certainly has a purpose in it all. And He is the only secure pilot.

After reading these letters, I wonder what there is to voice yet. I believe you all agree that each day in the school room will unfold some problems. At times we may wish there would be no such thing as a change in moods.

Thank God that ______ School has been going through another term with enough trouble to keep us down and enough success to hold us up. Another term is more than half gone. How time flies! – G

. . . .

I have wondered at times what the real reason is for so many objections to having teachers gather. I know that we are to obey God and those over us in government and spiritual things, but what I fail to understand is why many who object longest and hardest never bother to look inside the school house door when school is in session. Maybe if we'd get more local interest we would not need so much help from other teachers to carry the responsibility.

Almost everybody says they are "too dumb" to teach. But I don't think teachers are so much brighter. Maybe after teaching a while they have brushed up more on the academic subjects, but the average person also would.

. . . .

I read the other day of a man and his wife who are writing a complete history of civilization. They've been at it for years and years. Now an old man, the husband said recently, "Fifty years ago I knew everything. Now I know nothing."

That's a bit like it works teaching. It's humbling business, and no mistake about it. Each year you realize a bit more fully what you really don't know yet. And though you learn a good deal each year, yet it seems you're losing out; and this only because you realize more and more what there is to know about teaching. – S

. . . .

Here's a new old jingle. Is it true? I don't agree.

"The more you know, the more you forget,
The more you forget, the less you know;
The less you know, the less you forget,
The less you forget, the more you know."

– D

. . . .

Yes, I think too that the longer we teach the more we realize the shortcomings and mistakes on our part. Maybe this is good so that we do not feel too self-satisfied and are still on the lookout for improvements. – H

. . . .

Did a teacher write this?

"We used to think we knew we knew,
But now we must confess,
The more we know we know we know,
We know we know the less." – K

. . . .

Speaking of expenses, that's one item that some people keep bringing against the idea of parochial schools. And I think it's the weakest argument in a whole basket full of weak arguments. The funny thing is, most of the people who squawk on this score are well-to-do. Quite a contrast to a community I heard about the other day where the people are financially poor, and they knew no way of scaring up the money to pay a teacher. In desperation they considered closing their school, but at last one mother (who, incidentally has two pre-school children, as well as two in school) volunteered to teach without pay! The other members of the small community are endeavoring to pay her at least a little. But what a contrast to the spirit some "rich" people show!

* * * * *

QUARRYVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Greetings to all Bulletin readers in our Master's name. I always enjoy reading the Bulletin and it has often been a great help to me. If we are looking for good advice, especially about training children, we can find a lot of it in the Bulletin.

The articles about the "Teacher I Remember Best" were very interesting to me. In my school years I had an Amish teacher only one term. I often feel thankful we had one for at least that long. I can recall many fond memories of that term. I was in the sixth grade then. She often helped us play and taught us many new songs, which I think is a good way to keep pupils interested in singing. To me it seems I learned more in that one year than in all the others. At least, I can still remember much from that term.

Later, when I taught school myself, I often used my Amish teacher's methods. In 1958 I started to teach. I was seventeen then and taught for three terms. I had plenty of ups and downs, with eight grades and 45 pupils to look after. But I did have very good co-operation from the parents and board members, which is something all schools need.

The school room is one place where I still enjoy to be. I get the chance sometimes, when I am asked to substitute. I substituted five days this term in three different schools.

In Joseph Gascho's letter I was reminded of what a fourth grade girl and I said to each other when we were in school. (I was in the fifth grade at the time.) We both said we'd like to teach school when we grow up. I well remember the very spot where we were playing at the moment. Later I taught at that same school and she was substitute for me.

I have a deep feeling for any children who have to go to school where they don't enjoy it. The teacher must try to make it an enjoyable experience, but the help of the parents (and of God) is certainly needed. The children should not want to miss a day, for fear they might miss something.

We now have a family of three, and at the present time they all have whooping cough. The oldest will be five in August. She is nearing school age, and already likes to be there. She doesn't like to miss it when I substitute or visit schools.

Let us all strive to do our best, and seek to set a good example for the little ones. Pray for us, for I know our example is far from perfect.

Wishing you God's richest blessings,

- Mrs. Jonathan S. Fisher

MILLERSBURG, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Here I am a month late with my writing. The answers to the problems came in until after New Year's, with the final count being about 75, and more wrong than right.

Let's have the answers to these two problems:

No. 1: If it were possible to shrink a steel band around the earth, a distance of 25,000 miles, and then cut the band and weld in a piece just seven more feet long, how many inches would the band be away from the earth. Figure exactly to a fraction of an inch, and watch your zeroes. Let 3 1/7 equal pi.

No. 2: If a bushel of oats and wheat mixed together weighs 40 pounds, what fractional part and how many pounds (to the exact fraction) of each does it contain? Wheat weighs 60 pounds per bushel and oats 32 pounds.

It was interesting to receive the many letters. Some wrote friendly letters, some identified themselves with their parents and teacher's names, or the name of their school. While others stressed thrift by merely using a 2"x4" piece of scratch pad, which proved big enough for their name and address.

- Noah S. Miller, Star Route,
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

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TRUE FAITH

A devout man once gave his little girl an illustration of the nature of his faith in the following manner.

The child had some nice toys with which she was much delighted. Her father spoke to her, saying, "Come, my child, throw those toys into the fire, and I will in a few days give you something far more beautiful and valuable."

The child looked into the face of her father in astonishment. Seeing he was in earnest, she cast her beautiful playthings into the fire. Then she burst into tears.

Here was faith. The child believed her father spoke the truth. We fathers and mothers should be very careful that we are always true with our children.

This child had faith in her father. She also had hope her father would fulfil his promise. She was confident in his love and was willing to obey him, though it cost her tears.

- Andrew M. Miller
Hartville, Ohio

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ASHLEY, INDIANA
Feb. 20, 1966

Dear Christian Friends,

The article, "Shall We Teach Our Teachers?" has caused me to do some thinking. I know by experience that a teacher can feel very unworthy, ignorant, and unqualified to fill the place as instructor for the children of older and wiser parents. Another teacher in the same school can sometimes make the whole school seem like a different place.

However, let's not let the desire for knowledge get us away from the starting point. Higher education seldom helps toward the salvation of our souls, unless it is "spiritual education", which we do not receive from encyclopedias or by diplomas. If we learn easily from books, it is a God-given talent which can be worth more than gold to oneself and to others if used in the right way. But the same talents can carry one off in the wrong directions if they are not kept under control.

A teacher who cannot talk proper English, or who cannot keep up in arithmetic, or does not understand the difference between participles and phrases is not as harmful to the school and the church as one who knows all these things but stands in front of her innocent watchful pupils clad in a short form-fitting dress of the brightest and most expensive material, with so small a covering on her head that it does not answer as a "Haupt-bedeckung", with some colorful strings and hairholders showing through. These are signs of "Hoffart" and not of "Demuth". "Denn Gott widerstehet den Hoffartigen; aber den Demutigen gibt er Gnade." I Pet. 5:5.

How can we expect blessings on our efforts if God is against us? But for those who are truly humble and submissive to God, the church, and their parents, grace is promised. More wisdom and knowledge is obtainable through grace, prayer, Bible Study, obedience, and the like, than from all the books this world has to offer.

Some are ready to say, "But we need to know how to talk proper English to get along in the world today!" I am not against proper English, but almost anyone, whether a Christian or not, will appreciate a Christian neighbor who practices the Golden Rule, honesty, truthfulness, cleanliness, economy and simplicity, and he will appreciate him more than a highly-educated one who is inquisitive, bothersome, and noisy.

Virtues should be taught a child while he is very young. Any teacher who feels incapable of mastering books, or if you have a few pupils who have difficulty with book-learning, keep in mind that there are other points which are of greater worth in life and eternity, and it is for these we should strive for first.

Of all the possible solutions listed in the February Bulletin, for teaching teachers, I think the second one is best.

Let's humble ourselves and pray without ceasing.

- A well-wishing reader

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SHIPSHEWANA, INDIANA
February 21, 1966

Dear Friends,

As I have been privileged the past few weeks to gaze constantly at the natural beauty of Cass Lake and its wooded background, I have been made me think how true to life this picture is. In real life, we have just as many channels in which to labor as there are channels of beauty in scenery. A newly-fallen snow this morning is so beautiful in the sunlight. The pureness of the snow is a symbol of life in Christ.

I am granted a three-weeks vacation from school duties. Two weeks are to be spent in bed flat on my back, due to a back ailment. I am hoping to resume teaching duties on February 28. In the meantime, I'm enjoying one class each afternoon seated around my bed. Phonics is an easy subject for a bed patient to teach.

After having read the Bulletin, an inner urge told me I might fill a column, although I know of many others who could do the same, especially when speaking of taking turns. But it's wonderful to have the freedom to write and discuss matters as is being done in the B. B.

Also, the teachers' meetings have been a great help. They surely renew (or awaken) a zeal to get busy in a school room. Perhaps many new ideas have "clicked" for us, but we still haven't found the perfect pattern. Always there are weaknesses in our teaching, and we must go back to our own selves to begin work, hoping to profit by what we have seen others do.

There is One who is a perfect pattern, though, and from Him all help cometh. He should be a welcomed daily Guest in each school room.

When we are ready to begin a new day of school, we may at times feel empty and weak. Isn't it true that these feelings can be of great value to us? Perhaps then our hearts are open for help. When a person is meek, others can take a good lesson from his example.

School rooms and homes surely have much in common. The sun doesn't shine every day in either place. If you parents wonder how things are going in school, visit it. It will do your child good just to know you care for his school.

Does your child ever complain that the teacher has pets? Perhaps this is a fact in many cases. Is it possible that some pets may be pets only in the imagination of the child? But then again, how many pets should a teacher have? Wouldn't the enrollment list give the number? Yes, all the children should be pets. A school room is an ideal pet shop, with rows and rows of friendly disciplined children, well domesticated by love and firmness. Children are too precious to cull them into different social ranks. A Christian teacher should gladly overlook the differences in personalities, and love each one alike.

My few years of teaching have taught me many lessons. One of the most worthwhile rewards is the bright look on a student's face following a successful lesson. Isn't this a challenge to the teacher?

But there are different facial expressions. Perhaps Sammy has the best grade today, while he usually has the lowest. And Danny has a failing grade, while he is usually tops. This is one of the hardest gears to shift correctly, so the teacher's remarks will benefit the child. Shall I give Sammy a lot of praise, or shall I blame Danny rather harshly. Children are individuals.

A teacher has to cope with many problems, from washing dirty little faces to tieing shoes, from stuffing in shirt tails to shortening suspenders, straightening collars, and combing hair. And there will be wounds to dress, and perhaps a dozen other duties. Doesn't each one draw the children closer to the teacher's heart? Even dealing out a punishment, if done with the right love and firmness, will bring us closer together.

I feel guilty of neglecting some so-called little things which the child may consider important. It's easy to be too busy to listen to each whim. But children enjoy having a teacher join in their fun. There is no end to good pointers for the school room, but don't forget that teachers are mere humans and do need your prayers.

After we have visited other schools, do we teachers feel inferior because Miss Gray or Mr. Hall doesn't seem to have any problems? If we could teach in their shoes for a term, my guess is we'd be ready to return to our own. If troubles were packaged and we could swap, eventually we'd end up with our own!

Let us continue to help each other at all times. We need each other.

"As I teach I stand on ice,
I still need basic training.
One careless step — I'll stumble,
For no footing I've been gaining.
Did I counsel with the Counselor
Who hears me when I pray?
Do I daily seek His guidance,
Or do I carelessly skid away?
The Great Teacher is my principal,
He'll line me out each day;
He'll guide me o'er the slippery ice
If for His will I pray."

– Humbly yours,
Anna Mae Gingerich

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BALTIC, OHIO
Feb. 23, 1966

It is still winter in the Coshocton County hills. Chicken pox is making its rounds among the pupils of Green Ridge School. We received the Blackboard Bulletin again; enjoyed reading it, and always look forward to B. B. time.

My inner self urged me to write again, after seeing so few newsletters in the last issue. Guess this writing bug bit me when I was still going to school, because writing stories was the best part of English for me.

Following are a few more Scripture verses concerning eating habits: I Tim. 5:22, 23, "Keep thyself pure. Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." (Editor's note: Paul was not encouraging moderate social drinking. Timothy was to use wine as a medicine for his stomach trouble. This may have been because pure drinking water was hard to obtain. Wine and whiskey may have some medical value, but it is offset by the terrible danger of alcoholism. We feel that, except in rare cases, the only consistent course for the Christian today is total abstinence. Please read the story, "Story of a Little Life" in this issue. J. S.)

Romans 14:2, "For one believeth that he may eat all things: another, who is weak, eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not; and let not him which eateth not judge him that eateth: for God hath received him."

Following is a little poem, "December Rainbow":

"I can well remember
In nineteen sixty-five,
On the twelfth of December—
Temperature was fifty-five.

The clouds were a dark blue;
God's sun was shining. Lo,
The raindrops coming through
Made a visible rainbow."

I will share a few quotations and notes from an old school book I have. It was copyrighted in 1903, but most of the material was written before 1900.

Daniel Webster said, "If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering, but if we and our posterity neglect its instructions and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity."

Horace Greeley said, "It is impossible to enslave mentally or socially a Bible-reading people. The principles of the Bible are the groundwork of human freedom."

The story is told of an English schoolmaster who made an invariable rule that the pupil should hold his book in his right hand. One day he noticed that a new boy held his book in his left hand. The master said, in a commanding tone, "Books in right hand." Still the boy made no pretense of changing. Supposing it was a case of stubbornness, the master brought his cane down heavily upon the shoulders of the boy. In an instant up came the boy's right arm with only a shriveled stump in place of a hand.

For a moment the room was still as death. Then the master laid his book upon the desk, and placing his arm around the boy, asked for pardon, while the tears ran down his cheeks. Then turning to the class he begged their pardon also for his most grievous mistake.

"Make a judicious combination of oral spelling with written exercises. Oral spelling secures correct pronunciation and awakens a keener interest in pupils; written spelling is the more practical, but is likely to become wearisome if carried on exclusively." - Swett.

George Macdonald uttered a most beautiful sentiment when he said, "The woman who takes into her heart her own children may be a very ordinary woman, but the woman who takes into her heart the children of others — she is one of God's Mothers."

- Melvin E. Hershberger

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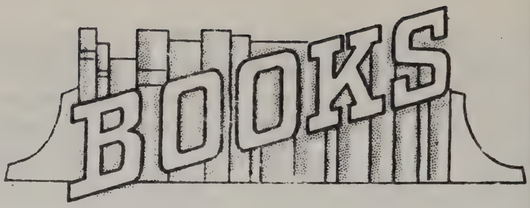

THE MIGHTY WHIRLWIND- ready for immediate shipment- get your copy now of the vivid account of the terrible Palm Sunday tornadoes which devasted the Central States. Indications are for a strong demand for this book so we would advise anyone not to delay sending in an order. Contains 266 pages with black and yellow jacket. At today's prices, you would expect to pay $4.00 for a book like this.
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OTHER OUTSTANDING VALUES: THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, $2.75; LANGUAGE OF THE DEATHBED, $3.00; WORTH DYING FOR, $3.00, paperback $2.00; FAVORITE AMISH FAMILY RECIPES, $3.00; PAULA, THE WALDENSIAN, $2.00; TITANIC STORY, $3.95, paperback 45¢; GERMAN-ENGLISH TESTAMENT $1.25; STORIES FOR CHILDREN'S HOUR 85¢; BIBLE AND MODERN SCIENCE 40¢; HIDDEN RAINBOW, $3.00, pb. $1.25; BUT NOT FORSAKEN, 85¢; MARTYRS OF CATACOMBS, 60¢; LIGHT FROM HEAVEN, $3.00, pb. $1.25; RAINBOW GARDENS 85¢; PICTORIAL PILGRIMS PROGRESS, 85¢; JOURNAL OF JOHN WESLEY, $1.25; IMITATION OF CHRIST 85¢; SERIOUS CALL TO DEVOUT & HOLY LIFE, $1.95, pb. 85¢; HUTTERITE LIFE 50¢; McGUFFEY'S FIFTH or SIXTH READERS, pb. 50¢ each; LIVING LETTERS $3.00, pb. $1.75; TWENTIETH CENTURY TRANSLATION NEW TESTAMENT, $1.25; ASTRONOMY HANDBOOK 60¢; ROGETS THESAURUS 75¢; CORRECT LETTER WRITING 75¢; HIROSHIMA 50¢; NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT 75¢; Bambi $2.00, pb. 50¢; LASSIE COME HOME $2.00, pb. 50¢; LITTLE GIRL OF CAPERNAUM 85¢; WHITE DEER'S TREASURE $1.00; JACOB HAVE I LOVED $3.75; TOBACCO —BURNING ISSUE 40¢ doz. $2.00 per hundred; LIFE AND TIMES OF DANIEL KAUFFMAN, $2.00; STRONG'S EXHAUSTIVE CONCORDANCE $15.00; BREMERS (German) KONKORDANZ $6.00; BEST LOVED RELIGIOUS POEMS, $2.00; AWARD CARDS (German Tiere, Voegel, Blumen) 3 for $1.00; HERZ DES MENSCHEN, 35¢; WHY WE BELIEVE IN CREATION $3.25.

American Funds or equivalent. All prices prepaid. Send orders to:

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R. 4, Aylmer, Ont.

BOOKS—HANDLE WITH CARE!

PART IV

- By David Wagler

Accurate and complete records are necessary for the mail-order retailer. We learned this the hard way. Here at Pathway Bookstore, we always kept records but sometimes they were not as complete as they might have been.

When things go wrong as they sometimes will, we must be able to check up and see just what was done. Some people are very patient. Frequently they wait a whole year before telling us that they didn't get a certain book. This of course is longer than necessary. Ordinarily, if we can't get an item in two or three months, we can't get it at all. But others do not have so much patience and sometimes it becomes exhausted rather abruptly. After some of the letters we received, we inserted an extra clause in our latest catalog. "Please let us know," we said, "in a respectable way."

Your book dealer is subject to mistakes, and will be only too glad to correct them. However, we have found that the customers are also susceptible to the same weakness.

Some time ago we received a letter from a good customer saying, "Five weeks ago we sent you an order for some books and have not heard a word from you as yet. Either send us the books or let us know what is wrong."

We checked the files and could find no trace of her order. But since it had come at a rather busy time of year, we assumed that perhaps it had been mislaid. So we wrote her a letter:

"We are very sorry but we are unable to find any trace of your order. Please send us a list of the books you had ordered and we will send them right away. Also let us know whether you sent cash or check. If you sent a check would you find out whether it has been cashed and by whom ?"

Two weeks later we got this reply:

"That order I had written to you about, I found it in the desk this morning. I guess I had forgotten to mail it. Enclosed find the order with check for the same."

But that was an exception. Oftimes we do find that we mislaid it or failed to send it. For this reason, we strongly recommend that our customers send a check or money order. This serves as a record of who got the money.

Sending cash by mail is risky business. The chances of it being stolen in the mails is very slight, as we often get several hundred dollars worth a month this way. But we find the greatest danger is that either the sender forgets to enclose it of we fail to give them proper credit. For this reason our policy is "Cash sent strictly at sender's risk". At least that's what the catalog says, but in actual practice it just doesn't work out that way. Usually the amount is small and if the customer is convinced that he enclosed the money, we accept his word and mark it paid. After all, the only safe way is to assume that "the customer is always right".

Sometime ago we received an order with check enclosed for some twenty dollars worth of organically grown foods! Somebody had gotten the envelopes mixed up. We forwarded the check to the organic company but they returned the book order they received to the sender. It was several weeks before we received the book order that had been intended for us.

A week before Christmas we had a similar

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MECHANICSVILLE, MARYLAND
February 21, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer." Psalm 19:14.

Greetings to all in Jesus' name. It is rather hesitatingly that I try this job of writing a letter for the Bulletin, but the Editor says, "Wake up, Writers!" Now I don't consider myself a writer, but I'll try it this once.

I think the Bulletin is a valuable little paper and can do much to encourage us in our plain way of life. A person can also realize much better the teacher's side of the story. If I were a teacher, I'm sure this "little but mighty" interesting paper would be a great help and encouragement.

In this community we have a school, that is, three trailers. (The little red school house caught fire one morning and half of it was destroyed.) This is the school where all the Amish attended, but it is still a public school with state teachers, but they have co-operated nicely — so far.

In closing, here is a prayer for teachers (and parents, too):

"God give you strength and courage,
God give you comfort, too,
And help you through the troubled hours
As only He can do."

Sincerely, - Amos R. Stoltzfus

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case. We received an order for a number of books which we do not list, but the check was made out to one of our competitors. We surmised that the order had been placed in the wrong envelope so we forwarded it to the proper place. On the second of January we received the order which had been intended for us and it was marked, "PLEASE RUSH. WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THESE BOOKS IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS".

We find that the size of the orders varies considerably. During the past year we have received several orders from individuals for more than sixty dollars. On the other hand, we received an order with a check enclosed for ten cents! Several checks were returned by the bank which had unintentionally been dated a year earlier. We receive quite a few checks with signatures missing so we inserted a notice in the catalog, "Please be sure your check is signed."

Within a few weeks we received an unsigned check and when we sent it back he apologized for it saying, "I don't know how it happened. I had seen your notice in the catalog and I thought I want to be sure and sign my check, but I didn't."

Recently we received a check which had the amount erased and changed. They had discovered an error in totalling of the books so attempted to erase the amount of the check. We were afraid to try to cash it.

One customer ordered a copy of WORTH DYING FOR and made the check payable to Nicholas Stoltzfus.

Some of the orders are rather hard to decipher. One customer aksed for a copy of THE BEAR IN SHEEPSKIN. We sent him THE MAN IN BEARSKIN.

In a recent day's mail we received the following three letters which were rather interesting as they helped to break the monotony of the daily routine:

"I would like to order one of your small mottoes at 5¢ each. Enclosed find 5¢." She had enclosed a nickel, the letter cost her 6¢. The motto cost us about 3 1/2¢, the envelope, a penny and the postage 3¢, plus about 5¢ worth of time to fill the order. Our profit on the deal was not large, but this particular girl is a potential customer and we give such orders just as careful attention as the $50.00 orders.

Another one was as follows: "Please send me the books I have listed. Since I am not sure about the price of the one book, I am trusting you with an incomplete check. DON'T TRY AND STRETCH MY ACCOUNT." (We filled in the amount right away and hope we didn't stretch his account.)

The other letter was as follows: "I am returning the book WORTH DYING FOR, as I have read it and also gave it to quite a few other people and they liked it. But I want you to sell it for what it is worth and give me that much credit on a copy of THE GIANT WHIRLWIND when it is ready." (NOTICE: "We are hereby offering for sale to the highest bidder one used paperback copy of WORTH DYING FOR by Nicholas Stoltzfus. No pages missing, back is worn through, edges are frazzled, and a number of pages folded in. In fair condition but has a large ink stain on front cover. If interested, please send in your bid to THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN.)

So the next time you send an order to your book dealer, please realize it is a privilege to be able to order good books and have them delivered to your mailbox. If you receive everything you ordered in good time and nothing missing, consider yourself lucky, for it is oftimes not possible to furnish every item in a large order promptly. Remember, too, that your dealer is trying to serve you and to get for you what you want. And if something goes wrong, let him know for he appreciates hearing from you when you have a complaint, and perhaps even more if you don't!

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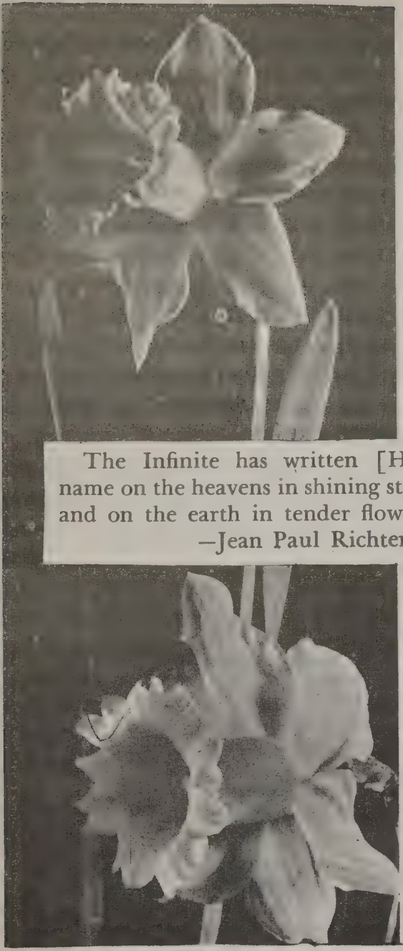

The Infinite has written [His] name on the heavens in shining stars, and on the earth in tender flowers.
—Jean Paul Richter.

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.

APRIL, 1966 VOLUME 9; NO. 9

WHO AM I, TO TEACH?

Lord, who am I to teach the way
To little children day by day,
So prone myself to go astray.

I teach them knowledge, but I know
How faint the flicker and how low
The candles of my knowledge glow.

I teach them power to will and do,
But only to learn anew
My own great weakness, through and through.

I teach them love for all mankind
And all God's creatures, but I find
My love comes lagging far behind.

Lord, if their guide I still must be,
Oh, let the little children see,
Their teacher leaning hard on thee.
– Selected by a Reader

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GODLY TEACHING

– By Rob R. Schlabach

The young man Daniel is a striking example of godly teaching winning the struggle against heathen influence. Here the tide of idolatry, worldly education, and luxurious living were checked by the teaching of spiritual values.

While still in his teens, Daniel was snatched from his homeland and its religious influences, from his parents and friends, and carried to Babylon, the land of heathen idolatry.

The Chaldeans were on the crest of their binge for knowledge. Our present-day mathematics are largely based on their theories. They are acclaimed to have been the first to have a practical system of astrology. History bears out that they had a city library, architectural wonders, and a high respect for fortune tellers.

Into this environment Daniel was thrust. It was an ideal situation for the Chaldeans, for Daniel was of exceptional intelligence. He possessed a charming personality, was skillful, cultured, and trustworthy.

Pitted against him was the influence of earthly knowledge, highly-esteemed, and prosperity and luxury unbounded. His former routine was rooted up and he was implanted in a new one. He was urged to gain knowledge so that he might some day be an attendant to the king. Daniel's ready learning of the Chaldean tongue and his mental aptitude for knowledge indicates how well he loved it. Inexperienced and immature, it seemed the youth faced certain spiritual death. Gone were the wise admonitions of his elders, for there were none present to warn him. Daniel stood on the brink of a dangerous whirlpool!

But did he fall ? Another victim of godless education ?

No!

Why not ?

There was something more than mere intelligence in that lad! In his heart was the fear of God, the beginning of wisdom. Surrounded by idolatry and a strong emphasis on higher education, Daniel possessed a wisdom beyond that of his teachers. He had the wisdom of God. Undergirding his life was a faith in the only true God. He dared to be yielded! Though but a youth, Daniel was a man in faith and a hero in courage!

Where did he acquire this wisdom, this faithfulness? Surely not from the Chaldeans. Childhood teachings must hold the key to this. The teachings of the synagogue, of his parents and elders, had guided the youth to the true God. Not only must he have been taught the negative aspect of religion, but also the positive side, the serving of God with the whole strength, soul, and mind.

True education consists of learning and discovering the laws of God, and abiding therein. 2+2=4 is the law of mathematics, language the law God gave man for communication, good health the law for preserving our bodies.

The world today is in crying need for this kind of education. Never before has the need been so great. Homes, churches, and schools should be institutions where we learn of God and His attributes and laws. Ministers, parents, and teachers should teach the Way of Life and that we should trust in the Saviour as our Refuge from the many delusions. Merely giving children an education to be of use to mankind or to make a living is like getting our game by shooting in the air. It avails nothing.

Instead of being under the influence of the Chaldeans, our youth today are under the influence of sports-crazy, education-mad, sex-perverted Americans. The question is, "Will they overcome as Daniel did, or will they succumb to the current ?"

The answer is: "They will not overcome if they know not true wisdom, the salvation of God, and the presence of the Holy Spirit." And thi is best learned by godly teaching from the cri on up.

- 1009 Dartmouth Ave., S. W., Canton 10, Ohi

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ORRVILLE, OHI
March 21, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

First, a greeting in Jesus' name. I hav wanted to write a letter to the Bulletin, but kep pushing it off. After I read the letter in the las Bulletin from a parent who visited school, (pag 143) I decided to write.

Even if all he wrote is true, and I have n doubt that it is in a few cases, we do not wan to judge all our Amish schools by those few.

Our teacher and my wife and I, with ou seventh and eighth graders, went on a school-visiting trip here in Holmes and Wayne Countie We visited five Amish schools and it was surel one of the most pleasant days of my life. Late we visited another school in Wayne County, an also our own. I must say we found nothing bu quiet and well-mannered schools, much bette than we expected. In every school we visite we heard real good singing in unison, led by th pupils, as taught by their Amish teachers.

Much of this singing was in German, and th pupils in some of the schools were reading fro the New Testament, also in German. We sa them walking to and from the little red school-houses, along with the neighbor children, al under the watchful eyes of our Amish teachers

Now let us compare this with the publi schools, especially in the towns and cities where the pupils are picked up by the school bus and their fellow-pupils are mostly non-Amis and strangers. And what do they learn ?

We all know that if any of our schools get ou of control, it is the duty of the board and th parents to help, and not just criticize. Let u always be careful how we talk about the teache to our children, not criticizing, but admonishin them to be obedient. Our teachers are only human and they need our support and prayers. am sure many a teacher is putting in long hours all for the benefit of the children.

I also agree that we should have a shor "teachers' course", and let the older experience teachers instruct the beginners.

- an ex-board membe
Joe J. Miller

* * * * *

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

Were you planning to write for the Bulletin sometime this year? One more chance before summer vacation. Try to have your material in on time, by April 25.

. . . .

TEACHERS WANTED: Several requests for teachers for the 1966-67 term have already come to the Bulletin office. Anyone who is interested in teaching, please write to us for information.

We have decided to offer a free listing in the May Bulletin to anyone who wants a teacher. Send in your name and address before April 25. Give the name of your school, and of the person with whom teachers are to correspond. Watch the next issue for THE TEACHERS' MARKETPLACE.

. . . .

Does anyone have back copies of the Bulletin they want to sell? If so, write to J. W. Fretz, Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ont. He would like to have these issues:

Volume 1 — No. 1, 4, 7, 8, 9
Volume 3 — No. 1
Volume 4 — No. 5

. . . .

FROM THE MAILBOX: From Enos Yoder, Jackson, Ohio, "I think, too, a teacher training program would have great virtue and be a big help in having more efficient schools, if it can be done in a humble manner. That alone would hardly make a good teacher, but it would help a born teacher do a better job.

"If a prospective teacher would teach under several different old standby teachers for a while, the year previous to teaching on his own, and then take a 'brush-up course' at home, or in a summer class, he should be pretty well prepared, if he is suited to that kind of work.

"But let us not forget, 'So aber jemand unter euch Weisheit mangelt, der bitte von Gott,' James 1:5. See also Ps. 111:10.

. . . .

From a reader in Pennsylvania, "At our house we all like to read the Bulletin. We are good readers but not good writers. So we hope the good writers will keep sending in material to read."

. . . .

In the January issue we mentioned the PRESS-N-PRINT duplicator, available from Calvin E. Anderson, R. 1, Box 121, Holmesville, Ohio. Calvin has sent us more information, and some special sale prices, as follows:

"Here are more details about the PRESS-N-PRINT duplicator. It uses regular mimeograph ink and stencils. Prints paper up to 8 1/2X14" as clearly as an expensive duplicator. It takes a little practice just the same as anything else. To print you simply press the top part down on the bottom part on which you have the paper. You slide out the top sheet of paper and press again, and you have another printed. It is all very simple. You can make up to 150 copies with one inking and 5000 copies with each stencil, which costs about 15¢. Prices are postpaid to you as listed. Check or money order must be enclosed with all orders.

"Outfit includes 2 stencils, 1 can ink, (good for about 400 copies), brush, test paper and instructions.

PRESS-N-PRINT with	regular	April 15-May 15
kit	$19.95	$17.50
Three or more -	18.50	16.50

SUPPLIES

Stencils 3 or more quire (24)		3.50 per qr.	2.50
Ink	BLACK	2.50 per can	2.00
	RED OR GREEN	3.50 per can	2.75

Sorry, above supplies must be ordered in lots of 3 or more. No less than three of each shipped.

Replaceable ink pads for PRESS-N-PRINT	3.95 each	3.25

You can use different pads for each different color ink and change any time.

Sale orders must be received between April 15 and May 15. School teachers will have a 10% discount on the regular price at all times. No further discount on Sale Price."

Editorial:

WHAT'S AHEAD?

We don't want to sound pessimistic, but all the same, there is cause to worry a bit about the future. (Though "worrying" in one sense can be wrong, we believe it is well to be concerned, while at the same time placing our trust and care into the hands of the God who knows no tomorrow. Our concern should be that the temptations and problems of our day do not lead us to neglect His will.)

Whether or not we are aware of it, the public schools are in the midst of a revolution such as they have never known before. The fact was brought forcefully home to me when I had occasion to read a current issue of a leading teachers' magazine. I discontinued the paper about four years ago, and renewed my subscription only recently. How schools changed in that period of time!

The curriculum is almost all "new". First on the list was the new math, but the other subjects are also being overhauled. Science has been stepped up a great deal, indeed, since Sputnik soared into the skies in 1957. New teaching devices and methods — tape recorders, television, teaching machines, programming — have moved in.

We are not writing this to scare more of our people out of the public schools. In this editorial we are concerned what effect all these changes will eventually have on our Amish schools. Or upon our way of life as a whole. How long can we survive as a separate people under the pressure of such changes?

The problem is not limited to schools. The job picture in today's world is not what it was five or ten years ago. More and more of our plain people are taking factory jobs. The farmers in some districts are pretty scarce. This is a definite move toward "city life". What is it doing to us?

But to get back to schools. How long will one-room and two-room country schools be tolerated in the jet age? There have been differences all along in what we taught and how we taught it, yet the courses of study have been much the same. Our Amish schools have put more pressure on the basic studies, the three R's, and less on the fringe studies. In the teaching of basic essentials, our schools have made a very good showing alongside the public schools. (Not that the teaching of subjects is our first concern — the spiritual and moral well-being of our children is that — but the three R's and the ABC's are important in their place.)

But all of a sudden we're in a class by ourselves! The narrow margin between what we teach and what public schools teach has suddenly widened into a great rift. The changes are not yet complete, but they are coming.

The greater the difference between our schools and their schools, the more criticism and opposition we can expect. And more problems, especially where there will be transfers one way or the other.

In the course of a few years, the older textbooks may no longer be available. What will we do if textbooks in some subjects are scrapped altogether in favor of television?

But it is not good to dwell too much on the future. We live in the present! God has promised to not let temptations come to us, above that which we are able to bear. (See I Cor. 10: 13). But these promises are good only if we live in His will. Living one day at a time is the formula Jesus recommended in the Sermon on the Mount.

We are convinced the world is ripe for judgment, and Jesus may return any day. Oh, what a time of rejoicing that will be for those who are waiting for Him! But He may tarry awhile yet, and we may face great tribulation in the years to come — perhaps war in our own land (what has happened to others can likewise happen to us), or persecution of all true Christians, even unto death.

But perhaps the greatest danger is the one we're living with now — prosperity and a fast-changing society that knows not God. Let us pray for each other. - J. S.

* * * * *

TOPEKA, INDIANA
Route 2, Box 162

Dear Christian friends,

Although it's cloudy outdoors the sun is trying its best to penetrate through them as it looks down upon snowy Mother Earth. May we as teachers be as the sun smiling through clouds, giving sunshine to our young flocks. Isn't it rewarding, though, to see a pupil, his face all aglow, beaming down into your own behind your desk! Ah, this is priceless!

This is my second year of teaching. At present we have 28 scholars at Cottonwood Grove School.

As a young child I longed to be a teacher. But how could I expect this with no parochial schools in our Iowan community? Yet when the school doors had been closed for the season and vacation was at hand, my two youngest sisters and I would head for our "schoolhouse" after morning dishes were done. This small, rustic "schoolhouse" was merely an old black shack setting on our farm among the buildings. But here I played teacher with Mary and Nina as my two scholars. Nina, of pre-school age, could not yet understand the English stories so I'd interpret them to her in our Pennsylvania Dutch dialect.

I attended only one elementary school and had three different teachers. I enjoyed school and liked my teachers.

Today many happy memories are locked in my heart of our pleasant Lincoln School days. But no longer does the bell in the belfry peel forth her welcoming ding-dong, ding-dong at 8:30 in the morning. The doors were closed and locked one day and the children now ride bouncing away in a yellow school bus to a very modern brick consolidated school. Lincoln School that had been now shelters people attending church services.

Oh, to see our dear old school house standing there alone! Can it be that men's hearts changed to stone? Oh, happy times in days of youth. It's saddened me, to pass, in truth.

Noticing here in Indiana the forsaken country schools plus a brick country church, I was moved to write the following poem. May I share it with you? (Incidentally they have now demolished the one particular school house that I especially had in mind while writing this poem.)

Passing through the countryside,
Many things we see,
But the saddest of them all
Brings a heart ache to me.

Yonder stands a schoolhouse,
Empty and alone,
Broken windows, shattered glass;
Here sparrows build their home.

Happy shouts once filled the air,
Young hearts were full of glee,
Now the place has given way—
A playground full of weeds.

Dear old country school house
What have you to say ?
Won't you tell us how you feel,
That men treat you this way ?

"Good-day, to you, oh passerby,
I surely wish you well,
Now if you listen while I speak,
I will my story tell.

"My children left so long ago,
No more do they return,
'Tis sad to think of by-gone days,
For those glad days I yearn.

"Rains come pouring into me
For I have many a leak,
The water stands in puddles,
Nobody comes to sweep.

"My walls are bare and ugly,
Despite the layers of dust,
Also the wooden entry door
Now wears hinges of rust.

"My heart is filled with loneliness,
I've given up in despair,
I'm left to crumble my life away,
Nobody seems to care."

– Miss Emma Yoder

* * * * *

SUGARCREEK, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings from the Stony Point School. Today was a beautiful day in late winter. We had a busy and enjoyable day at school, getting ready for tests next week, and we also had the pleasure of having two mothers visit us, which we greatly appreciated.

I feel it takes not only a teacher or the school board or the parents to make a good school, but it takes the co-operation of all of us, plus the blessings from above.

It seems almost impossible that this term is so nearly past. I have never done anything so interesting and enjoyable as teaching a group of obedient children. I am sure they do not realize what it means to the teacher when everyone seems so happy and we all try to practice the Golden Rule.

I am enclosing my favorite peom. I wish all readers the blessings from above.

"Oh hearts so young and carefree,
And souls of priceless gold,
Are trusting us for guidance
To the tender Shepherd's fold,

"May the good Lord in His mercy
Keep these so pure and free,
And give us light and wisdom
Their daily needs to see.

"To help them onward, upward,
To tread life's path so fair;
That we may meet in heaven
These children in our care."

– Levi M. Beachy

* * * * *

THE TWO SCHOOLMATES

- By Isaac J. Yoder

After reading the editor's note of encouragement and advice to the winners of the essay contest (and also about talents), a story came to my mind about two schoolmates who were very much unlike in their natural talents.

In a pleasant village on the east bank of the Hudson, on a sunny sandy spot, stood the old yellow schoolhouse. Among the many laughing children that played around it thirty-five years ago, were two boys, Frank and Edward.

They were nearly of the same age; they sat on the same seat, studied the same lessons, and read from the same book. Their fathers were both rich, were very fond of their sons, and hoped they would grow up wise and good men.

Edward could learn very easily. If he only read over his lessons once or twice, he could recite it well; so that he had a great deal of time to play, even in school hours.

With Frank it was quite otherwise. Everything he learned was by hard study. While the other boys were playing and shouting at recess, he was at his books.

When strangers visited the school, they would say, "What a bright boy Edward is! How well he knew his lesson. What a fine man he will be!" But no such compliment was ever heard for poor Frank.

The boys grew to be young men and their fathers sent them to college. Here it was just the same. Edward did not study very much, yet generally recited well; Frank was never idle and yet was often called dull.

Time passed on. The young men left college, and commenced business. Then their friends found they had been mistaken. Edward had formed bad habits; he had grown idle and careless, and too fond of pleasure.

With these faults no man can succeed in business, and thus he sadly disappointed all the fond hopes of his friends. Frank, on the other hand, was patient and industrious. "Try, try again", had always been his motto, and God blessed his efforts.

He is now an eminent physician in one of our largest cities; while his early playmate, the bright but idle Edward, is a disgrace to his family — a worthless drunkard.

Now I do not mean to say (and neither did the author of the story, that everybody with wonderful talents turns out that way, but this does show that it depends not just on how talented we are, but what use we make of our talents. "Denn welchem viel gegeben ist, ...von dem wird man viel fordern." Luke 12:48

The following poem is selected:

The Pond and the Brook

- Author Unknown

"Neighbor brook," said the pond one day,
Why do you flow so fast away?
Sultry June is hastening on,
And then your water will all be gone."

"Nay, my friend," the brook replied,
"Do not thus my conduct chide;
Shall I rather hoard than give?
Better die than useless live."

Summer came, and blazing June
Dried the selfish pond full soon;
Not a single trace was seen
Where it had so lately been.

But the brook with vigor flowed
Swift along its pebbly road;
And the fragrant flowers around,
Smiled to hear its joyful sound.

Happy alone are they who show,
Through deeds of kindness here below,
That better far it is to give
Than merely for one's self to live.

- Middleburg, Pennsylvania

* * * * *

TOPEKA, INDIANA
March 23, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

First a greeting in our Saviour's name.

We have been getting the Bulletin the last two years. This is the second year that we have our own school, County Line School, taught by Tillie Eash and Mary Miller. Mary is our daughter. This is the second year for both teachers.

Our children have a mile to walk to school. When the weather is not nice, they go with horse and buggy. They have often said that all the years they rode to school with the bus, they did not realize what they were missing — seeing the beauties of nature in the fall and again in the spring.

On Sunday, Feb. 20, Mary took sick with the flu. We did not know where to look for a substitute teacher, so when Monday morning came I decided to try it myself.

Our daughter Elsie was the only one of our four scholars able to go. When we got to school, the children all enquired about Mary. One of the first graders came to me and asked, "Are you going to be the teacher today?"

My answer was, "I will try!" Finally, it was time for the bell to ring. School started with singing from the German Lieder-Sammlung. Then before studies commenced, I asked the three oldest girls which one of them wanted to take classes, while I graded papers. The three hesitated awhile. One said to the other, "You are older than I." The other of the three said, "You are the oldest." So the oldest one said, "I'll try."

So our studies began. (Mary has the four upper grades, and Tillie the lower ones.) Arithmetic was first. Before long I had three fifth-grade arithmetic papers to check and grade. Then came the sixth grade papers. While I was hunting for the answers, the seventh grade was called to attention, and I had some more papers to grade.

One of the fifth graders asked a question about his problems. When I had his question answered, several of the sixth graders had some questions.

Soon the eighth grade arithmetic class was held, and there were a couple of eighth grade questions to answer. Every time it meant, dig a little deeper. I was still trying to get those papers graded when all of a sudden the pupils got out of their seats and started talking and walking back and forth. I was surprised. But when I looked at the clock, I saw it was time for recess. If they had waited on me, it might have been another hour or so.

That was one of the shorter days. On Tuesday morning I went alone, as Elsie was sick, too. When I got to the school, about six or seven asked, "Is Mary still sick?"

"Yes, she is still sick."

"Is Elsie sick, too?"

"Yes, she is sick, too."

One of the girls said, "My brother is sick, too. And so is the neighbor's boy." When we took attendance, we found there were ten absent that day.

Once more school began with singing. It is very touching at times, when they all help sing. We older ones could realize more what we were singing than the pupils do, and in such a way, I can not express the feeling.

On Wednesday morning I went to school alone again. The older girls asked, "Is Mary still sick?"

"Yes, she's still the same. I don't think she will come this week anymore."

On Thursday I could not go, but on Friday I was back to help again. That was the day the vocational pupils came.

I wonder how many of us parents stop to think that if a teacher has twenty pupils, and only four subjects a day, she already has 80 grades to take each day. Five days a week would make 400 grades, and in a six-week grading period, there would be 2400 grades to figure out for the report cards. And then the numerous other jobs, and preparing tests and all.

But in spite of all the work our teachers have, I think it is worthwhile to have our own school. We hear more and more of things that are taking place in the public schools, and it seems there is no end, — slides, radio, television, basketball, football, and almost any sort of amusement you can think of, as well as some studies that are useless to Christianity. So let us all hope and pray the Lord our Saviour will spare our children as well as ourselves, so we can live a life worth living.

Let's stand together, hand in hand. We will have some complications, but by working together, we can solve them. Achte einer den andern höher den sich selbst.

I think it is worth the parents' time to visit their school, and also others. I would like to submit a little poem which we clipped from a paper.

An Example

It is all in vain to preach the truth
To the eager ears of a trusting youth,
If, whenever the lad is standing by,
He sees you cheat and he sees you lie.
Fine word may grace the advice you give,
But youth will learn from the way you live.
Honor's a word that a thief may use;
High-sounding language the basemay choose;
Speech is empty and preaching is vain,
Though the truth shines clear and the lesson's
plain.
If you play false he will turn away,
For your life must square to the things
you say;
As you would teach, you must also do.
Rounded sentences, so smooth and fair,
Were better not said, if your deals
aren't square.
If you teach him to live his all very best,
You must live your life to the selfsame test.

Sincerely yours, and wishing God's richest blessings to you all.

- Urias U. Miller

* * * * *

"WHICH?"

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John. John looked at me;
Dear patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said!"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter:"

"'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given,'"
I look at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need
And then of this.

"Come John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle light we stepped
Where Lillian the baby slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jame's rough, red cheek,
A tear undried. 'Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace:
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave,
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. 'No, John, no,
I can not, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away.
And afterward, toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place.
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to one in heaven!

– A Reader

* * * *

YOUR TEACHERS SPEAK

QUESTION: Do the older pupils help you occasionally with classes? Do they answer "hands"?

Answer:

They take classes only once in awhile to relieve a busy teacher. It's best to teach each grade yourself. – Penna.

Answer:

Rarely. I have never had them answer hands. – Indiana

Answer:

Not too often. Sometimes when I have to be gone a half day or for just a period, I arrange work that won't be too difficult and then let one of the older ones act as teacher. The other teacher is, of course, in the same room. This seems to do them good, yet I'd hate to do it very often. Sometimes when I'm very busy I have one member of a class read answers while the rest of the class check their exchanged books.

I have had an older child answer the hands of the younger ones if they were studying their reading. Once in a while the older child mispronounces a word for the others.

Sometimes one child may hold up flash cards for another class. I feel this should be done in the classroom, or, in our case, in the cloakroom which has a glass door.

– Indiana.

Answer:

Yes, by reading answers if they are not too difficult.

I have them answer hands very seldom. According to my experience, I would term it "not good". A pupil answering hands is more likely to work out the problem or to just give the answer, leaving the child as ignorant as before. Here is a point where we teachers must also watch ourselves. – Ohio

Answer:

Very seldom, but it has happened that I get others to help with classes. I think if I had all eight grades, it would be more necessary. Yes, I let them answer hands as long as they follow instructions. The second and first graders take turns answering reading words only. Once in a while a third or fourth grader may answer some other hands for younger grades but only one subject at a time. They may not ask other pupils such questions as, "May I do this or that?" My experience has been that if I do not limit the kinds of questions to be asked there will be many more hands than necessary. Between classes I will go around and answer the hands who have questions waiting for me, and help them with their lessons and such. – Ohio

Answer:

Yes, I think it is good to let them help occasionally. It gives them a slight idea of the teacher's responsibility. – Penna.

Answer:

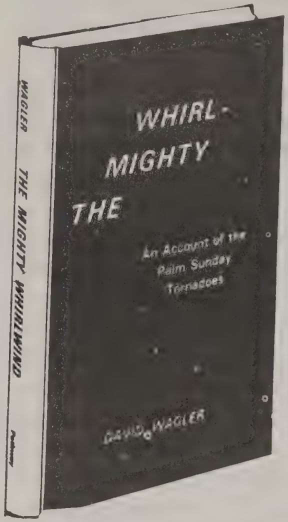
No. – Ohio

Answer:

Seldom. I do not approve of it except pronouncing reading words for the primary grades and reciting written spelling. The reason for my disapproval is pupils seldom explain a problem. They just tell how to work the problem. Pronouncing words is only allowed to pupils with excellent articulation. – Ohio

Answer:

Older pupils help occasionally with classes. They do much of the workbook checking in the primary grades. At times they conduct Gr. 2-3 reading or read some arithmetic answers. But they don't really ask questions or lead a discussion as they should. As a rule, they do not answer hands. Seldom do they have Grade 1 reading. It creates a closer bond between teacher and pupils and the pupils see the teacher's point of view. – Ontario



THE MIGHTY WHIRLWIND- our special for April. An account of the Palm Sunday tornadoes of 1965. We believe each one of our readers will want one of these outstanding books and one for each of the children as a remembrance in years to come. Hardbound, $3.00 each.

ALL THINGS COMMON, an account and history of the Hutterites, by Victor Peters, $5.00; DOCTRINES OF THE BIBLE, Kauffman, $3.55; Mennonite Yearbook, $1.00; Breaking Bread Together, $2.75; Serious Call To A Devout And Holy Life, $1.95, paperback, 85¢; Pilgrims Progress in Modern English, $3.75; LIFE AND TIMES OF DANIEL Kauffman, $2.00; HIDDEN RAINBOW, $3.10, paperback, $1.25; The Wolf Dog, $2.25; A Dog Named Chip, $1.95; JACOB HAVE I LOVED, $3.75; Conqueror of Darkness, (Hellen Keller), $1.00; Christian Nurture of children, $2.50; None Of These Diseases, $2.75, paperback, 60¢; SANCTITY OF SEX, $2.95, paperback $1.00; McGuffey's Fifth or Sixth Readers, paperback, 75¢ each; Book Of Correct Letter Writing, 75¢; See it say it in German, 50¢; Bremers Handkonkordanz, $6.00; TRIAL AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST, $2.95; German English New Testament, hard cover, $1.25; PAULA, THE WALDENSIAN, $2.00; Rachel, $2.10; Light From Heaven, $3.10, paperback, $1.25; BAMBI, $2.00; paperback, 50¢.

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"Who Shall Educate Our Children?"

- By Joseph Stoll

(Available in booklet form, 80 pages; 25¢ ea., or $2.00 doz.;$10 per 100)

VI. ESTABLISHING A PAROCHIAL SCHOOL

There are some practical questions to consider about establishing and operating a school of our own. How do we go about it? What red tape is there to go through? Are we ready in our community for a church school? What will it cost to build? What are the annual expenses for operating? Where shall we find a teacher?

It is wise to seek answers to as many of these questions as possible. Plan well, and there will be a greater chance for a successful school.

The first step is to learn how much interest there is in the church for a private school. If interest is low, the matter should be fairly presented to the brethren. Perhaps they have never given the idea serious thought. It is best to work slow, yet at the same time with a sense of urgency, for there is no time to lose. There should be prayer to God for His guidance and blessings.

If the brethren decide they are ready for a school of their own, it is often good to visit schools already established, compare buildings and expenses, and in general, get acquainted with the problems and duties of building and operating a parochial school.

A house does not make a home; neither does a school building make a school. Classes have been taught successfully in very poor buildings. But common sense teaches us that children learn better, are happier and more comfortable, in well-built, bright, cheerful classrooms. It is not necessary that they have padded seats, and cushioned arm-rests, but the standards of the school should not fall below those the pupil knows at home.

There are people who feel that if it's for the school, anything will do. Discarded chairs and rickety tables are no longer good enough for the home, but perhaps the school could make use of them. Likewise, a building that would never pass as a home for a family of five, may get the nod for a school of thirty-five. This is not very consistent.

There is the opposite extreme, quite apparent in the newer public schools. The school is made a million-dollar community show-place, with the latest in luxuries and styling. The schools set the pace for modern living.

It is not right that we should copy these schools when we build our own. Our motive is different from theirs. We want to live a simple self-denying life, and be careful stewards of the money God has entrusted to us. It is our duty to bring up our children in a simple environment that they, too, may be content "having therewith food and raiment". If the public want to bleed themselves poor providing ease and luxury for themselves and their children, that is their decision. Our decision is to provide buildings that are simple, sensible, and serviceable.

Sometimes one-room schools can be purchased after a district has consolidated. Usually these buildings are substantial and with a little repair work, can be used for many years as very satisfactory schools. One disadvantage of these schools is that few are designed to give the best use of natural lighting. Another is that they are seldom located where desired.

For these reasons, and because not many of these schools are available at the right time, by far the most of our church schools are being built from the ground up.

When plans are being drawn up for the school building itself, serious consideration should be given to a two-room school in preference to two one-room schools several miles apart. In a two-room school, the teacher's load is cut considerably because he has fewer lessons to prepare, and only half the classes to look after. It is only natural that a teacher can do a better job of teaching if he has fewer classes.

Though we in general look with disfavor on consolidation, and dislike the idea of bringing our children from a large area together with school buses, to attend the "town school", yet we do not want to close our eyes to the obvious advantages of a two-room school over a one-room.

There is only one building to keep painted and repaired, only one heating system is needed, and one water supply. Two teachers will be able to handle a larger number of pupils than they would if each had eight grades to teach.

One objection to a two-room school is that pupils have farther to come to school. Actually, most communities are so thickly settled now that a two-room school can be filled from a much smaller radius than the one-room school of grandfather's time.

So, even if a one-room school is sufficient now, the builders should plan for the possibility of the school becoming two-room some time. Some schools end up with two teachers in one over-crowded room. This is workable, but inferior to two separate rooms. There are schools that have a dividing wall between their two rooms, which can be swung to the ceiling, leaving one large room for special occasions.

The site for the school should be chosen with great care. It should as nearly as possible be situated in the center of pupil population, so that the distance to school is equal for pupils from each direction. Not only the existing pupils should be considered, but also the preschool children and babies. Even so, families may shift around in the course of a few years, and leave a school stranded to one side of its district.

Another feature necessary to the ideal site for a school is good natural drainage. It is best if the building can be on an elevation. The area should be sloped for good surface run-off, and the soil should be sandy or gravelly. Clay soils can be very muddy in the spring and winter, though good sidewalks and a heavy growth of grass partly remedy this.

A third consideration is the water supply. In a chapter on "Ideal School Grounds", Wm. McKeever wrote in 1913,

> "The greatest danger lies in the use of water taken from wells that are used only a portion of the year. Such water is certain to become stagnant. In the autumn, before the term commences, special care should be taken to pump all water out of the well and to clean the same if necessary. The well, of course, should be so located as to avoid any contamination." [30]

Sometimes water can be piped from a nearby farm or home. If a well must be drilled on the school site, this will add appreciably to the cost.

A fourth item is the size and cost of the site being considered. The playground should not be too small, preferably an acre, or even larger, if it is a two-room school. This will give room for the different groups to play, a ball diamond, swings, etc., far enough removed from the road for safety.

The building itself should be well-planned and well-built. The local Department of Health will usually advise as to the necessary specifications to meet State requirements, and will suggest how the windows and blackboards should be arranged for best lighting. It is a good idea to work closely with the health department, not only in the interests of public relations, but because they know better than we do how a school should be designed.

The added expense of a basement is usually a wise investment. If the school is to be heated by a furnace, it will be located here. The basement is ideal for fuel bins, an indoor playroom, a lunch room, or as a classroom for special projects.

The school should be designed and built as economically as possible, but no second-rate materials should be used. Labor will likely be mostly voluntary. Doors should open outward and have the recommended safety bars. The building will be insulated, and the windows built for proper ventilation. A floor should be chosen that is easily cleaned and kept up at a modest expense.

How will a new school be financed? And the funds regularly raised to pay the teacher? What is a fair way to collect money? These are questions each new school district must answer for themselves.

It is not likely that the full expense of building a new school can be raised at one time; a loan on the balance can be paid off at a given rate each year. In areas where there are ten or more church districts, a free will offering is sometimes taken by each district to help pay for a new school, and the home district pays the balance. In the last year, a state-wide treasury has been set up in both Pennsylvania and Indiana, to help finance new schools. With this plan, a collection of only a few dollars from each member each year would pay for all the new schools in the state that year.

There are several methods of locally collecting the money as needed for teacher's salaries and other expenses.

1. The free-will system. This we feel is the ideal method. The appointed treasurer is in charge of the collection-box, and each brother donates "as the Lord has prospered him". There are special blessings from this method of collecting, and it is in accord with Matt. 6:3, "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

If the treasurer mentions how much money is needed, each brother has an idea about what his share is. Some people may feel this method is all right in theory, but it would not work out in practice. But it has been used in several communities for many years, with exceptional success. We challenge you, too, to prayerfully try it, and if it doesn't work, then try something else. We believe it will work in most cases as well or better than any other method, and it is certainly the least complicated and the nearest Scriptural.

2. By taxing according to the valuation of real estate, plus a poll tax of so much per ratepayer. The existing assessment on lands and homes is the basis used in most parochial school areas. The rate is computed in mills, and the tax figured exactly as it is for public schools. In addition, a poll tax is levied to equalize the assessment for those owning no real estate.

3. On a tuition basis. The costs are calculated on a per pupil basis. This system is rarely used by itself. There is usually a second collection on a per member basis, or on a real estate valuation. The greatest weakness of the tuition system is that it often taxes the least able families the heaviest, and those who have no children, or only a few, pay less. Another point is that it encourages parents to send their children to public schools, if they feel they can not afford the added expense of tuition. To the credit of most districts, a church fund is available to pay the tuition for needy families or orphans. But rather than accept this handout, some families prefer to send to the public schools. These are problems that do not arise with the free-will system.

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BIBLE QUESTIONS

1. Who made the world?
2. Where did John the Baptist live after he was grown?
3. What bird brought a leaf to Noah in the ark?
4. Who was a well-known shepherd boy?
5. What kind of sickness did Job have?
6. How many men were thrown into the fiery furnace?
7. Who told Mary that Jesus would be born?
8. What little baby was taken from the water?
9. Why were 42 children killed by two bears?
10. What did Jesus say when He lifted the children in His arms and blessed them?

Answers to questions # 2

1. God. 2. In the Wilderness. 3. A dove.
4. David 5. Boils. 6. Three 7. An Angel.
8. Moses. 9. For mocking Elisha. 10."Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." (Mark 10:14)

Beware of the barrenness of a busy life.

LINES FOR LIVING
A Message for Young People

(The following is abstracted from a letter written in 1886 by Benjamin Butterworth, a member of the Society of Friends, (to his son William, who was later president of the John Deere Company. Selected by a Reader, Millersburg, Ohio.)

My dear Son,

As thee returns to school, let the eternal rule of right be thy guide. Do nothing that thy conscience does not approve.

In dealing with thy fellow men, act honorably, as thy grandmother would say, "Stick to the right". It is a mere matter of policy, the best since truth and right are of God and hence, eternal, while error and wrong are of a day and must perish.

These are golden hours and fleeing. Improve each one. Let thy language in conversation be clean and elegant. Say nothing that will wound the feelings of another.

Fill the mind, not only with the knowledge of textbooks, but with general useful knowledge as well.

"Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long." Cultivate enobling thoughts and emulate the example of the good. Be economical without parsimony. Remember there can be no storing without saving, and wise economy is the true source of benevolence.

Study philosophy. Cultivate habits of thoughtfulness. Let thy conversation be characterized by gravity. Remember, a man is known by his associates. Leave a companion who urges thee into evil or compromise. Go nowhere thee would hesitate to take thy father or brother. Keep a journal. It will be a record of thy progress in study and mental growth.

Do not fail to write frequently to thy mother and sister. It would tend to thy mental and moral improvement. Practice, at least experimentally, what thee learns. Get on as fast as thee can in thy studies, as I need thee very much to assist me in our work.

Be careful of thy health.

These things I have written to keep in thy memory. Once more be good and worthy. In all things, so live that when thee lies down at night no stinging conscience will disturb thy sleep. May the Father of us all keep and guide thy footsteps in the way of light and truth, and in truth, and in good health bring thee again to thy home.

Affectionately,
Your Father

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THE TEACHER I REMEMBER BEST

– By Mrs. David B. King

The teacher I remember best is the only one I ever had, so naturally I do remember her the best. I always liked her for a teacher, and I still dream of her and school occasionally.

Of course, we had our ups and downs, and there were always some "bad boys" it seemed. But our teacher always had a smile for us, and a good morning. I wonder if I had been in her place, could I always have managed a smile? She was always polite and taught us to be clean and orderly.

I often think how I could have made things easier for her, and how some of the other pupils also could have helped. One boy in our class liked to watch the first graders at work, and she accused him of "wool-gathering".

I well remember the days when I was the guilty one. One day the teacher found a handful of crumpled paper in the waste basket. Nothing had been written on it. She wanted to know who had been wasting paper, and I was the guilty one, my face turned red. In some way my tablet had gotten crumpled up and I thought the pages were too messy to use. As a result, I washed windows as a punishment. She was very particular that we did not waste anything, and that we should be neat and clean. I think this should be stressed in our schools, too.

I also remember the day we had a new lesson in arithmetic. The others in my class all knew how to do it, but for me it wouldn't soak in. The result was a few tears and my teacher proved her patience.

I am sure all teachers need "loads" of patience with so many children to care for. Expecially at this time of year they get restless to go outside.

I always feel sad when I see any disrespect among our Amish boys and girls. I wonder why it has to be so. If we could only tell them to use their minds and healthy bodies to be a help to someone. I know I have made many mistakes, too, and a lot of the lessons were learned the hard way.

I wish the older boys and girls could realize what a help they could be to the younger ones at school, if they did good deeds and set a good example to follow.

I enjoy reading the Bulletin, and my conscience told me it was my turn to write. Best wishes.

– Paradise Pennsylvania

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HABEN WIR GETAN, WAS WIR KONNTEN?

(Try reading this story in High German to your pupils)

Vier Kinder spielten am Wasser, und eins fiel hinein. Der älteste Bruder sprang nach und rettete es; der jüngere Bruder half das Kind nach Hause tragen, und das kleinste, ein drei jähriges Mädchen, lief nebenher. Als nun das ins Wasser gefallene Kind gehörig versorgt war, da liesz der Vater die drei andern Kindern zu sich kommen, und sprach zu dem ältesten: "Was tatest du, als du deinen Bruder am Ertrinken sahest?"

"Ich sprang ihm nach," antwortete er, "und brachte ihn heraus."

"Du hast wohl getan," sagte der Vater. "Hier hast du deine Belohnung." Und was tatest du?" fragte er dann den zweiten.

"Ich half ihn nach Hause tragen," sagte er.

"Das war recht," sagte der Vater. "Hier hast du auch deine Belohnung."

Und nun wandte er sich zu dem kleinen Mädchen und sprach, "Was hast denn du getan?"

"Ich habe geschrieen," antwortete die kleine.

"Gut," sprach der Vater. "Mehr konntest du auch nicht tun. Da hast du auch deine Belohnung."

Sie hat getan was sie konnte. Nach diesen Ruhm soll jeder Christ in Werken der Barmherzigkeit streben. Mehr verlangen weder Gott noch Menschen.

– Selected by a Reader, Indiana

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LANCASTER, PENNA.
Hobson Road
March 21, 1966

Dear Readers,

First a friendly greeting.

Seems it took a month of sickness to finally get me to take time to write for this paper. What are we doing with these golden hours? The hours and days take on wings and fly away. I suppose some of you know what I mean. Six little ones to look after physically and spiritually.

I thought the story, "A Little Life", about the boy from a drunken home, very touching. Particularly how he wanted to get some education and was mocked and discouraged. Are we as parents alert enough in teaching the Golden Rule to our children? "Do unto others as you would have them do to you"— how far one little rule can go!

I also want to send a few words of encouragement to our teachers. I think teaching is similar to raising a family. Some days seem dark and discouraging. What would we accomplish if we stopped then? Again there are the bright and sunny days that are so rewarding. They make up for the dark and dreary days.

Let's help keep the Bulletin thriving.

Sincerely yours,
- Mrs. Christ. L (Lydia) Beiler

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BURTON, OHIO
R. 2, Box 229 A

Greetings of love to all Bulletin Readers,

Yes, the summer of 1965 was a very busy one for most of the school parents of the newly-established parochial school, now called "Meadow Glow", Working hard, hand in hand in the sweat of the brow, almost day and night by some, ignoring all sneering remarks made by the non-interested, such as "They will learn!" and "They will be sorry".... thus our school got underway last fall.

With the encouraging words of one of the parents, "Let us not grow weary in this work," the almost never-ending job was finally finished. Two of the best teachers were hired, and also a substitute, a beginner who took a lot of interest in teaching.

So when the doors of Meadow Glow School were opened to 57 children in September, 1965, it was just like a dream come true, a God-given blessing. What more could we ask for? Everyone was so well satisfied with the teaching our children received, and with the rules and the system our teachers went by.

Sometimes I wonder if our satisfaction led us into a little pride, as within the second month of school, we received notice from one of our teachers that he wished to leave us by January 1, if we could find someone to take his place.

Finally we did find someone, and once again we thought all was going well. But then we received notice from the other teacher that she would like to leave us by March to teach in another school, where the former teacher was moving to Wisconsin. Not quite six months of school, and we had lost both the teachers with whom we started our first year. At last reports the substitute will be hired as a full-time teacher.

How thankful we have been to have one to fall back on, and also to the two teachers who have left us, who gave us a wonderful start.

Let us all try and get more people interested in teaching, to relieve the teacher shortage. We have read the suggestions of correspondence courses for teachers, or teachers' manuals, which is a very good idea to give beginners a good start.

In closing we only hope we may be shown by the good Lord all our shortcomings, so that we can be better school parents to our new teachers at Meadow Glow School, than we have been so far.

- A school parent,
Mrs. Olin A. Yoder

(Editor's Note: In a letter from the one teacher mentioned above, we learn: "I agreed last fall to help them get started and organized. No time was set. After a few months, when things were running smoothly, I asked the board president to look for another teacher as soon as convenient...

"I did tell them, though, that I would not walk out on them and leave without their finding a capable replacement, which they soon had, and things went on as well as when I was there.

"The fear that the parents or board failed somewhere is absolutely ungrounded. This was the most co-operative group I ever had the privilege of working with.

"The school now has two good teachers and as far as I know, things are going as well as last fall when I was teaching."

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MILLERSBURG, OHIO
Route 5

Dear Friends,

Greetings in our Shepherd's name.

Spring is here. How time creeps up on us, and it is time to close the school term before we are ready and our work is done. Maybe some things aren't smooth enough yet, but we hope we can be forgiven where we fall short.

In the February issue mention was made of teachers educating themselves. This is an important part of being a teacher. It was stated that teachers might have summer classes of some sort. This subject has been discussed, but no plan has yet come to completion.

We teachers can learn from each other. One way is to visit schools while they are in session. There is usually a close feeling between teachers, and they are willing to share their ideas. This can be a great help.

The board members can also be helpful in this manner. The suggestions and advice of the board members and parents has been greatly appreciated by me. We also appreciate the co-operation. This is what it takes to keep our interest in teaching.

We trust our parents want their children to obtain a good education. They can help us by visiting the school, and checking if the system is satisfactory. You can also give us a few ideas of your own, or tell us how your teachers taught. We teachers appreciate your interest in school. Our relationship can be one of love and unity.

We realize the first few grades take more skill in teaching than the older pupils. The child must be taught to study and to learn for himself. In this, we teachers need the right materials. Usually a good start in the first grades takes the pupil through the others without a great deal of help. We have learned from experience that the child who is open-minded in these grades, and tries to grasp and understand the lessons, usually proves himself an honor pupil. On the other hand, the pupil who is unable to do the work in these grades is in for trouble. This is where we need help on how to put it to him so he can understand it, and help himself more. In some cases it might be best to retain a pupil in these grades until he can "reach the feed". Then he could compete with his classmates without repeated discouragement, and the teacher could help him better.

Let us pray for each other and not faint by the way.

A humble teacher,
- Mary Ann Beachy

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NEW WILMINGTON, PENNA.
March 22, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to all of you. I will try my hand at writing for this interesting paper. I was asked to write when we had those welcome visitors last week. Sorry you couldn't stay longer, as I could have asked a lot of questions. Our visitors were three teachers from Lancaster County, namely, Lydia F. Beiler, Rachel Petersheim, and Lydia Fisher. Come again sometime. Your visit was appreciated, even though it was short.

My husband and I are teaching No. 8 Parochial School, and we now have 52 pupils in eight grades. We had two new pupils yesterday, as a family moved into our district. These boys are in the sixth and seventh grades and had been going to one of our schools where they still have an English teacher. So it is their first experience with an Amish teacher.

We would like to hear from any teachers who would be interested in writing to us personally.

It is time for school. Remember us in your prayers.

- Mrs. Eli H. Kurtz

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SHIPSHEWANA, INDIANA
March 22, 1966

Dear B. B. Family,

First I feel a duty to thank God, the Giver of all good gifts, for the privilege to belong to this family, and I can also say it is heartfelt. Sunday in church I was thinking of the wonderful privilege I have had to gorw up and live under a good Christian influence, so that I can believe the Holy Word of God. That is my feeling, then why can I not better live up to it? "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." Romans 7:22, 23.

But then in the next chapter, Paul says, "But if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." So I have comfort and also a challenge.

What a variety of subjects were touched in the March Bulletin again, from the results of education to Noah Miller's problems. Arithmetic was my favorite subject, so of course, I'm likely to spend some time on such problems. Here is one for you, Noah: A group of crows flew over two hunters. One remarked, "There must be a hundred." "No," said the other. "If there were twice as many, plus one-half as many, plus one-fourth as many, plus one more, there would be a hundred." How many crows were there? Algebra makes this one simple.

It also strikes a chord to see an article by one of our teachers!

I am one of those with too many irons in the fire, so I'm a jack of all trades and a master of none. And when it comes to teaching, I'm minus the main ingredient, patience.

In my mind this looks to be one of our main problems, — to staff our schools with teachers. And still, maybe it isn't, but it always appears that way when you have to look for a new one. I'm sure thankful for all the dedicated teachers we have had and now have.

I'm in favor of teacher's helps, in one way or another. But words of caution have been given. For it is not always the smartest people that are the easiest to get along with! Talents are different, and some find certain things harder than others do. And as was pointed out, there are things of greater worth than book-learning! But these also come out of a Book, the Good Book, nicht wahr? So let's at least learn how dumb we are.

Which reminds me of a few lines I once learned,

He who knows, and knows he knows,
He's wise—follow him.
He who knows, and knows not he knows,
He's asleep—wake him.
He who knows not, and knows he knows not,
He's a child—teach him.
He who knows not, and knows not he knows not,
He's a fool—shun him."

One reader pointed out that, as we read in Eph. 3:14-19, "the love of Christ... passeth knowledge". We all believe this comes first. It is the board's responsibility to see that the teacher is an example of non-conformity to the world, and lives in line with the regulations of the church. I have visited a few schools where I was struck with the realization of how necessary this is. We stopped at one school house once where the teacher had just dismissed the pupils to go skating on a nearby pond, and she was bare-legged! Let's remember (me, too), we all learn faster by seeing than by hearing.

Well, I'm also a farmer, and the weather is calling. It's 70 degrees and the sun is shining, so maybe I'd better heed the pleas and get to work.

But I did want to mention the trip we made to Daviess County, Indiana this winter. The main features I remember is that it was 15 below zero on Sunday morning (Jan. 30), and they had ten inches of snow. When we got home we had none. We enjoyed our trip very much, the fellowship, the visiting of schools, the meetings, and the hospitality.

We were also to a meeting in Nappanee on Friday evening, Feb. 25, concerning Vocational schools. I always enjoy these meetings, as it concerns our faith, and draws us together spiritually. So may God be with us till we meet again.

- John M. Bontrager

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MENNONITE SCHOOLS IN BRITISH HONDURAS

- By Elmo Stoll

The one hundred families of the Kleine Gemeine living in British Honduras are all at one colony known as Spanish Lookout. Here they purchased 19,000 acres of uncleared jungle land less than a decade ago. Here the first small group of settlers arrived in March of 1958. And here began the long hard struggle to convert the wild tangled jungle into fertile fields.

When the Mennonites in Mexico first began looking around for a new place to settle, the British Honduras government quickly invited them to investigate their country. The country was very poor and in desperate need of farmers. Almost all the food was being imported into the country. They gladly promised the Mennonites religious freedom, including the right to have their own schools.

The churches in Mexico sent a delegation of men over to see what the possibilities were. When they returned one of the men is reported to have said, "If we don't move over there, I pity the country, and if we do, I pity ourselves!"

Visitors today, barely eight years later, have a hard job visualizing the task that faced those first settlers. A lot of things changed as the thick jungle growth slowly gave way to roads and houses and fields and orange groves. It is true that the struggle is even now not over and life is not easy for them. They still have to feel their way step by step to learn what are the best ways to wrest a living from the soil in a strange land. But they have come a long ways. They now have their own sawmill, their own community store, feedmill, tin-smithing shop, banking system, cheese factory, and machinery dealers. They have to build their own roads in the colony and keep them in shape. Their tract of land is three miles wide and ten long, but most of the people live in the first six miles. Their five schools are evenly scattered throughout the colony and they have a large church building located at the center where they all gather to worship.

We arrived at the colony late one Thursday evening and hoped to be able to visit the schools in the morning. But we were to be disappointed. School was temporarily dismissed for two weeks. The bean harvest was at its peak and the children were needed at home to help with the work.

The next morning a former school teacher, Albert Dueck, took us to his home. Mr. Dueck is now a deacon. He taught school until he was ordained a deacon. Then he quit as no one who has an office in the church as minister or deacon is allowed to teach school. I asked Albert why they have it this way and he explained, "That is so we will be free at any time to attend to church duties."

When Mr. Dueck heard that we had wanted to visit the schools, he said, "That's too bad, but we'll do the next best for you. We'll take you to a school house and try to picture for you what it would be like if the pupils were in their seats." Another former teacher, Jacob K. Barkman, also a deacon now, went along with us. They did an excellent job of explaining their school set-up to us and we enjoyed the forenoon very much.

School starts at 8:30. The teacher greets his pupils with a "Good morning" and all the pupils stand up and say "Good morning". Then they sing a song, have prayer, and then sing again for a while. After that the teacher reads a Bible story to them and the pupils all have books to follow along as he reads aloud. Everything in school is in High German. We asked why they don't also teach English and they answered, "We feel it is better to learn one language and learn it well, than to learn two part way. Anyhow, we find that many of us learn English outside of school.

Recess comes at 10 o'clock. Between recess and noon all the arithmetic classes are held. They are having a hard time finding good arithmetic textbooks in German suitable for use in B. H., as the ones they had in Mexico all use the metric system of measurement.

Noon hour is from 11:30 to 12:30. After dinner they have a half hour of music. Their textbook teaches the notes by using numbers. Instead of practicing do, re, mi, fa... they sing zwei, drei, vier... and so on right up the scale. We were curious to know why they used this method instead of the notes. When we asked they answered, "We don't approve of four-part singing. We have all the melodies to our songs written by this number system. This way the children are taught to read the music to our church hymns. But on the other songs that are put up for four-part singing, they can't read the music."

After the music period they have reading until time for recess. Grades five and up read from the New Testament and the younger grades study in their "fibel". After recess they have spelling and some grammar and close with a song and prayer. Although they have everything in German, (the same as do the Old Colonists) they don't spend nearly as much time studying the catechism. The Kleine Gemeine use the same catechism but teach it for only an hour every Friday.

They don't hire their teachers in the way we do. Instead the teacher is chosen or elected by the church. The ministers choose one person for a candidate and the members choose one. Then the whole church votes for one or the other of these two. This system seems to work fairly well but one possible drawback might be in sometimes voting in a man who doesn't really want to teach. Usually a person who doesn't enjoy his work is not able to do as good a job. We asked one teacher how he enjoys school teaching and he just said, "Sometimes I think that job was not made for me." But they have an election once a year so that if a teacher is unsatisfactory they have the chance to replace him.

They have 130 pupils in the five schools. The boys attend until the age of 14 and the girls quit one year sooner. The teacher receives a salary of 85 dollars a month and if he lives more than a half mile from school, he will be given an extra 10 dollars a month to cover the cost of transportation to and from school.

Even though the colony has five schools, their education is not confined to the classroom. Those out of school are learning every day, including the fathers and mothers. They have to experiment with almost everything they do, and learn the hard way—by trial and error. What are the best crops to plant? And how? and when? and where? One young man said to me, "When we start farming we are largely on our own. When our papaya trees get sick and start dying we can't go and ask our father what to do about it. He won't know because he never saw a papaya tree until he came to this land."

– Aylmer, Ontario

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TWO PARENTS TALK ABOUT SCHOOL

An Imaginary Conversation

John: Come in, Henry, and sit down. I wondered why the dog was barking so.

Henry: Yes, he raised quite a fuss over a little man like me. Are you busy tonight?

John: Not very. Catching up on my reading a bit. Why? What's on your mind?

Henry: I'd like to talk a few things over with you, John. We've been good neighbors for a long while, and we understand each other pretty good.

John: Sure thing. But then, as brethren in the church we should be able to get along, not?

Henry: That's right. Even if we don't see everything alike.

John: (With a twinkle in his eyes), Meaning you and me?

Henry: Maybe, John. However, as you're on the school board and I'm not, you're in a better position to get your way than I am. Seriously, though, I'm wondering if we couldn't add a little more religious teaching to our school program.

John: But you know, Henry, that there are some families who already complain we have too much Bible teaching in our school. I don't think, either, that we should make it a Sunday School.

Henry: Well, perhaps not, in one way. But what actually are our parochial schools for? What is their reason for existing?

John: I would say they are mainly to get our children out of the bad environment of the public schools.

Henry: I disagree. I think our main reason should be to get them into a Christian environment and under the teaching and care of brethren and sisters of the faith.

John: Isn't that the same thing?

Henry: Yes, but also no. I think there is a big difference.

John: How?

Henry: Getting our children away from a bad influence is not enough, though, of course, it's necessary. That is just a start. And I'm afraid too many of us are relaxing as soon as we have our own schools, just as if the battle were then over.

John: Yes.

Henry: If my little toddler is playing in the mud, I have to do more than take him out. I have to put him in a place where he won't play with mud, and give him something better to do.

John: But what has that got to do with more religious teaching in our schools?

Henry: It's not that I want to criticize our school, for I think we have made a good start. But if we just teach the same subjects as the public schools and nothing more, I think we're missing the real purpose of having our own schools.

John: Well, now, I never thought of that! And I'm not persuaded yet.

Henry: We live in a society where church and state are separate. That is the way it should be. Now the question is, where does the school belong? Is it part of the state or is it part of the church?

John: In our land it has largely come under the control of the state. But I think that for Christians it should be under the control of the church.

Henry: Right. If schools are going to be state-controlled, they have to be completely neutral as far as religion is concerned. We're so used to this that after we set up our own church schools, we're still thinking in the old rut, "No religious teaching to be given. That belongs to the church." I think it's as simple as that.

John: But what if our teachers teach our children something we don't want them to?

Henry: That shouldn't happen if we have the right kind of teachers.

John: I suppose not. But I don't think teachers are authorized to interpret Scriptures.

Henry: Not exactly to interpret it, at least not in points where there might be differences of meaning. But the teacher should teach the truths of the Bible, and set an example, too, of course, so that our schools can be the third corner of a three-sided pyramid — the home, the church, the school. If we keep the school entirely secular, we will be weakening one corner.

John: Like a three-legged milk stool with one leg broken?

Henry: Yes, a pretty awkward situation.

John: I agree with you that children should be taught more from the Bible.

Henry: I'm glad for that. I've heard remarks from some people as if they thought they should be kept pretty ignorant. I guess it's another case of parents being afraid their children will know more than they do.

John: No, I think there's more to it than that. We're all a little shy of too much education, afraid it will go to our heads, I suppose. I think that's why some of our people oppose Bible study.

Henry: Or maybe it's because so many who take an interest in such things are led astray by false teachings. I often think Satan is right there when a person begins to study the Bible in earnest, for there's no better way he can discourage others from studying than by leading these astray and making a great example of them.

John: Yes, I'm afraid that's so. But you and I both know we dare not be idle just because work is more dangerous than resting. But to get back to our topic — we can read what Paul writes to Timothy, "that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." That is one verse that shows me we should teach our children all the Bible we can. But I think it should be done in the home.

Henry: I wish it would be done more in our homes.

John: I know it's easy for parents to neglect it. Some of our homes don't even have regular family worship.

Henry: Yes, times have changed. Back in colonial days only very worldly people had no family worship. I was reading today that in the average colonial home the Bible was used every day. The father would read to the family and cause his children to read from the Bible as soon as they were able to, and to say their prayers. The Bible was the universal child's book of that day.

John: And yet today we who want to be a light to the world are sometimes a little doubtful if we want our children to read the Bible... hmmm, I guess you're right, times have changed. But, Henry, I still think the home is the place to work on this thing. If the parents did their duty at home, it wouldn't be necessary to teach much from the Bible at school.

Henry: I respect you for your opinion, John, I think, too, the home is the place to start, and it is the most important. Now that book I was reading — I know we shouldn't look for an example from the colonial American, as we have far better examples in the Anabaptists, and of course, in the Bible itself — but you know, all the same, those early Americans put us to shame by comparison. And they certainly taught the Bible in their schools.

John: I've heard it was their only textbook at one time.

Henry: It was for many years. And even when they began to use other textbooks, they were largely Bible stories. Did you ever hear of the New England Primer?

John: Don't know if I did or not.

Henry: It was the main textbook in our public schools for 150 years. And 87% of the stories were Bible selections. Today it's wrong to read the Bible in public schools! And the reading books are largely nonsense and fairy tales. See what the world is coming to?

John: I'm beginning to see. And you think these changes are being felt in our schools too?

Henry: I'm sure they are. And not just in our schools. That's why I think church history can be worth a lot to us. If we can never see back farther than the last curve in the road, we may not be aware where the road is taking us. Of course, the Bible should be our reference book, first and last, but it can't be that unless we're familiar with it.

John: I agree, but I've met people who know the Bible front to back, yet their lives show they're not living up to it.

Henry: That's quite possible. I've had these so-called Jehovah's Witnesses out-quote me in a discussion so that I felt ashamed of myself. Of course, there are just certain parts of the Bible that they really study. But why should their zeal for their false doctrine be greater than our zeal for the truth?

John: That's a little the way life runs, Henry. Worldly people will sit up most of the night watching television or playing cards or dancing. But we poor weak Christians have to have our sleep. If we spent more nights awake reading the Bible and studying and praying, things wouldn't be the way they are.

Henry: Yes, John, we certainly can agree there, but neither one of us lives up to it, do we now?

John: Not like we should.

Henry: Well, we got off our subject of school, but I really have to be going home. Mary will wonder why I'm staying so late. I hope I haven't said anything tonight I shouldn't have.

John: We understand each other quite well, Henry. We do need to pray about these things. I want to consider what you said. Maybe we should have more Bible instruction in our school. It's not that I saw anything wrong in it, it's just that I felt it wouldn't be necessary.

Henry: I see your point. But I'm convinced it does have its place in our schools, and the best way might be to have textbooks with more Bible stories, like they used to have in colonial days. Let's keep our milk stool on three good legs! But I must be going. Good night.

John: Good night, and thanks ever so much for coming.

- The End -

* * * * *

FEAR THE LORD

- By Jerome Raber

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction." Proverbs 1:7

My thoughts often go to these words when I'm in the school room. What is a greater goal for the world today than to get an education? Certainly, we should teach our children, but not to be great in society.

"We should be careful not to teach our children too much," has been the remark when we speak of the things we are privileged to teach in our own schools. Does common reasoning teach us that it is right to keep our children in ignorance.

I think we know what is meant by the above remark, but wouldn't it be more correct to say we haven't taught them enough? We have seen people who were well-learned in the Scripture, etc., but seem to have a feeling of self-importance. This is probably why some fear knowledge, but doesn't the Bible plainly say, "...if any man think that he knoweth any thing, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know"?

Paul wrote to Timothy to continue in the things he had learned as a child, from the holy scriptures, for they are able to make him wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus.

I would like to comment on the essay contest held this winter. In fact, that is what brought e to this text verse. I hope we didn't get too nthused about being the winners and forget to read and think about the follow-up, "Combating outhful Pride".

There are only two ways, and each individual s in one or the other, and helping each other along the way. How sad to think of the influence people have who use their talents to their own glory. I fear they are a servant to Satan, and this in two "extremes". Some will follow them for self-glory while others discourage the spirit of enthusiasm in order to escape the temptation to self-importance.

If only we could more often think of what we poor mortals are, we would without a doubt escape many sins. On the other hand, we should never feel too weak to do His blessed will.

"Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name ?"

Wishing you all the grace of God. Pray for us.

- Montgomery, Indiana

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LAGRANGE, INDIANA
March 23, 1966

Dear Readers,

We received the Blackboard Bulletin as a gif this winter, and I think it was and is a very nic gift. Since reading it, we have learned fro others.

This is the second year for our school. I could not visit it since Christmas, but it is always so interesting when I can go. The teacher boarded here the first semester, and how I love to hear her talk about her work. Sometimes things happen which aren't so good, but I believe this is true everywhere, although it grieved me when our teacher was down-hearted about something. She has a wonderful gift of not staying i this mood for long (or else she was good at hiding it from us). We often laughed with her abou the funny things that happened in the classroom We miss her since she stays with another family

To anyone who likes books, I too say, teac school. I would like to do so myself but m work is at home with a family of six, one o which started to school this year. I am glad w can send her to our own school. I have eve caught a glimpse of her from my kitchen windo when she was playing outside in this war weather.

Some say it is good if teachers change schools but I don't know. The teacher who made th deepest impression on me was my principal fo 8 1/2 years, and my teacher for 2 1/2 years. H was killed last spring in the tornado, but I ca still hear him reading to us or explaining som lesson. From him I learned to love to read an appreciate books. I thank God I had such a goo teacher.

- Mrs. Ervin N. Mille

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ANNOUNCEMENT

We wish to announce a get-well shower, o whatever you wish, for teacher Lizziean Nisley She was admitted to the Wooster Communit Hospital following a sudden illness, and underwent surgery twice within six weeks. The lengt of her stay there is not certain at present, an we know she will be cheered to hear from he friends. The hospital expenses are high, an we are sure gifts will be appreciated and wisel used. Let's not forget to pray for her.

Her address will be:

Lizziean Nisley
R. 3, Millersburg, Ohio 4465

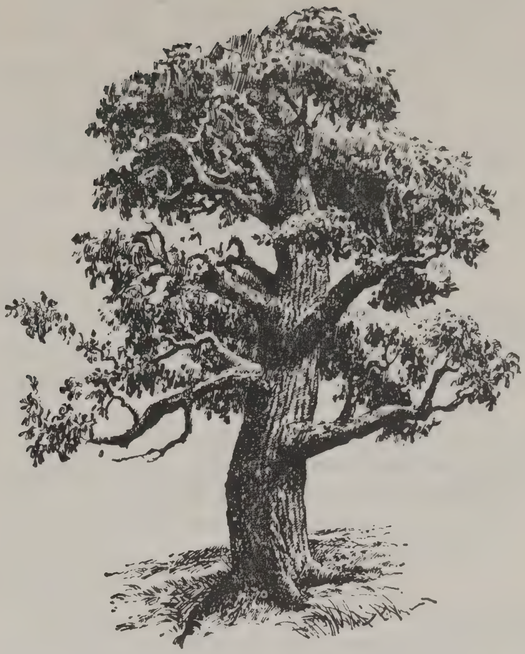
- The Holmes and Wayne County Teacher

* * * * *

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."
Proverbs 22:6.

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

VOLUME 9; NO. 10 MAY, 1966



"THE LOFTY OAK FROM A SMALL ACORN GROWS"

"THE TEACHER'S DREAM"

The weary teacher sat alone
While twilight gathered on;
And not a sound was heard around-
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,
Unnerved and pale was he;
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
In sad soliloquy:

"Another round, another round
Of labor thrown away,
Another chain of toil and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

Of no avail is constant zeal;
Love's sacrifice is lost,
The hopes of morn, so golden turn,
Each evening, into dross.

I squander on a barren field
My strength, my life, my all:
The seeds I sow will never grow,
They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands
His aching brow he pressed;
And o'er his frame ere long there came
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,
But started back aghast-
The room, by strange and sudden change
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a senate hall, and one
Addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long.

The 'wildered teacher thought he knew
The speaker's voice and look.
"And for his name," said he, "the same
Is in my record book."

The stately senate hall dissolved,
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone,
And though his hair was gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought-
"I whipped that boy today."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon;
What saw the teacher then?
In classic gloom of alcoved room
An author plied his pen.

"My idlest lad," the teacher said,
Filled with new surprise-
"Shall behold his name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
The teacher now described;
A mother's face illumed the place
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle, a miracle,
This matron, well I know,
But was a wild and careless child,
Not half an hour ago.

And when she to her children speaks
Of duty, golden rule,
Her lips repeat in accents sweet,
My words to her at school."

The scene was changed again, and lo
The school house rude and old;
Upon the wall the darkness fell,
The evening air was cold.

"A dream," the sleeper waking said,
Then paced along the floor,
And whistling slow and soft and low,
He locked the school house door.

And, walking home, his heart was full
Of peace and trust and praise;
And singing slow and soft and low
Said, "After many days."
- Selected

* * * * *

NORRISTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

March 30, 1966

Dear Friends,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

It has been a month now that I quit teaching school. How I miss all the pupils! Many times my thoughts go back to the school room where I spent almost three years, as the teacher of Maple Grove School in LaGrange County, Indiana. As I look back over it all, there are many memories. Oh, yes, I had days that were cloudy, but the happy memories far exceed the "cloudy" ones. Discipline problems were very few, which shows what good parent co-operation can do. I heartily thank the parents and board members for the good co-operation while I was teaching.

I think my hardest and roughest month was the last one I spent in school. It was not the children that gave me a rough time. They were as good as ever. But it was the thought that I was actually leaving them.

A word to all parents: Visit your school. It gives the teacher more courage to do the great tasks before her. I was far from being the teacher I think I should have been, and I hope the parents could overlook my shortcomings.

Some of you may be interested to know why I quit teaching, and who took my place. Katie Bontrager of Centreville, Michigan is now teaching grades 1-4, and Miriam Gingerich teaches grades 5-8. As for me, a wedding was announced on March 6, to be held March 17, the groom, Jacob Miller, Jr. and the bride, Alma Schmucker. Most of my pupils were present at the wedding. Many thanks for the nice gifts, and special thanks to all who took part in making the quilt I received from the parents.

Jacob is doing his I-W service at the Norristown State Hospital, so we moved out here on March 25. Life will be so different. We would appreciate letters from home friends. Mail will reach us at 514 W. Marshall St., Norristown, Penna. 19401.

- Mrs. Jacob Miller, Jr

* * * * *

LOVE, PEACE AND HARMONY

Love and peace and harmony
Are of great necessity
In our schools at work and play,
For teacher and pupils every day.

Love will spread like sunshine warm
Peace will keep us from all harm,
Harmony will blend the chords
And will bring us rich rewards.

If we keep these three in tune
The school term passes very soon,
And we will part quite happily
In love and peace and harmony.
- By L. N., Penna.

* * * * *

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Editor: Joseph Stoll, R. R. #4, Aylmer, Ont., Canada
Secretary-treasurer: Lydia F. Beiler, Box 16, Ronks, Penna. 17572

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

A leading news item this month is the closing of the school term. The Bulletin, too, now goes on summer vacation, for two months. There will be no issues in June or July, but material for the August issue should reach us by July 25.

Please keep us informed what you are doing this summer. Let us know if you plan to build a new school. The August issue might not be too late for a last-minute call for teachers if you are unable to find what you need by then. Keep in touch with us so the Bulletin can serve our schools better. We are always glad to run announcements or reports of school meetings.

. . . .

We have several dozen copies left of The Challenge of the Child. We urge anyone who is considering teaching to order a copy at once before we are sold out. The price is still $2.00 a copy.

We are thinking of revising and enlarging this book for a reprint, perhaps this fall or winter (D. V.). The reprint would be clothbound, and of course, more expensive.

The Challenge of the Child has one unit on the home, one on the church school, and one on teaching, so it is of interest to others besides teachers.

Our eighty-page booklet, "Who Shall Educate Our Children?" has been moving out well. This is the time of the year to read this book, and to pass it around to your neighbors. Maybe it will mean a new parochial school for your children next fall, that is, if you do not already have one.

The price of this booklet is only 25¢ each, $2.00 per dozen, or $10.00 per 100.

Order these books from THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN, R. 4, AYLMER, ONTARIO, Can.

. . . .

An Arkansas lawsuit about evolution resembles the famous Scopes trial of 1925. A biology teacher in a Little Rock high school, 24-year-old Susan Epperson, brought suit against Arkansas' law forbidding the teaching of the theory of evolution.

She feels it is her duty to teach it, because it is given a chapter in her textbook. The Arkansas Education Association is standing behind her.

Attorney-General Bruce Bennett plans to defend the law, passed in 1928, by attacking the evolution theory with testimony from scientists and ministers.

Both sides have been given forty days to prepare a case.

We have no idea who will win this court battle, but we have a quite firm opinion which side is right.

. . . .

According to the Chicago Daily News, it is not always the child with A's who succeeds in adult life. A study of 1072 leaders in business, education, and government listed in Who's Who in America showed the majority had averages from B to C+.

Says the paper, "...life and human nature are too complex and varied to be caught and pinned like dead butterflies in an exhibit case. We suspect that most inhabitants of the big red book are outstanding for continuing to learn after graduation."

This is what we've maintained for a long time. It's a source of wonder why the general public puts so much stock in diplomas. The idea seems to be that an adult with a twelfth grade education knows twice as much as the one who had to drop out after the sixth grade. The fact is, the very opposite could well be true, and frequently is!

Ask anyone you like who has been out of school ten years or longer, and chances are he'll tell you it's not what he learned in school, it's what he has learned since he's out of school, that counts.

Our goal as parochial schools is not to teach our children all there is to know. Our goal is to teach them how to learn, to plant in them a desire to learn, and to lead them to serve God with what they learn. - J. S.

. . . .

EDITORIAL:

The Teacher Shortage

If past years are any indication, this summer will slip by in a hurry and there will be a number of schools frantically looking for teachers just before school is due to open.

Fortunate indeed are the schools who already have teachers lined up for next year. We urge those who do not have, to start looking now. Teachers are going to be scarcer than ever this fall! The schools listed in the Teachers' Marketplace are only a small fraction of those who need teachers. There will likely be a record number of new schools this coming term, and the usual number of teachers will be dropping out. I would estimate there will be fifty new teachers stepping into our classrooms in September, if we can find them!

Matters are going to get worse before they get better, I fear. Hear what a Pennsylvania director writes, "There is a serious shortage of good teachers here in Lancaster County. At present only about half or so of the Amish have their own schools, but by July of 1968 when the reorganization law goes into effect, there will be many more, and that means a lot more teachers will be needed."

What can we do about it? I don't know, but we might list a few suggestions that have turned up.

1. Make teaching as attractive as we can. School boards and parents should do all they possibly can to co-operate with the teacher. Don't overload the teacher, is one way. Just plain hard work and discouragement have caused many teachers to quit.

When teachers are scarce, there is a temptation to assign too many pupils to a teacher. The minimum standards set up by our Amish boards in at least three states mention 35 pupils as the maximum number for one teacher. If there are eight grades, 30 pupils are enough!

If there are more, put in two teachers, with four grades each.

"But," we hear an objection, "If teachers are so scarce, how do you expect us to find two? It's hard enough to find one!"

That's just it. It may be a good deal easier to find two than to find one. Overcrowded schools are one reason teachers are scarce.

2. Another reason teachers are scarce is because in many areas the school board is unable to compete financially with other forms of employment. Teachers must live, too, and we can't altogether blame a person who is in debt, or has a family to support, to think twice before taking the lower wages offered in teaching. Many of our teachers have made a real sacrifice money-wise in order to teach, because they felt it was a worthwhile work and their Christian duty. We think there are rewards in teaching greater than a pay check, but it is not right that the teacher should make all the sacrifices.

Some school boards have desperately raised their bids in an effort to get the better teachers. In some areas teachers' wages have gone up perhaps 50% in the last two or three years. We don't like to see our schools costing more and more, but these price rises may help keep able teachers in the classroom. After all, wages in general have gone up, too, and so has the cost of living!

3. A third suggestion to get new teachers into our classrooms is to offer some form of training, or a chance at practice teaching. A lot of good raw material is just too shy to try teaching. When they do try it, they are overwhelmed by the complexity of it all, and one year is quite enough for them.

A little basic groundwork and a chance to get up teaching steam by working with other teachers, may be just what a lot of beginners need.

Perhaps two-thirds of our young men and women who dream about becoming teachers never make it. If there is any way to raise the average, let's give it honest consideration, because this teacher shortage is a lot more serious than some of us realize. The future of our schools is at stake.

One man wrote to us, "I feel we must have something that is appealing and inviting enough to create interest among prospective teachers, so they will willingly join us on their own, instead of the way we have been doing — coaxing and using pressure to persuade them to try it once."

Let's do what we can to fill our classrooms with good sound Christian teachers. - J. S.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

INDIANA ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING

The annual Indiana Amish School Meeting is planned for June 24, 1966, to be held in Daviess County, Indiana. This will be the last Friday in June. All interested persons are welcome to attend.

- Jerome Raber, R. 1, Montgomery, Ind. 47558

* * * * *

A REMINDER -

The Pennsylvania annual directors' meeting will be held in Lancaster Co. at

Samuel Lapp's, R. 1, Ronks, Pa. on June 3, 1966, at 12 noon. All interested board members invited.

. . . .

THE TEACHERS' MARKETPLACE

WANTED: Two teachers for Borkholder School, Bremen, Indiana, for 1966-67 term. Experience preferred. Interested persons write to JOHN J. HELMUTH, R.R. # 3, Box 237, NAPPANEE, INDIANA 46550.

. . . .

TEACHER WANTED for 1966-67 term, for Franconia Community Day School. Pupils attending are mostly from homes of Franconia Conservative Mennonite Church. Contact LLOYD D. DERSTINE, Secretary, R.D. 1, Box 32, HARLEYSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA 19438 (Phone 215-256-8487).

. . . .

SOUTH SALT CREEK SCHOOL, R. 5, Millersburg, Ohio (at the Jacob J. Mast farm) desires two teachers for next year. The board would like to hire a good teacher to take charge of the school and teach the upper grades, and they would like that person to find someone to help and to teach the lower grades. Inquire at BOWMAN'S HARNESS SHOP, R. 5, MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

. . . .

TEACHER NEEDED, for a new school planned to be built this summer in the Clemence Miller church district, northwest of Shipshewana, Indiana. To begin in September. Write to AMOS J. LEHMAN, R. 2, Box 194, SHIPSHEWANA, INDIANA 46565

. . . .

COUNTY LINE SCHOOL, Topeka, Indiana needs a teacher. Write to HENRY J. EASH, R. 2, Box 47, TOPEKA, INDIANA 46571

. . . .

MUSCODA CHRISTIAN DAY SCHOOL, Muscoda, Wisconsin is in need of a teacher. Please notify JOHN HOSTETLER, P. O. Box 446, MUSCODA, WISCONSIN 53573, or EVERETT D. HOSTETLER, MUSCODA, WISC.

. . . .

WANTED TO HIRE: Teacher for fall term. Woodside School, R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana, Write to LEVI J. LAMBRIGHT, R. 4, Box 266, LAGRANGE, INDIANA 46761

* * * * *

1966 TEACHERS' MEET PLANNED FOR LANCASTER

The Amish teachers' get-together this year will be held (D. V.) August 11-12, at the home of Samuel S. Lapp, R. 1, Gordonville, Penna.

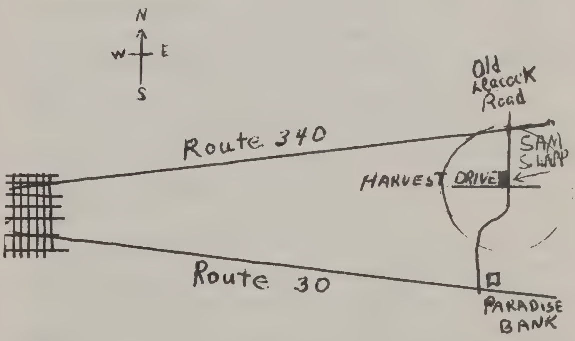
The last time the meeting was held in Lancaster County was in 1962. The following year the teachers met in Geauga County, Ohio, and in 1964 at Nappanee, Indiana. There was no meeting last year.

During the afternoon of the first day, the group will assemble at Clearview School nearby, where a program is planned. Then they will go back to Sams for supper and a hymn singing in the P. M.

The place for the second day's events has not been definitely decided yet, but transportation will be provided to wherever the group may go.

Following are directions to the farm:

Coming east from Lancaster, take Route 340 for twelve miles. Turn right on Old Leacock Road, and the Sam Lapp farm is the third on the right, situated at the intersection of Old Leacock Road and Harvest Drive.



All teachers are invited to attend and board members are welcome, too.

This meeting follows the annual Pennsylvania Vocational Committee meeting which will be held Wednesday, August 10, at Stephen Fishers, two miles southeast of Strasburg, starting at 8:00 A. M. Interested persons are welcome. If more information is desired about this meeting, write to the chairman, Aaron E. Beiler, R. 1, Gap, Penna.

For information concerning the teachers' meeting, write to the committee, whose names and addresses are listed below. For transportation from rail or bus depots, write to Elam H. Beiler, R. 1, Paradise, or to a member of the committee.

We will be looking forward to seeing you.

- The Committee

Saloma F. Lapp, R. 1, Box 111, Ronks, Penna. 17572
Lydia F. Beiler, Box 16, Ronks, Penna. 17572
Sarah S. Beiler, R. 1, Ronks, Penna.
Rachel Petersheim, 339 Clearview Rd., Lancaster 4, Penna.

* * * * *

DOVER, DELAWARE
April 23, 1966

Dear Readers,

Greetings and best wishes to all,

With the end of the term so near at hand, we are having to hustle a few classes that are hardly ready for the final tests. But they are cooperating very well.

We have greatly enjoyed several beautiful spring days. Yesterday was exceptionally pleasant, and the children made good use of it. They played a lively game of "wink", and I enjoyed watching them as much as they enjoyed playing, so that the noon hour was stretched out too long. Today it is raining, but that was also needed and is appreciated.

Isn't the end of the term a good time for a word of encouragement for beginning or prospective teachers? I well remember how a few words meant so much to me. If any of you girls (and young men! Ed.) have had a longing to try teaching, by all means try it. The need for teachers is great, and is becoming greater each year.

Teaching is a grave responsibility and it takes some nerve to say for the first time, "I'll try it." And still more nerve at times after you're at it, but in spite of all the problems and discouragements you may have, the joys and rewards far outweigh them. Some days you wonder why you're teaching, and the next you can't see why not more people say, "I'll try."

If you would like to teach but feel you are too young, start getting ready now. I learned this winter that a helper during test week (or at other times) can be a tremendous aid. Visit schools or go as a helper, and read the book, The Challenge of the Child. The teachers in your area will be happy to have you, I'm sure.

Undoubtedly some of you are like I was, wishing to try it but hardly daring to say so. Speak up! I don't think you'll be sorry. Some days will be thorny, but more are filled with roses. You don't have to carry the burden alone.

Annie Yoder, the teacher at Green Hill, and I were visiting schools in Pennsylvania one day in February, and enjoyed a worthwhile day. We had quite a few visitors in school this term, but not many parents. We appreciated all who were here. Come again and give us a nice surprise.

This is being written at school. It is now noon hour, which is a poor time to think. Thanks again to parents, board members, pupils and all who helped make my two years of teaching a pleasant experience.

Sincerely,

- Lydia Mae Detweiler

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SCHOOL CHILDREN SELL A LOT OF BOOKS!

The Pathway Publishing Co. second annual spring BOOK SALE was a success again this year. Sixty-five schools took part, compared to thirty-seven last year. Total sales were up over 300 %! This was largely because of a wider offering of books this year, among which were some very good sellers. Almost 1700 copies of The Mighty Whirlwind were sold!

Commissions to schools this year were 10% plus an additional 5% on each completed $100 worth of sales. Total commissions earned by the schools amounted to almost $1500. Although this was not a contest to see which school could sell the most books, it might be interesting to see which ones did.

The leading school did so well in selling they slipped up somehow in bookkeeping, so that at this time neither they nor we know exactly how many books they sold. We hope this will be ironed out to the satisfaction of all concerned. This school was the PLAIN VIEW SCHOOL, Middlebury, Indiana. They led the field by far.

In second place was SOUTH BUNKER HILL SCHOOL, Millersburg, Ohio, taught by Raymond S. Weaver. They earned just over $100 commission.

Third place was held by Saloma F. Lapp's school, CLEARVIEW, near Gordonville, Penna.

Last year's winner, BORKHOLDER SCHOOL, Nappanee, Indiana, came in fourth, with a commission of $75.28. However, they held a slim edge over fifth place winner, LITTLE ACORN SCHOOL, LaGrange, Indiana, who were only 3¢ behind them in commission earned, a total of $75.25!

Along with books sold, this sale netted us over a thousand dollars worth of subscriptions for the Blackboard Bulletin and The Ambassador of Peace.

We want to thank each parent and teacher who helped out in this sale. We know it took a lot of work. A special thanks is due Bertha Kauffman, who did a fine job of bookkeeping at this end of the sale. Some of the pupils who complain about big arithmetic lessons should have had her assignment!

All proceeds from this sale, of course, went direct to the non-profit Pathway Company.

- J. S.

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NOW LET ME SEE

- By a sister

We want to build a school. What will it take? I don't know too much about it but while I'm alone I might as well try and figure it out.

Now let me see—
we'll probably need a permit,
architecture—a plan on how to build,
a location,
wonder how much lumber it will take,
and blocks for the foundation,
labor,
a conscientious teacher,
desks, seats, benches,
O, yes, did I forget, our most important need — hearts united in love, with faith, courage, inspiration, and hope — hope that the time and labor will pay well in dividends — the protecting and guiding of many tender souls so they can face the world "strong in the Lord, in the power of His might, having on the armour of God.

- Millersburg, Ohio

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KALONA, IOWA
April 17, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Grace to you and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

For quite some time now I have been a reader of this interesting Bulletin that comes to my house each month. But, the thought came to me, if all were just readers and no writers, we wouldn't have this wonderful little paper to read.

Although I am no able writer like others, I can at least write to say that I enjoy this paper and each article that appears. I personally know quite a number of "the teacher family" and when the Bulletin comes, I hurriedly glance through it, first, to see if I can find any articles by people I know and then I settle down for a thorough reading of the complete paper.

I had the privilege to attend the teachers' meeting in the evening of August 13, 1964, at the Joe Kauffman home near Nappanee, Ind., and oh, how I enjoyed the good singing, as well as meeting known and unknown friends.

At three different times in my life I have also had the experience of teaching, an experience which would be good for any one. But instead of eight months of school, I had only a five week period and it was in German instead of English, with pupils from the ages of 14 to 20.

But nevertheless, be it English or German, a long period or short period of school, younger or older children, I reckon a teacher has somewhat the same problems to solve.

Yes, perhaps at times they need a bit of admonition but how satisfying to get the promise "Mir Buben wollen besser thun von nun an" (and they did). Also some moments of anxiety take place. One of the boys faints in class and falls forward on the floor on his face, with blood coming from his mouth. He has to be carried out, where he regains consciousness. Of course, it is the teacher's role to get water to soothe the bruises and perhaps wash off the dirt from his face. About then a girl faints, just to see all this, and has to be carried out, too.

But, bonds of friendship spring up in just a few short weeks of togetherness. After school is out, teacher and pupils even brave deep snow drifts to attend a gathering, where they will be fellowshipping together once more.

May we all, as pupils in the School of Life, have a longing to please our Great Master Teacher and brave storms, come what may, to be together with Him throughout eternity.

We here in Southeastern Iowa are facing school problems at the present. It looks as if our one-room country schools will be taken from us. They are to merge with larger districts as of July. Perhaps now would be the time to start our own schools. But would it work? The episodes in the northern part of the state causes us to wonder.

May the blessings of God abide with each one is my wish.

Sincerely,
Mary Ellen Gingerich

* * * * *

ST. JOE, ARKANSAS

Greetings in Jesus Name:

I will try, with the Father's help, to write a few lines for the B. B. just in case you need material. I am not a teacher, but I was once a pupil. Will that help? You can be quite sure that some teachers would do well to follow through on their pupil's opinion once in a while. I well remember my first teacher, a woman of about forty. She was not well thought of by us, her pupils. She was boss of the school all right, and we feared her, but she was no inspiration. Her mistake was too much emphasis on corporal punishment. It did not take much to touch off her wrath, and she then made the guilty one an object to pity. A teacher needs to be respected. The leather in the teacher's desk should always be in its place in case it's needed, and then used, but a teacher should also be an inspiration to her scholars.

If my memory serves me right it was in my first week of school that we first graders were assigned to black board work. Instead of doing it I fell to drawing. The snickers of the 7th and 8th graders (who were watching me) brought the fury of the teacher down upon me before I was aware of what was taking place. Needless to say, I quickly learned not to draw under such circumstances. She splintered a ruler over my back. I did not see her since about 1929.

My last teacher, on the other hand, was an inspiration to me (he was Noah Miller, now dead). His Christian example still draws me to follow his pious way. Though dead, he still lives on in this sense. (Did not the apostle say, "Ehre Vater und Mutter, welches ist das erste Gebot das Verheiszung hat, auf das dir's wohlgehe, und du lange lebest auf Erden" Eph. 6:3.)

I am not proud of the way we boys sometimes were. Don't let any of the boys follow our example. We took delight in tormenting the hack driver or teacher to provoke them to anger, and we got to be looked upon as "quite a set"; hence we were also sometimes innocently blamed, but this teacher didn't seem a bit worried to have us as his scholars. He understood us, was kind to us; he betrayed no disdain or lack of patience in any way toward us. He treated everyone of us alike.

This was "German school" and I had looked forward to it, but it did not take long till I saw some of the things I was told about German school weren't holding true. So I said, somewhat disappointedly, to the teacher, "I was told that in German school they have an hour recess and two hours off for dinner." He got a good laugh out of that.

A lively bunch, such as we were, need no encouragement to play, but need to be taught the Golden Rule in their play. Should we go beyond simple country games for them? We question going so far as organizing ball teams to play school against school. Is that being a light unto the world? or is it following in the footsteps of a proud, play-mad world? There is literally no end to the games, entertainments, tranquilizers and pastimes on the market to counter-act boredom. Untold millions are spent to sweeten man's brief earthly stay. The great Creator did not intend creation to be drab and boring, but man is out of his sphere, out of harmony with Him who created him.

Take the birds, for example, they are as the Lord created them; there is no variation in their singing, dress and living habits. They don't get bored, but they cheer up man when he is sad. Sometimes on bleak, cold winter days a bird will sit in the tree top to cheer you before he goes to see if he can find something to eat.

God created the young with energy to spare, hence they jump and play. It would not seem right to forbid children their play. Does nature suggest anything of the sort? There are the lambs and the kittens. They are cute and amusing when they play, aren't they?

Yet this does not mean that we as grown-ups are to seek such entertainment. Notice, even these animals outgrow play, and so will our children if we grown-ups set a sane and balanced example. "Da ich ein Kind war, da redete ich wie ein Kind, und war klug wie ein Kind, und hatte kindische Anschläge; da ich aber ein Mann ward, tat ich ab, was kindisch war" I Cor. 13:11.

We wish you God's blessings.

P. S. - R. C. Wickey

A child is not harmed by it, nor is it afraid of it. But a grown-up is scared out of his wits of it, and is often harmed by it. What is it? Answer: A rebuke.

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GORDONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
April 23, 1966

Dear Readers,

A greeting of love in His name.

I wondered what to do until the pupils have learned their German spelling. Then I thought of the Bulletin, and its many encouraging words and heart-touching poems and stories, such as "The Story of a Little Life" in the March issue.

I have the task of teaching the 14-year-olds of this township. I have never done anything more satisfying, though I feel they could learn more if somebody else were here as teacher. They are at the age where they can still be taught certain things that can be a big help to them.

How well I remember my own school years! I used to think my teacher was too strict, but now in looking back, I so wish I had done more for him (my uncle, Christian Esh), such as smiling to him once in a while and lending a helping hand wherever I could. I might have studied harder and behaved myself better. Though I regret some of my actions, what does it help me now?

I often think of the saying, "First make the children listen, then love them." Do I practice it enough? I think this saying would be even more true for those who are teaching every day. I have had the opportunity of substituting several times, and I fear it would take more patience than is in me. Of course, rules are needed in vocational classes too, but it is for a half day a week only, with a small group, and the school board to back me.

I surely hope this will satisfy my longing to write for this paper. You older ones would be more experienced, and would have more to write than I do. This is the second letter I started, but there was not enough courage to send the first one.

Wishing you all the help from above, so that our schools may prosper in the future.

- Emma G. Esh

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LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA
April 25, 1966.

Oh, my! Here it is time to get that letter sent off for the Bulletin. I wish I had not put it off the other times, so that my conscience wouldn't bother me this time.

The end of this school term is approaching fast. Plans are to have our closing day May 20. As always there is a lot to be done from now until then.

I again have had a wonderful group. By a group, I mean pupils, parents, and the school board. I started with forty-six pupils in the fall and now I have forty-three. I have seven dear little innocent first graders. It's amazing how much the little minds can grasp in such a short time. At times we think they don't learn much, but when the end of the term comes we are surprised at all they did learn.

In March Lydia F. Beiler, Lydia Fisher, and I took a flying trip to Ohio to visit schools. We had substitutes to teach our schools while we were gone. We left on a Tuesday after school hours, with Mrs. Wheary as driver.

It was a worthwhile trip. Why don't some more of you try it sometime?

Last Friday seventeen of the Lancaster County teachers gathered at Lydia Fisher's school, after she had dismissed. We had a spelling and an English class for the teachers. I believe it was time well spent.

We had supper at Lydia Fisher's home. The evening was spent singing.

Sincerely,
-Rachel Petersheim

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A NOTE OF APPRECIATION

- By Mary A. Stoltzfus

April 20, 1966 - I wish to thank the many teachers and friends for the greetings, letters, scrapbook sheets, and gifts that were sent to me during my recent illness.

"Your kindness meant much more to me
Than many words can tell,
And certainly it played a part
In helping me get well."

I shall take this way to answer the many letters I received, as I cannot answer them all. This illness was a new experience for me, as I had always enjoyed the blessings of good health. I hope and trust this experience may leave me rich in blessings of another kind.

During November and December I was often unusually tired. My strength seemed to be fading, and I had an occasional sore throat. By Christmas my condition was worse and I spent vacation in bed. Attempting without success to find a substitute, I went back to school on Tuesday. I cut some classes from the schedule in an effort to diminish homework. I hoped lots of rest would get me "over the hill", but I soon saw I was only slipping downward.

By Saturday, Jan. 8, I was beginning to realize how many bones and muscles I have. All of them ached! I did not return to school the next week. The doctor thought I might have rheumatic fever, but a visit to the hospital and some tests showed otherwise. Though it was never severe, pain was an almost constant companion.

On March 13 I was admitted to the hospital where I underwent a series of tests. I had never liked "tests" as a schoolgirl, and I found my likes and dislikes had stayed about the same!

March 25 found me going home. The doctors' diagnosis was strep-throat and a mild case of arthritis and diabetes. I am slowly gaining strength and hope by the time this is in print I will be making good progress on the road to recovery.

Several substitutes have walked the schoolroom floor since my absence. Most of them had more experience than I, so I may need to brush up before going back to school.

There are discouraging days in the lives of all teachers when we stop and wonder, "Have I really accomplished anything worthwhile? Am I making progress?" These days become more numerous when health is failing, and so I especially appreciate the patience the parents showed me in those last weeks at school, for I know that my work was not up to par.

Not only the parents, but also the pupils, did their part. I often felt they were trying extra hard to be good because they knew I wasn't feeling well. Sometimes they would forget, but they were always so penitent. Children forgive and forget so readily. Why can't we be more like them?

I especially appreciated a poem called "The Teacher's Dream", sent to me by a friend soon after I was ill. I would like to share it with the rest of you at this closing season of the school year. As the key is turned in the lock and the door of time is closed forever on another year of school, the teacher is given to thoughts of wonder. Thoughts such as: How much good have I accomplished? Has my work been worth the effort? Have I put the seeds of good thoughts into those tender hearts, or did the seeds maybe just drift with the wind? Have I impressed them for good or bad? Will the life I lived before their eyes point them toward good and noble things?

I wish the Lord's blessings on the work of every God-fearing teacher. As you close the doors on your year's work, may this comforting thought be in your hearts, "After many days..."

- Myerstown, Penna.

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EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA
April 22, 1966

Dear Co-workers in the Lord's Vineyard,
Greetings in Jesus' name.

As I am deeply interested in our parochial schools, I will give a brief account of our experiences. We opened a parochial school in 1950 after the public school board had closed it. We asked to rent the building and they agreed to let us use it for one dollar a year, which offer we did not refuse. Later we asked to buy the school from them, to which they agreed for a small sum of money.

The parents of this community were willing to go along with our plans for a parochial school, but there were only about a dozen families and with the wages we paid to the teacher at that time, we were a little short on the financial side.

The first year we did not know our school would be closed until school started in the fall, so we had to do something soon. We found a teacher and opened the next Monday morning.

In our third term we hired a girl of our own church, at lower wages, which was a big relief financially. Since then we have had girls of our group to do the teaching, with good results so far. We have had five different teachers. The one we now have is with us for the sixth term and we plan to keep her for another term. Good co-operation from parents, such as we have had, I would say, is the difference between success or failure.

My reason for giving this account is so we may also hear from others, how they got started and the experience they have had. These last few years we have had 41 pupils, but for the coming term we expect several fewer. I think forty pupils are plenty for one teacher, but we do not like to refuse anyone who wants to send his children.

By reading the Blackboard Bulletin, we have a chance to get the opinions of others, from far and near. To bake a good cake, we need more than one ingredient. I believe it is good to hear different ideas when establishing a school system.

I have noticed in the Bulletin there are different opinions about teachers taking up courses for higher education in the line of teaching. I feel it is better to stay away from that. My experience has been that a person who has a talent to teach and a good eighth grade education can do a fine job.

One of our daughters taught for three terms. The first one was the hardest. She did a lot of studying the first year, and from then on things went pretty smoothly. I believe all beginners go through this, more or less.

I think we have much to be thankful for, and this includes the privilege to have our schools. In these times it is very needful to be awake and on guard for ourselves and our children. Our schools can be a help in this.

- Martin S. Shirk

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JAMESPORT, MISSOURI
April 20, 1966

Dear Friends,

We have been getting the Bulletin for quite awhile and enjoy every word of it. Every time I finished reading it, I felt I should write sometime. But to write, sound, worthwhile material, of interest to others ... that's not me. I can't. So I never wrote.

But today I told myself what I have often told our five children, "Never say, 'I can't' until you try." So with pen in hand and in my great weakness, I will see if I can.

Our girls, age 7 and 9, went to a consolidated school until this spring when we moved from Indiana to Missouri. Whenever anyone asked our oldest daughter if she liked school, she always said, "No." She was the only Amish girl in her class.

What a difference now when they are asked, "How do you like school?"

The answer is a big "Yes! A lot better than Jackson School."

And what a blessing to hear them sing nice Christian songs instead of those silly ones they used to sing.

The first two parochial schools here at Jamesport were opened this January. So, of course, there is still room for improvement, and there probably always will be. When I visited our school, one way I would have liked to help our teacher was in controling whispering. We tried to give our girls a good lecture on it that night. Their poor excuse was, "How could we stop? We have to answer when the others talk." My advice was to never talk first.

Now if we as parents would all stand together and encourage our children to never talk first, nobody would need to answer. And I believe the teachers would surely enjoy teaching more. I know I would.

I will try to give my experience about wearing bonnets to school. The year before our oldest daughter was to start to school, a friend offered to take her along for the last day of school. So we sent her over the night before. The first thing she said when she came home was, "We went to school without bonnets." She thought it was awful.

But children like to do as the rest do, so the next fall she went to school without a bonnet. Within a month's time, when we went away to neighbors or somewhere through the week, she would often ask, "Do I have to wear a bonnet?"

When the girls started to school here the first morning, I gave them their bonnets to wear. They wanted to know if the others wore bonnets. I said I didn't know, but I hoped they did. Yes, they came home and said the others wear bonnets. And I haven't heard since, "Do I have to wear a bonnet?"

I feel that maybe the reason so many young girls want to go to town to work or to singings and other places without a bonnet is because they were sent to school eight years without them. Why should it bother their conscience now?

Wishing you all the grace of God.

- Mrs. Levi Miller

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If we had paid no more attention to our plants than we have to our children, we would now be living in a jungle of weeds.

- Luther Burbank

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HOLMESVILLE, OHIO
April, 1966

Dear B. B. Family,

First a friendly greeting in our Saviour's name, from whom all blessings flow.

This writing is one difficult task. We as a "clan" all enjoy reading, but when it comes to writing news, our output is somewhat limited. From time to time it would seem like an easy job, but to get down to work is my hardest battle, to give up and do it.

Just so it is with getting down to the business of teaching. One can see where it could have been improved, but what would the situation be like if nobody had the courage to do something?

The captain of a school must try to impart to the pupils a little bit of the knowledge he has been able to acquire, through days and nights of preparation and the use of midnight oil. Though teaching requires much labor and time, I think it is a project well worth the effort.

We would have much to lose if the privileges now granted to us would be taken away. We would have much to gain if we realized this more fully!

We have promised to co-operate with public officials insofar as attendance is concerned, and the teaching of the basic studies so pupils are eligible for promotion to the ninth grade.

The right to operate our own schools has been granted us by our government. But it is not a grant alone, but I trust a God-given privilege which we wish to continue to uphold. This privilege could be taken from us if we neglect our duties.

We had the opportunity lately to attend a teachers' meeting at a local Holmes school. No matter what problem arose for discussion, it seemed there was an answer in the group. If we could all get into the mood of attending one of these meetings, I believe we would know why the teacher requests the parents' help. How easily this "problem business" can be overcome when parents are interested in what their children learn in school.

Sincerely yours,
- Jacob Hershberger

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ARTHUR, ILLINOIS
April 9, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in the Lord's name. I am a reader of the Bulletin and like to read it. As it is a school paper, I'll give some news about our new school here at Arthur.

Menno Diener, Benj, Gingerich, John Otto, Eli Hershberger, and Ezra Plank are the five men who have been chosen to get the school started. After that there will be only three board members. The five were to Daviess County, Indiana to their State Board meeting.

Our building site is two miles west of Arthur, then south one-fourth mile. Amos Otto is giving the land to the school. His father, Dan Otto, will pay all legal expenses involved in getting a deed. The school is to be a two-room building, with a full basement.

There is a parochial school here now called the Arthur Mennonite School, with an attendance this year of 44. Joe Schrock and his wife are the teachers. There are only four Amish children going to this school, from two families, namely Jonas M. Schrocks and Ezra Planks. Jonases have sent their children to this school for eight years and Ezras for nine years.

There was not much interest in parochial schools among the Amish until this January, when it was announced that the nine rural schools in the Arthur School District will be closed. Most of the Amish have their children in these schools.

The new school will be named Plain View School. The ten bishops of our churches here have announced a free-will offering to help build the school. Some nice offerings have come in. Ezra Plank, the treasurer, says that almost $2000 have already been received. The building is to cost from $8000 to $10, 000.

Well, I better close for this time. Maybe I'll write more some other time if I don't get too many brickbats. If I do, I'll give them to the new school. It will surely be a brick school considering how many have been thrown at it!

Sincerely,
- A Reader, J. M. S.

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The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.

- James M. Barrie

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MILLERSBURG, OHIO

DEAR BULLETIN READERS

As I sit here pondering,
On my footsteps of the past,
My mind goes a-wandering—
Was I traveling this world too fast?

I was taken ill on February sixth;
My pain was very severe.
I knew it couldn't be my appendix
But something worse I began to fear.

I was rushed to the Wooster Hospital then
By kind and neighborly friends;
Into the X-ray room where a few men
Took X-rays that seemed never to end.

They tried in vain till Wednesday forenoon,
When the doctor came in to explain,
"I think we'll take you to the operating room
To relieve you of your pain."

In misery I spent the next few days;
I realized my days on earth might be few.
But comfort can be found in the Lord's ways,
If we trust in His Word which is true.

By Monday morning I felt better again
And all my tubes were taken away,
But great confusion in my head started then
Till into a coma I passed on Tuesday.

I can tell you all this was no joke,
As I thought my world had come to an end.
On Thursday morning I finally awoke
And a clear mind to me was given.

Very slowly I started to gain,
And in four weeks I would have my release.
But once more my hopes were all in vain,
For my temperature began to increase.

The following week the doctor said to me,
"Sorry, but you need another operation.
I've tried everything I know, you see,
And I cannot change the situation."

After forty-four days of hospital care,
I was released, though still quite weak.
I'm gaining strength and feeling fair,
So that light work I begin to seek.

Forty-one pupils I had in my school,
And my thoughts were often there.
One of my former pupils then kept the rules,
And they were left within her care.

My hopes are to teach somewhere by fall,
If it is the good Lord's will;
I wish to be a better example to all
A teacher's duties to fulfil.

I want to thank my many friends
Who so kindly remembered me.
Everything was appreciated that you sent;
God bless each one of you.

An unworthy teacher,
- Lizzie Ann Nisley

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SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD

In a widely-circulated question-and-answer column, a minister-writer has the following to say:

The question: "Please explain the Bible Scripture where it says 'spare the rod and spoil the child'."

The answer: While we usually think of "rod" as meaning a whip of a peach limb, the word as used in the Scripture means "discipline". And the word discipline means to "teach self-control" or "respect for authority".

Before a child, or an adult for that matter, can lead a useful life, he must be taught to respect authority. The first authority he should recognize is parental authority, then civil, and finally, Divine authority. Sometimes a child responds to a "hickory stick", and sometimes a word, or even a glance of disapproval is sufficient. It depends on the child.

Every child must be disciplined if he is to mature. Only parents who do not love their children "spare the rod" of loving discipline. God Himself is the great example of discipline, The Bible says, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth". Contrary to the opinion of many, children like to be guided and disciplined. It gives them security and a sense of belonging, and being loved. The mode of discipline will vary from child to child — but all need to be disciplined.

– Selected

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BIBLE QUESTIONS # 4

1. In what was the baby Jesus wrapped?
2. The life of what boy was saved by an Angel?
3. Who was David's best friend?
4. On what idol were little children burned to death?
5. What did Moses carry while leading the children of Israel from Egypt and through the wilderness?
6. Who killed Abel?
7. Who baptized Jesus?
8. What happened to Lot's wife?
9. What man lived to be 969 years old?
10. Who went to heaven in a whirlwind?

Answers to # 4–

1. Swaddling clothes. 2. Isaac. 3. Jonathan. 4. Molech. 5. Rod. 6. Cain. 7. John the Baptist. 8. She was turned into a pillar of salt. 9. Methuselah. 10. Elijah.

PRAYER TIME

There are many times when men have failed
To take time to pray,
And as they toil they wonder why
There's no success their way.
They strive so hard to reach the top
By means of their own wit,
And forget to ask the Lord above
To help out just a bit.
They wonder why their strength is not
Sufficient to the task,
And just can't see the help He'd give
If they would only ask.
His help is all we'll ever need
To gain our every goal;
His strength can conquer all the fears
Confronting any soul.
So when your troubles seem so great
They can't be done your way,
Remember God above will help—
If you'll take time to pray.

– Selected by Miss Lavina Hershberger

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CO-OPERATION

"Help one another," the snow-flakes said,
As they huddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
And I should be gone ere noon today;
But nestle together close to me
And then, what a big white drift we'll see."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to his fellow leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be."

"Help one another," the dew-drop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"The warm south breeze would dry me away,
And I should be gone ere noon today;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And we'll make a brook run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, O! what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand,
We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand.

– Selected.

BURTON, OHIO
May 1, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to all of you in the name of our Lord and Saviour.

We always enjoy reading the Bulletin and wish to thank the editor and the writers for their worthwhile material. As Solomon says, " A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

As we hear of so much restlessness in the world and also within our own church groups, we are thankful to our Heavenly Father for the concern so plainly evident in the Bulletin (and also elsewhere), shown by brethren who realize the time we're living in.

How swiftly time passes! Can it be that the end of another school term is here? My memory travels back to the first year I taught. How green and inexperienced I was as I entered the school house that first day! Our school president had well-meaningly offered to help, but I told him I'd rather not have anyone else around. I knew I'd learn faster alone.

Then came the school children. Some were shy and timid. Some were ready to assist the new teacher. And there were others, so like some of our own, with mischief gleaming in their eyes.

How often during those first few weeks of toil I would call Lester when I wanted Dan, or Katie when I meant Lydia. I'd kindly advise any teacher starting with a strange school to tag the pupils with name tags. This would have helped me so much. I often wondered that the pupils had the patience and respect not to laugh at me when I was mistaken so many times.

But things went surprisingly smooth after we learned to know each other, and the rules were established and enforced. We had our ups and downs, as all conscientious teachers have at one time or another. One thing that surprised me greatly was the attitude the average pupil showed toward the teacher. I had pictured in my mind the school teacher as a bossy individual with very few friends, and those perhaps out of respect to age and position, rather than from love. Here I was to change my mind entirely. When dismissal time came and the children started for home, they'd wave and call their farewells to a bewildered teacher who had not expected anything of the sort. No one but a teacher can know how these little tokens of friendship lift the heart . Nor how they give one a determination to do his best, with God's powerful help. A smile and a greeting in the morning provide the same results.

Then came a bright October morning. A mysterious air of secrets could almost be smelled. The pupils had a routine which they usually followed, but this morning their behaviour was odd. Here comes Amanda and instead of coming into the schoolhouse, she takes something to the back of one of the outbuildings. What has gotten into her?

But a teacher can't prod too deeply into the affairs of his pupils unless he has some clue to work on, especially if it's the girls. The morning's classes were started. Things were pretty much the same now that study hours had begun. Recess came. There is more whispering. A radiant but mysterious happiness seems to have possessed the children, whatever it is. Classes are again called to order and spelling and reading are finished before lunch.

The boys soon have their daily softball game in full swing. The teacher joins them, as their pitcher and occasionally as batter. About halfway through the noon hour, our attention is called by the girls who stand in a group at the schoolhouse door.

As we enter the classroom, we see that every girl in the school has a grin on her face. Why had I been so ignorant or forgetful? They had not forgotten the teacher's birthday!

The teacher's desk had been stripped of books and papers, and loaded with goodies, cookies, candy, pretzels, potato chips. In the center was a large cake. Could it be they were doing all this just for the teacher? Someone was asking permission to go to the store. Very shortly there was enough ice cream ready for everyone. Studies were forgotten. For the pupils of South Hayes School in Geauga County, this was a special day. Who was the teacher to spoil it?

The school term fairly flew away. Picnic day arrived. Parents, brothers and sisters, as well as the pupils, were having a wonderful time. But there is one exception. The teacher is busy today. He helps with the singing, hands out diplomas, and in general tries to get things in order for summer vacation. Had no one noticed how hard it was to keep back the tears, or didn't they realize what was going on inside that aching heart?

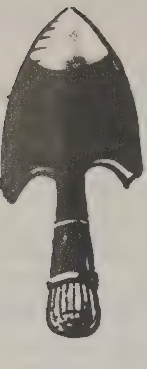
The pupils are overjoyed that this day has arrived. No school for four months now! Sadly the teacher watches the pupils get dressed, and one by one he bids them a heart-touching good-bye as they leave the school to take up duties at home. Then they are all gone. The school house is all at once painfully quiet. It's almost unbearable. Only a few weeks before I had, as their teacher, complained to them that they were too noisy. Now the silence was so much worse.

As I started home for the last time that school term, I had plenty of time to think before the five-mile trip was ended. What had I conscientiously taught the five eighth-graders who would soon be at a dangerous age and might get into questionable company? Had I given satisfactory answers to the innocent ones in my charge, whose angels in heaven see constantly the face of our Father in heaven? Would some of my words of admonition, well-meant and with love for their souls, be remembered, or would all my efforts be in vain? Or was I perhaps, because of my imperfect nature, a stumbling block to some of my charges? If I was, dear children, may I ask in humbleness you and God to be forgiven?

The snow was falling fast that day late in April, sending chills through me. But inside, there was a heart full of warm love, sending tears falling fast on the snow-covered blanket. There was love for the obedient school children I had had the privilege of working with. And love for the parents who had patiently stood by in time of great need, with understanding hearts. There was love for the president and co-operative members of the school board, who had made this term one long to be remembered.

May the grace of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, be with one and all of us throughout another important year in our lives, and may we always strive to set a worthwhile example for these little ones so fast following in our footsteps.

-Levi L. Hershberger



THE HEART IS A GARDEN

- A good poem for your pupils to memorize

The heart is a garden where thought flowers grow,
The thoughts that we think are the seeds that we sow;
Every kind loving thought bears a kind loving deed,
While a thought that is selfish is just like a weed.
So we must watch what we think each minute all day,
Pull out the weed thoughts and throw them away.
Plant loving seed thoughts so thick in a row,
That there will be no room for weed thoughts to grow.

- Selected by Mrs. Jonathan S. Fisher

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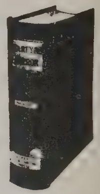
BULLETIN

Book Shelf



MULTI-MAY-SPECIALS- The biggest selection of specials we have ever offered. Order from this list during the summer months.

MARTYRS MIRROR, a big book and now at a big savings during this sale. Your orders for this book must be sent before June 30 to take advantage of the special price. $7.50 each, two or more, $7.25 each.

THE GOLDEN TRUTH, 110 page book, paperback, 8x11 full of excerpts and letters from the Martyrs Mirror. $1.25 each, five for $5.00.

THE WIDE AND NARROW WAY, a 14x18 picture of the wide and narrow way depicting who walks on each one. Available with English or German wording, state which. 25¢ each, 10 for $2.00, asst. or either.

SACRED SELECTIONS, a hymn book with 665 old and new gospel hymns and songs. Cloth bound, $1.75 each, any quantity.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, an old favorite now available in paperback at a special low price of 75¢ each. About 500 pages. Also available in cloth binding at $1.50.

ARE ALL THINGS LAWFUL?- some reasons why we do not have the automobile. Also deals with the problems of consistency, and insurance. Price 15¢ each, $2.00 per dozen, $7.50 per 100.

HEART OF THE ROSE, a message for young people, and the importance of training our children. Price 10¢ each, ten for $1.00, 100 for $5.00.

OTHER OUTSTANDING VALUES- THE MIGHTY WHIRLWIND, $3.00; THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, $2.75; FAVORITE AMISH FAMILY RECIPES, $3.00; SPEAKERS SOURCEBOOK SET, three books of poems and illustrations, $10.00; Mennonite Encyclopedia, $36.50; Matthew Henry Commentary, 6 vols, $35.00; Clarkes Commentary, 6 vols. $24.50; Zondervan Pictorial Bible Dictionary, $8.00; THE HOME BEAUTIFUL, $2.50; Flint's Best Loved Poems, $2.10; Life Of Annie Johnson Flint, $1.75; Serious Call to Devout and Holy Life, $1.95, paperback, 85¢; None Of These Diseases, $2.95, paperback, 60¢; Sanctity of Sex, $2.95, paperback $1.00; Why We Believe In Creation, Not In Evolution, $3.25; Husbands and Pregnancy, 75¢; Bible and Modern Science, 40¢, 10 for $3.00; DOCTRINES OF THE BIBLE $3.35; Hoffart Und Demuth, 25¢; Holy War, $4.00; How To Write, Speak and Think More Effectively, 75¢; Instruction Of Youth, 35¢; LANGUAGE OF THE DEATHBED, $3.00; Life And Times of Daniel Kauffman, $2.10; LIGHT FROM HEAVEN, $3.10, paperback, $1.25; LITTLE BIBLES, 10 for 50¢; Lost In Big Timber, 40¢; Martyrs of Catacombs, 60¢; PAULA, THE WALDENSIAN, $2.00; WORTH DYING FOR, $3.00, paperback, $2.00; Rachel, $2.10; SALVATION FULL AND FREE, $4.50; The Wolf Dog, $2.25; Two Little Savages, paperback, $1.50; Wild Animals I Have Known, $2.00; Night the Lights Went out, 75¢; TITANIC STORY, $4.95, paperback, 45¢; CHALLENGE OF THE CHILD, $2.00; AMBASSADOR OF PEACE, $2.00 per year. American funds or equivalent. Postpaid on orders of $2.00 or more. Send your order to PATHWAY BOOKSTORE, Aylmer, Ontario.

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A HAPPY AND USEFUL VACATION

- By David Wagler

When the last day of school is over it is usually a happy time for the children. It's nice for a change to get away from the school room into the open air. It seems like nothing is as pleasing to the children as to be able to shed coat and shoes and go for a hike in the woods.

Since most of our children live on the farm they spend much time working in the fields or gardens or wherever needed.

But the old saying is that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. So it is that even as in the winter time when they go to school, children are still expected to help with the chores evening and morning, so during the busy months of summer they will want to read occasionally. There will always be times in the evening, or on rainy days, or when Mom and Dad go to town, when school children and their bigger brothers and sisters have some spare time.

For this reason, many parents have found it worthwhile to provide their children with reading material, even during the summer. Since this will be the last issue of the Bulletin for this term we would like to call attention to the Seven Specials listed for this month in the Bulletin Bookshelf.

THE MARTYRS MIRROR is a big book of 1157 pages filled with accounts of those who have suffered for their faith. Also what the faith of our forefathers was in baptism, nonresistance, and many other points. It was first published in Dutch in 1660 and has since been translated and printed in German and English. The German is out of print at this time but Pathway Publishing Corporation intends to reprint it this summer. The English is available now and at a special low price during this month. The time limit has been extended until June 30. But in order to get your copy at this low price, we urge you to order right away.

THE GOLDEN TRUTH is a 110 page booklet, 8x11 in. of excerpts from the Martyrs Mirror. It is a collection of nice letters written by parents in prison to their children, or to the church. Many were later beheaded for their faith. It is excellent for giving as gifts to those who do not have the complete Martyrs Mirror.

THE WIDE AND NARROW WAY is a 14x18 in. picture depicting the two different roads and who travels on them. It was taken from the booklet HERZ DES MENSCHEN and enlarged. It is available in both English or German writing. This is the first time it was ever available, as it was prepared by Monroe D. Hochstetler.

SACRED SELECTIONS is a collection of 665 old and new gospel hymns. We are not recommending that these songs should replace our old church songs, but for those who use this type of a book, we believe this is the best value on the market today. It is cloth bound.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN is now available in paperback for the first time and at a very popular price. For those who want some worthwhile reading and an insight into the life of the slaves, we recommend this book.

ARE ALL THINGS LAWFUL? is a booklet which has just been printed, dealing with the subject of automobiles. It is intended primarily for those who have been brought up without the convenience of the automobile. It points out some of the influences and effects that may be be expected where they are permitted. A considerable portion of the booklet is devoted to the matter of consistency in using them without mis-using them. We recommend this booklet for all those who would like to have a better understanding why the autos are not allowed in our churches.

HEART OF THE ROSE is a little six-page booklet dealing with some aspects of courtship. Although the setting is in a college atmosphere it can be adapted to our own use just as well and applied to our young men who leave for I-W work or even for those who do not leave at all. It is an excellent answer to the modern practice of multiple dating, or of going "steady" when there is no intention of marriage. Many a rose has been blighted because its petals were touched at the wrong time. And many a pure white rose is not appreciated because the senses of the one who picks it has been dulled by picking other roses.

If God has given us the responsibility of bringing up children, then we will want to give them the best possible care and protect them from exposure or injury. Remember, this is a reading age and people are reading much more than they formerly did. If we do not supply them with wholesome literature then chances are they will secure some for themselves. Most of the books available in the drug stores and ten cent stores, yes even at supposedly reputable book stores, are enough to make a person blush with shame.

(Next page, please)

If we sow bad seed, then we can expect bad fruit. If we sow good seeds, we have no assurance that it will bear fruit, but we will have done our part.

One of the wisest men who ever lived taught that we should sow our seed both in the morning and in the evening. We do not know which will take root and grow, and if they both do it will be so much the better. Eccl. 11:6.

- Aylmer, Ontario

HOW TO BE A TEACHER TO REMEMBER

- An Imaginary Day in School

- Written by a former pupil

The morning had dawned brightly. The voices of children playing ball drifted into the open window of the school. Other children could be seen walking up the road toward the schoolhouse. They were laughing and talking and in high spirits. Going to school was fun, especially with Mr. ______ for a teacher. He had a rare knack with children.

Inside the schoolhouse sat the teacher, grading the arithmetic tests of yesterday. He was in good humor, too. The extra time he had spent reviewing and explaining the problems to the pupils had paid off well.

The bell rang. Eagerly the children filed into the school, ready for the day's lessons. The children liked their teacher. Not that there were none full of mischief, for there were a few who got away with what they could. But they were a minority. The teacher had a way of working with the children that kept them orderly and respectful. He was respected, and the little ones thought he was simply wonderful.

After devotions, the first subject was reading. "First grade reading," the teacher announced with a smile, "Come to class."

The first graders were expecting this and they marched up and sat around the recitation table, a bright-eyed and enthusiastic group.

"All right," said the teacher as he took his place at the front. "Who knows the new words on the blackboard?"

Almost before the question was out of his mouth, the pupils' hands flew up. Each little face showed an excited smile. The scene sent a thrill through the teacher. He often thought what a wonderful place school would be if everybody showed as much interest and effort as the first graders.

Yesterday he had written the new words on the blackboard. "Tomorrow morning you will have them. Let's see how many of you know these new words by then."

All of them knew the words. They wanted to please the teacher. Instead of a have-to-lesson, they wanted to learn. And with this attitude, they did learn. For children who have a desire to learn understand their lessons with little difficulty.

In the words of one writer, "The teacher who is attempting to teach without inspiring the pupils with a desire to learn is hammering on cold iron."

After the first grade were finished reading, the teacher helped them with their workbooks. They were learning the vowels.

And so the teacher went through the grades, stressing the use of new words, "Learn to use as many different words as you can," he explained. "When it comes to writing, many grown-ups regret they haven't a better vocabulary. And besides, if you can't read well, you will likely have trouble in all the other subjects."

After a fifteen minute recess, the arithmetic period began. Many of the pupils found this subject the most difficult of their studies, but they all agreed it was an important one.

The teacher took great pains explaining the work, even if he had no time left for anything else. Today the seventh grade had a lesson in interest. Their assignment was to find how much a certain amount of money would grow if it were left in the bank with compound interest. This was something new and most of the seventh graders got lost before they were halfway through the instructions. So, naturally, they asked the teacher. He seemed to be a genius at understanding problems right away.

First the teacher explained how the system works, its function and use, and then he gave an example on the board and explained its solution step by step. When some still couldn't see through it, he explained it again in greater detail, but as simply as possible. One pupil could not grasp work like this very easily, and to him the teacher explained it several more times. But in the end they all understood, and that's what counts.

One way children learn is to have a teacher, with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of patience, explain lessons again and again. Yes, the book did explain compound interest, but it was so much easier when the teacher told it.

With so much explaining the teacher did not always get through his classes. But this wasn't as important as making sure they understood what they did have.

After dinner was the geography period. This was another subject enjoyed by most of the children. Geography became alive and not just something to read about.

A geography class assembled around the recitation table. The school globe was placed in the middle of the table, and maps were pulled down from the wall brackets. The teacher took his place at one end of the table, and they really had geography. To all parts of the globe they traveled and saw many different people with their quaint customs. Whenever they came to points of special interest, the teacher referred to it and the class discussed it.

The teachers' edition of the textbook had outlines and suggestions marked in red all over the pages to aid the class in learning geography. This book was used regularly.

And so the classes followed each other the rest of the day. They say enthusiasm is contagious. If the teacher is enthusiastic, the pupils will be too. This was true in the school we are writing about. Everybody took an active interest. There was no monotony and school wasn't drudgery. Sometimes when a day did become a bit dreary, the teacher changed the routine. Arithmetic races or spelling matches were popular, and so was art, especially with the girls.

There are dozens of ways to do something different to brighten up a school. But the best way of all is to have a teacher with the ability to really carry on a conversation with children in class, and to present their lessons in an interesting and simple way.

The most important part of any school is the teacher. A good teacher, a good school. A big fancy schoolhouse with a full line of the latest equipment is not what it takes to make a good school, though some people seem to think so. It takes a good teacher.

Of course, there are problems, even with the best teachers. Some children derive pleasure from tormenting the teacher and making it as hard for him as they can. This causes headaches, but it is usually not the children's fault. Often it is caused by delinquent parents, who have the least concern what's going on in school. This is not good at all, and such patrons are a hindrance to a school.

But, back to our story. When school was dismissed for the day, the children walked home again, still in good spirits and chatting happily about the day's adventures. The weather was warm and they enjoyed walking through the woods, hearing the birds sing. God's creation was indeed wonderful.

When one of the first graders got home, he tore into the house, slammed the door, and yelled, "Hey, Mom!"

"Sh-h-h! Do try and be a little quieter. You'll wake the baby."

"Mom," his voice dropped slightly, "you know what we learned today?"

"No, what was it?"

"We learned the vowels and I know them already, a-e-i-o-u. . . and. . . ah-h-h."

"Sometimes y?"

"Yes! sometimes y and Mom, did you know every word has a vowel? Mom, what does l-i-t-t-l-e spell?"

- _________, Indiana

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MONTGOMERY, INDIANA
Parson's Amish School
April 23, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Psalm 133:1. This verse seems to apply to a school, too. How pleasant it is for the teacher when the pupils can work, play, and communicate with each other and with other schools in unity. The children can learn unity by being challenged by other schools in many activities.

It used to be when the country schools were operated by the State, when the schools would compete with each other (in ball games, etc), the words and actions expressed by the pupils would not fit into a parochial school. At times the feeling between schools was not what it should have been. We, as teachers, should be alert for any signs of such feelings.

The sooner unity is stressed, the sooner the church will reap the harvest.

With regards to a teachers' training program, I heartily agree it would have been nice to have had such an opportunity. I am sure no one teacher can pass on all the good pointers a beginning teacher needs, for the problems and situations are too varied.

At the first teachers' meeting I attended, the question was asked, "What is the teacher's greatest reward?" I pondered this question, and after having taught two years I have reached the conclusion that obedience is my greatest reward. If you have obedience all things work together for unity.

Our term is rapidly coming to an end. Once more the desks will be empty, the books stored away, and the doors locked for the summer. Isn't this one of the teacher's greatest problems? We must lay aside our books for the summer and await as anxiously as the children for the beginning of another term.

The following is a thought selected for the readers:

"Gladness! I like to cultivate the spirit of gladness! It puts the soul so in tune again, and keeps it in tune, so that Satan is shy of touching it, — the chords of the soul become too warm, or too full of heavenly thoughts, for his infernal fingers, and he goes off somewhere else. Satan is always very shy of meddling with the person whose heart is full of gladness and joy in the Lord."

Psalm 31:7, "I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy."

- Sylvia Raber

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HONEYBROOK, PENNSYLVANIA
April 18, 1966

Dear Friends and Readers,

With the Easter season just past, we were reminded anew through sermons, readings, and poetry what the Son of God endured for us in His betrayal, trial, sentence, and crucifixion. One wonders how humans could be so cruel.

The question for us is, Do we have a cross to bear? Do we have a cup to drink? Could we say, "Father, let this cup pass from me," or "Do I have to carry this cross?" Are we willing to humble ourselves and say, "Not as I will but as Thou wilt!"? The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

I would like to write a few lines about our trip to Lawrence County, Penna. and Ohio. First I want to say many thanks to all for the hospitality shown us.

We visited quite a few schools, and saw interesting things wherever we stopped. We also met many friendly people. At one place we were stuck in the mud, and the teacher and pupils all came out to help push.

We saw maple syrup in the making, which to me was very interesting as I had never seen any thing like that before.

Our trip ended all too soon, as there were many more people we would have liked to see. We arrived home Saturday, March 19, and on Monday morning I went back to my school very much refreshed. It was nice to see my pupils and to get back into the routine again. I have twenty-four pupils, seven boys and seventeen girls. There are eight pupils in the eighth grade and sixteen in the seventh grade. Our lower-grade pupils go to a public elementary school.

It seems hardly possible that we are again so near the end of a school term. Our closing day will be May 17. Now comes the usual question, "Are they going to make it?" I am sure the teacher hopes to pass all of them, but what can one do when the average is below passing?

I feel the honest, diligent, conscientious pupil in a school room is priceless. The child does not have to have all A's to qualify as such. The one who works hard and honestly for a passing mark can be classed in this group, even if his grades aren't high.

My mind goes back to a sermon I heard some time ago. It was based on child discipline and behaviour. The child is taught to the best of the parents' ability. How rewarded the parents feel when in return they can see the child trying to please them! This creates close ties between the parents and the child.

Now what would happen if Mother would say, "Johnny, this is too big a job for you. Dad knows you are not big enough to go out and plow." Would Johnny still be eager to go out and help Dad?

As I am not a farmer, my mind travels in a different direction. Is it possible that this

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PROUD AND STUBBORN

He was called a fine man—as fine as could be
For he cared for his cattle and his barn was kept neat,
The children were taught their work to do,
And he looked at each day and called it complete,
His duty well done at the set of the sun.

But then plans were laid to build a new school;
He knew all the answers and no one could tell
Of a much better plan, nor to him could explain
That others knew best and could do the job well—
"For in his own eyes he saw himself wise".

So they squabbled and rant and bitter words flew,
Love seemed to be lost and none would recant;
Many grew discouraged and the school idle stood
'Cause one self-made leader gave every command
"With no humility — as proud as could be."

The homes were saddened, the church suffered lo
The proud are as iron to bend and to break;
Once humbled they learn to love and be loved,
And their own counsel will hate and forsake.
Then they will be wise! (but not in their own eyes)

- A Sister

* * * * * *

might happen when Johnny starts school? He is eager to go and loves to play with the other children, but the lessons seem dull and uninteresting to him. The teacher works with him patiently and is making headway until Mother says to Johnny, "Why does the teacher give you such big lessons? They are too hard for you. I will have to talk to your teacher about this!"

What happens to Johnny? What would have happened to him if Mother had said, "Now work a little harder. I'm sure you will make it?"

I overhear conversations in my school and I cannot help but think, "What an opportunity parents have with their children!"

Remember us in your prayers. May God bless you all in your work.

- Lydia Fisher

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MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
March 27, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

First, a greeting in Jesus' name, wishing you all the grace of God.

Some time ago Jonas Nisley and his seventh and eighth graders called at our school long enough to eat their lunch. They also visited several other schools before calling on us. Bishop Neil Hershberger was their guide.

Just six more weeks, and our school term will be ended. No one realizes how fast time goes in a school room until he tries it, especially when there are forty wide-awake pupils, each trying to get the best grade. I award a prize to the one who wins the race.

The eighth graders are scheduled to take their exams on April 15. This year the event will be held at two schools, as the Geauga Amish schools have 71 eighth graders.

I remember a comment by our County Superintendent when I was just a second-grader, "When you play, play hard. When you work, don't play at all."

I also agree that a school room is easier to keep under control when whispering is forbidden.

- Peter E. Miller

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SHIPSHEWANA, INDIANA
April 22, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name. I am wishing all readers the wonderful gift of grace, and the grace of God. At present I am recuperating from major surgery of four weeks ago, and am not able to do much more than think. I was moved to write a few lines.

How important it is to direct our thoughts into the right channels. We need to be the master of our thoughts and not let our thoughts master us. "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he" Proverbs 23:7.

I am thankful for the visits, greetings, letters, and prayers that were offered in my behalf. We can help much, even by doing a little, to smooth the way for others.

The subject of signing our names to articles and letters has been discussed again and again. I'm agreed that names should be signed except for special reasons. But lately I've been thinking about the other side of the picture. Would a word of caution be in order to remind us that there is a danger in having our name in print? Are we humble enough to receive recognition and comments on an article or a book we have written, and not feel a wee bit elated? Do we derive satisfaction from seeing our name in print? I'm speaking only to myself now. "Humility is such a fragile thing that he who thinks he has it, shows by the very thought that he has it not!"

The poem "Which?" in the last Bulletin was very touching, and the name of the author was withheld. Did the author, perhaps, not trust himself? (This poem was selected by a reader in Ohio. The author is unknown to us. The inscription following the poem should have read, "Selected by a Reader", instead of just "A Reader". Our mistake. Sorry. Ed.)

But if we write notes and articles to "set things straight" or to slander someone, but do not sign our name, I fear the motive for not signing is the opposite of humility.

Another school term (in our area) will be history by the time this is in print. Each year the time goes faster. As a mother of five pupils, I feel the responsibility. Seemingly, the mother is "behind the scenes", but she is still very important in our school system. The men put up the school houses, attend to business matters, write letters and make trips, conduct the meetings, talk with public officials, and such things. But the mother is the one who hears the comments and complaints when the children come home from school. Most of us soon learn we can't depend on the tales brought home, as the child's judgment is very immature and shallow. Our attitude and expressions at these times help determine whether the troubles will be straightened out and settled, or ill feelings develop and linger for years.

When we undertake a task, we are usually more successful if we have our whole heart and mind in it. Thus it is with our schools, too. And we need to overlook our neighbor's faults and look at our own.

Recently our four-year-old knelt beside the bed to pray. Afterwards his nine-year-old brother asked him what he had said when he was kneeling. Feeling smug and satisfied because he had knelt, he answered, "Nix!" This was very amusing to his brother, but it struck a chord in my heart. Are we sometimes satisfied to just kneel and say "nothing", as far as a deep and fervent prayer is concerned? A fervent effectual prayer, says the Bible, availeth much. Let us pray for each other and not faint by the way.

"Ah, yes, another school year's done;
Seems only yesterday the term was begun.
So 'tis with our life, 'twill soon be past,
Eternity awaits us, and time is going fast."

Sincerely,
- Mrs. John M. Bontrager

* * * * *

NARVON, PENNSYLVANIA
April 21, 1966

Dear Readers and Fellow-workers,

May God bless us and cause His face to shine upon us. May He direct us in the way He wishes us to go.

Well, here it is almost the end of April. How time flies! Why is it that we teachers never seem to be finished with our work at the end of our 180 days? At least it is that way with me. Is it lack of management earlier in the term, or is there just too much to do in a year's time? Am I holding the children's attention, or am I using precious time prattling about things which hold no interest or value to them? And what about the eighth graders? Have they learned enough to be able to answer life's problems?

I'm always glad perfection isn't required of us, that if we strive to do our best and fail at times, the will to do is accepted as the deed.

It is now almost five years since the Bridgeville Road School was started. In that year East Earl Township consolidated its district to two large schools. Many of our people felt they couldn't go along with the system, and several parochial schools were opened.

Our school started with twenty pupils in grades 1-6. Since then the group has grown to 31 in grades 1-8, plus a three-hour class of 14-year-olds. I feel that in many ways our school has been a success, although there are many points in which we could stand improvement. (Perhaps a different teacher is what we need.)

Someone once told me, "You can't work with people until you get them to like you." But, to get the children to like you, you must get them to respect you first of all. There is a time to be firm, or even stern, as well as there are times to be patient and forbearing.

May our efforts not be in vain.

- John B. Martin

* * * * *

LOOGOOTEE, INDIANA
South-East-Center School
April 22, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to you in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation." (Ps.) Without the blessing of the Lord all our efforts would be in vain. We do have so much to be thankful for through-out the year. Do we really appreciate His blessings or are we taking it all for granted? It brings to my mind Psalm 103:2, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

The Bulletin has arrived again, and I noticed that the Editor mentioned that there would only be one more issue this term. I received encouragement from the school to write again. I think it would have been more beneficial if they would have written themselves. I do enjoy writing, but don't feel capable. I guess if everyone would feel this way and act accordingly, there wouldn't be any reading material.

The term has gone fast for me, as well as for everyone else. We have only one week of school left. The pupils will come for their report cards on May 3. This will give the pupils a few more weeks this spring for helping at home, than they had in the public schools. I think the parents appreciate this, even if some of the pupils don't. We in the first four grades are practically finished with our books. We still have most of our exams for next week.

The children all seem to like school. I don't think that one pupil would prefer going back to the public school. I thoroughly enjoyed teaching, and the experience that I got this year will not soon be forgotten. I certainly hope that our efforts were not in vain. The pupils have been respectful, which means so much to a teacher.

Arithmetic is the main subject in all the grades. I never liked math when I went to school, but enjoy it as much as the pupils now. At the beginning of school we didn't have any writing books. After so many of the other teachers stressed writing, I ordered books for our room. I see much improvement in my pupils' penmanship. I would encourage all teachers to stress this subject.

We took part in the book sale. I was surprised at the interest the pupils took. We had a contest in the school with the boys and girls running competition. We are planning to use the commission from the book sale to buy dictionaries. We have only the cheap dictionaries, which I find very unsatisfactory. The pupils hardly know more after they have looked up the word than before.

Did we notice the Editorial in the April issue? I was reminded of the drastic changes being made in the public schools. They see the need of teaching more of modern science to help in the present space-age. I fear people don't realize what their children are missing, and what they are doing when they oppose church schools. It's not just the coming out from the public schools' environment, but also being put into an upbuilding environment, one that builds up and strengthens instead of weakening faith in God. I don't feel that this is the entire solution to the problems of our young folks, but I have seen results from the impression left by the parochial school. I believe that there are many others that could testify to the same. I believe that we need all three; the home, the church, and the school.

Plans are for at least one more parochial school here in Daviess County by the coming term. I understand they have begun with the repairs on the old school house, and have made a barn. We are glad for this, and hope this will bring encouragement for more in the future.

I had looked forward to having a teachers' school this summer. I have had one year of experience, but still need the help and benefit we could obtain from this. If we all work together, we can be a great encouragement to one another in teaching.

I want to thank all the parents of South-East-Center School for the help, encouragement, and hospitality that was shown me. Pray for us.

Sincerely,
Lester Marner

* * * * *

YOUR TEACHERS SPEAK

QUESTION:
What Methods of Discipline Have You Used? Please Comment.

Answer:

This is a hard one. Staying in at noon or recess for minor offenses seems to be very effective for the average pupil. They should be kept silent, busy, or with their heads on their desks. If they are not restricted at such a time, the punishment becomes less effective.

Asking for an apology should be done if a pupil feels apologetic. A false or forced apology is worse than none.

Demerits should be used sparingly and with extreme caution. When a person misuses his privileges or does not fulfil his obligations, this method may be successful. Use with care.

Flogging is a distasteful method, but must occasionally be resorted to. This method has never failed to bring the desired results for me, except when parents did not co-operate well.

Any punishment should be administered promptly and fairly. If parents and teachers work together in harmony, almost all punishments, justly administered, will be effective.

- Indiana

Answer:

Disciplinary measures I have used are:

A. Corporal punishment by using a strap across the palms. Very effective but should be used with caution and plenty of love. I use it only for lying - cheating - vulgar language or smutty talk, which is rarely. Have found pupils pleasant afterwards. A pupil should be able to see the wrong he has done. He needs love and understanding.

B. Staying in at recess or noons. Quite effective, especially to have the whole school stay in at times when they are slow to get in their seats after the bell rings.

C. Standing in a corner. All right at times and with certain pupils, but not nearly so good as staying in.

D. Private discussions with pupils are very helpful, especially in senior grades.

Answer:

Apologizing to each other is one of my best methods, especially in cases of rudeness. Having them stay in during recesses for work not done (or done carelessly). Having them stay after school. This is one measure through which parents will know their child is in trouble. However, the sad part is the parents sometimes cause more trouble through resentment. There needs to be a good understanding between parents and teachers to obtain the desired results with this method.

Another method for the older pupils is to have them write a letter to their parents explaining what they did and asking for a punishment. This is one of the severest measures and also needs the co-operation of the parents if it is to fulfil its purpose.

A mild punishment such as standing in the corner is usually sufficient for the primary child. Corporal punishment is used as a last means only. But I feel we should not avoid it altogether. The children will have more respect if they know the rod is used at times instead of many threats. Sugar plums should go with the rod for best results. - Ohio

Answer:

I am slow in answering this question. My pupils read the Bulletin regularly and I have a deep fear of losing their confidence if I would discuss this subject openly. The children are bound to know where it comes from even if no names are mentioned. All in all, I like to forget these happenings and strive to improve the future.

Answer:

Naturally, I have some problems. I suppose most teachers do, and each has his or her methods. I have taken small ones on my lap and tried to explain in a motherly way why these things shouldn't be. I have talked rather sternly to some. I have made them stay in at play time. I have also used the stick. The methods have all worked so far. But I still think co-operation from parents is best of all. I pity teachers who don't have that. - Penna.

Answer:

For minor offenses a warning is sometimes sufficient. Before punishing a child, be sure he knows what and why he is being punished, in fact, the whole classroom should know so it will be a warning for the rest.

There is a story of a mother writing the teacher a note, "If my little boy doesn't behave, just slap the boy across the aisle, and Jimmy will be afraid and will behave himself." This carries quite a bit of truth.

One seventh grade girl would do only certain assignments. Usually she wouldn't answer if you asked her why. Her mother said she could be stubborn. Thinking maybe she was an emotional problem, I took it easy, coaxed and pleaded, but to no avail. She took advantage of this and with my heart in my mouth, I ordered her downstairs. She received a lecture and also the loose end of a swinging strap. This helped where all else had failed.

Four boys were mocking a girl. They were told to write this 25 times and then take it home for their parents to sign. At the next board meeting the parents got together and the children behaved quite differently after that.

I made the mistake of making several boys write a sentence 300 times for being in the furnace room where they were not allowed. They wrote only during recesses and noons. The strap would have been better as they would not have held it against me. Even writing the sentence 100 times would have been better.

Let your punishment be given and then forget the matter. Try everything for the child's good and if there is no other way, use the rod. Oh, how hard this is sometimes! Let us first use patience, love, and prayer so that we can truly lead our flocks where they should go.

P. S. In writing this, I have relived some painful moments, but I hope our reprimandings have and will serve to the glory of God.

Answer:

Sometimes a serious talk in private will help as much as any actual punishment. If offenses are repeated continuously in spite of other punishments, or if the offense is serious enough the offender may have to write an appropriate sentence from 200 to 500 times, all during recesses.

If other punishments and pleadings fail, or if the offense is serious enough, I use the paddle. If possible, I have the child admit he has done wrong and deserves to be punished.

- Indiana

Answer:

In my teaching experiences I have never spanked or touched any of them in any way except with words. Once a teacher spanks she is going to have a hard battle to win the confidence of the child back. If the time ever comes that a child needs it, I'll let the board do it. Staying in is a real punishment at this school. There has been less than last year.

Answer:

A first grade boy cheated one day in school. I was so saddened to think that such a little one would try this or know enough to try it. I could not scold, I was too hurt. I just said in a sad voice, "______, what did you do?" He was so shocked that I had seen him. I put a zero on his paper and then we had a long talk. What is cheating? Why shouldn't we cheat? What happens if we cheat when we are young and are not corrected? God sees everything even if the teacher or the parents do not.

Then I asked the class, "What will happen if we cheat again?" They all said, "A spanking."

So they knew. It happened that on the same day another one had cheated but in an entirely different way. No one but a teacher can know how I felt. I felt it was all my fault and that I had failed somewhere terribly. I believe God sends such things to keep us humble. That night we had a P. T. A. meeting and the parents tried to cheer me up and were glad I happened to catch the cheating the first time. I thanked God for that. I went home feeling somewhat better.

The next morning I had one of the most touching experiences of my teaching career. This little boy came up to my desk as soon as he came to school and said very humbly, "Teacher, van ich vidder cheat dann must du mich schleg gevva und der Dat dut aw und ich will net vidder cheata." By the time his last words were out his lips were trembling and he was almost crying. I swallowed hard, blinked back the tears and smiled and spoke kindly to him. I felt unworthy of such co-operative parents.

Another time I had a boy who was so full of mischief he didn't know how to act. It seemed he delighted in being unkind to other children. He didn't really mean it the way it happened, but he was always into some kind of trouble. We warned, pleaded, threatened, coaxed, spanked, and still he was not what we had hoped for. One day a boy was seen holding his mouth as if he had pain. I asked him what was wrong, and he said so and so had kicked him. The inside of his cheek was cut open.

Now what should I do? I talked with the guilty one and told him I would try and decide by tomorrow how we could help him. Again I poured out my heart to God and asked for His guidance. An idea came to me sometime before morning. Why not try doing something with his legs, as his legs had done the damage? I know this will sound ridiculous, but I took a jumping rope and tied his two legs together securely. I told him he would have to leave that rope on until I thought he could remember better how to behave. At first he had that stubborn look on his face and I just didn't know what would happen. However, I trusted God would take care of this for me. Recess and noon time came and he just sat in his seat so the children wouldn't see him so much. When it was time for lunch, I had him go out and get his lunch pail. He did this very unwillingly, but after some coaxing and explaining he broke down and cried while he hopped out for his dinner. That was what I wanted, a broken spirit to show he was giving up.

I asked him after lunch if he thought he could remember now if I took the rope off. He promised to try. Later, I found out his parents said that punishment did more for him than any other had done, although it hurt him not at all, (only his pride). Again, I thanked the Greatest Teacher of all, Jesus Christ.

We've also had trouble with girls. It's not always the boys. We always try and be on the look out for anyone who is not playing with the others. Groups standing around and whispering is not a good sign for the school. We've had a little trouble with a few telling younger children certain things about life that they shouldn't know so young. We've tried to be careful not to let such things get into our school and the Lord has helped us considerably. Please pray for us and for our flock, as we need it.

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MILLERSBURG, OHIO
April 22, 1966

Dear Readers,

I will send the answers to the problems in the March issue of the Bulletin. No. 1 was just a brain teaser. The answer is 13 4/11 inches, but if we added seven feet to a band around a tin can four inches in diameter, our answer would still be the same.

Problem No. 2: The 40-lb. bushel of wheat and oats mixed together contained 2/7 wheat and 5/7 oats, which comes out even.

There were only four or five answers this time, with two having both problems correct. One of them jibed me a little for cautioning on the first problem, "Watch your zeros." Thanks for the answers anyhow.

- Noah S. Miller

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TOPEKA, INDIANA
April 20, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of Christian love.

For some time I felt the need to write for the Bulletin, and in now undertaking the task, my mind wanders back to the summer of 1962, when we were planning our school. The previous term, 1961-62, our children had to attend a town school, and a number of us felt it was not the thing for us to do. We called some meetings to discuss matters, and we finally decided to build a school.

But shortly after that the barn belonging to one of our neighbors burned down. This was on a Friday afternoon. Then we heard remarks, "Are they going on and building the school now?" Then on the following Tuesday the neighbor who had lost his barn by fire, passed away. So we heard some more questions, "Are they still going to build the school?"

Well, we did go on and build the school. And I have been thankful many times that we did.

Today we received our April Bulletin, in which our teacher, Emma Yoder, had a poem about a school house with broken windows and shattered glass. This school she referred to is now completely off the map, and the ground is plowed.

When we started our school, we bought new Essentials of English, Book 2. We have nine of these that are slightly used, and are for sale. And also the following McGuffey's Readers: Primer - 4 copies; First Reader - 5; Second Reader - 6; Fourth Reader - 7; Fifth Reader - 6, and the Sixth Reader - 9 copies.

All of these books are slightly used. If anyone is interested, write to me about it.

- A board member,
John M. Beechy
R. R. # 2, Box 100
Topeka, Indiana 46571

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VISITING SCHOOLS

- By Lydia F. Beiler

April 11 - What a date to remember! One year ago today the tornado struck some of our mid-western states. The book, The Mighty Whirlwind, which is now on sale, describes the horrors of it.

This is also the season when we commemorate another dark day in history, that of the crucifixion of Christ, but a brighter day soon followed, when Christ rose from the dead and broke the chains of death and hell. O blessed hope!

This also seems to be the season of the year for visiting schools. Among the callers in our local schools are the head directors who are making their annual rounds. They were at my school on March 24. Other visitors include parents and local teachers, and now and then some tourists who peek into our school rooms.

Three of us teachers made a more extended visit for several days in March. In the group were Rachel Petersheim, Lydia Fisher, and myself. We dismissed our classes early on March 15, and started for Lawrence County, Penna., arriving at the Eli Kurtz home around 11 P. M. As they were expecting us, it took just the bark of a dog to get Mrs. Kurtz to the door. Both Eli and Rebecca are teaching in their one-room school with fifty pupils. He is mostly a helper while she conducts the regular classes.

At their school the next morning we were happy to meet Mrs. Mose S. Byler, a former teacher. Also Amanda (Mrs. Eli J.) Byler, who taught several terms, and Mrs. Levi Hostetler, who is Mrs. Kurtz's sister.

We left their school soon after 10:30 and arrived at Parkman Parochial School in Geauga County, Ohio around 12:30, where Melvin Hershberger and Ada Yoder teach a two-room school. The children were having an interesting game of ball when we arrived, but as soon as the bell rang they assembled quietly in the schoolroom and seemed just as enthusiastic about their lessons. After we had visited both rooms, Melvin left the school in charge of Ada and went with us the rest of the day.

We stopped awhile at the new school on Nash Road, taught by Wilma Glick. When we were ready to leave, she closed her school and accompanied us. Troy Parochial was our next stop, taught by Amanda Hershberger and Monroe Schmucker. This visiting of schools was the dream of our trip and I'm sure everything came up to our expectations, if not beyond.

After school we visited the sugar camp where C. M. Hershberger works, and later took supper at his home. A singing for the Geauga teachers was held that evening at Roman Schmuckers, the Budget scribe, after which we went to Neil I. Hershbergers for the night.

The next day Amanda went with us to Newcomb Road School, Meadow Glow, Pleasant Valley, Nauvoo Road, South Hayes, Valley View, and Hosmer Road School. Most of these schools have two teachers in a room. The last one, where Ray Gingerich teaches, was already dismissed for the day and Ray himself was heading for home, but he took us back into the school, where we spent the next hour in an interesting school conversation.

Afterwards we visited another sugar house at the late Andy C. Kauffman home, then went to the candy factory at Crist E. Millers. Of course, Mary was surprised to see us as she hadn't known we were around, and we had to sample about every kind of candy she had on hand. After we ate supper there, Mary went with us to Uria Bylers for a call where another interesting school conversation was held. We were rather disappointed not to find Uria in the schoolroom, but we may get him later, who knows?

The next morning we went to Holmes County. There we visited nine schools, but only six were in session at the time we called. Our guides that day were Mary Weaver and Mary E.

Yoder. Mary Weaver had been substituting for Calvin Anderson, and she had someone take her place. If we had not been told, we would never have believed it to be a "substitute". We saw a very interesting geography class in session.

We also stopped at the Calvin Anderson residence and saw the Press-n-Print in operation. At South Salt Creek School we surprised Mary Ann Beachy very much. She left her school in charge of her helper and went with us the rest of the day.

Other schools we visited were Leepers (Clara Weaver), Green Valley (Mary E. Yoder), Fountain Nook (Elizabeth Raber), Maple Grove (Ella Miller), and Anderson, (where Fannie Nisley teaches,) but she had already dismissed her pupils for the day. We picked up Mattie Troyer at her boarding place, then stopped at her school yet.

By the time we got to Eli E. Weavers for supper, the Falcon was filled. After a delicious supper we went to Eli's school for a singing and a little program which Eli had planned. I'm sure Eli and his devoted wife, the former Katie Yoder, took great pleasure in getting up this meal and program and were only disappointed that not more came. Mary E. Yoder went along with us to Mary Weaver's for the night.

All in all, the time was well spent and had it not been for the painful remembrance of a loved one being buried at home in our absence, our trip would have been flawless, so well was everything planned and mapped out for us. We extend a hearty thank you to all who helped to make it so. Also to Him who ever watches and cares for His own, and we have reason to believe He did so on this trip.

I still marvel at the calmness and sincerity of most of the teachers we met or saw on duty. To me there is nothing that surpasses seeing a teacher on duty with her flock, and I would advise anyone, especially teachers, to take time off to visit schools, not just in the home community but also in other areas.

This is especially beneficial for those who have been teaching for a number of years, for we are liable to get into ruts. This was just like a refresher course, and I for one, could come back to my school with fresh zeal and vigor. It also helped me to see, more than ever, the necessity and the possibilities of having our own schools and teachers. It can be done, for with God all things are possible.

May He guide and direct all those who faithfully follow His footsteps.

Sincerely,

- Lydia F. Beiler, Box 16, Ronks, Penna.

* * * * *

WHAT ONE LIE DID

- Author Unknown

It was winter twilight and the ruddy light from the fireplace threw shadows on the walls. Before the fire in a comfortable armchair sat Aunt Ruth, deep in thought.

Suddenly the door opened and in rushed Bessie from some outdoor sport. Taking off her wraps, she begged Aunt Ruth for one of her bedtime stories. Bessie was an only child, whose mother had just died. Aunt Ruth had discovered that although the little girl had a loving gentle disposition, she was not always truthful. She was anxious to root out this noxious "weed" from her darling's character, whatever effort it might cost her to do it, and so tonight she decided on a story about that particular line.

"Pull your chair up," said Aunt Ruth, "and I'll tell you about something that happened long ago when I was a girl about your age. Amy, one of my classmates at school, was a sweet-tempered girl and a good scholar. I was jealous of her, for in spelling class she often went above me. But for her, I knew I should stand heads. Amy did not know I felt that way toward her, and she seemed to like being with me more than with anyone else.

"One day our teacher gave out the word 'believe'. In her usual timid way, Amy spelled it correctly. But as the teacher did not quite understand her she said, 'Did you spell it b-e-l-e-i-v-e?' 'No, ma'am, I said b-e-l-i-e-v-e.' But the teacher, still in doubt, turned to me, for I was next to Amy, and asked me how she had spelled it. I deliberately told a lie. I replied, 'She said b-e-l-e-i-v-e.' Then the teacher turned to Amy and sent her to the foot of the class. 'I'm surprised you'd tell a lie!' she exclaimed. 'You may stay after school.'

"I stayed late, too, pretending to have lost something in the hall, so I could find out what would happen to Amy.

"The teacher called her up to the desk. Amy's face was flushed, and she seemed a bit unsteady. 'Amy, how could you tell a lie?' the teacher asked, looking very stern.

" 'Please, teacher, I did not tell a lie,' answered Amy meekly.

" 'Hold out your hand,' said the teacher. And I stood there while Amy received those biting strokes from teacher's ferule, which I should have taken myself, for I had told the lie, not Amy. Every stroke went to my heart and cut like a knife. I waited till Amy was excused and walked along silently by her side all the way to her home. She was sobbing and her eyes were so blinded by tears that she stumbled and fell, dropping her books and papers. I stooped and picked them up, and she said in her usual kind way, 'Thank you, Ruth.'

"When I reached home I made up my mind to forget it. I went to the parlor and tried to amuse myself, but Amy's tear-stained face haunted me. I went to my room and tried to pray but I could not. I went to bed, but tossed about restlessly. My pillow seemed to be made of nettles. I longed for morning to come but the night seemed endless. The repeated strokes of the ferule kept resounding in my ears. At last I could not stay in bed any longer. I got up and went to the window and looked out at the midnight sky, but found no comfort in that. I turned to my bed and my eyes fell upon the white coverlet, which my dear mother had made during her last sickness, and I thought of the prayer she had whispered as she laid her dying hand on my forehead. 'Oh, God, make her a truthful child!' My agony was so great that I rushed to my father's bedside crying, 'Father! Father!' I could say no more than that.

"Tenderly putting his arms around me, he soothed me until I could explain the cause of my grief. I wished him to go with me to see poor Amy. But he told me I had better wait until morning.

"I again crept into my bed and tried to wait until morning, but every moment was torture. It seemed I couldn't wait until dawn. Again I left my bed and hurried to my father's bedside. Tearfully I begged him to take me to see Amy at once. 'She may die before she has forgiven me,' I cried. He laid his cool hand on my forehead; and feeling how hot it was, he told me to get ready and we would go to Amy's house.

"As we neared it, we saw lights burning within. At the gate we met the doctor. We asked him why he was there and were told that Amy had brain fever. 'Her mother said she came home from school yesterday quite unlike herself,' said the doctor. 'She would eat no supper and went to bed heart-broken. In less than an hour I was called. In her delirium she keeps calling for her friend Ruth to come and save her.'

"How those words pierced my heart! They took me to Amy's room and there she lay, with the shadows of death already on her forehead, and in her big blue eyes. I knelt beside her and begged her to forgive me, but in her delirium she did not know me.

"When I next saw Amy she was peacefully asleep in Jesus. All pain was gone, and her aching heart was stilled. But oh my grief! My suffering threw me into high fever, and I continually called for Amy, as she had called for me.

"My father was a godly man, and through his prayers God raised me up from that sickness.

"When spring came and the green grass and beautiful flowers sprang up on Amy's grave, I was allowed to visit it for the first time. On a small white tablet I read: 'Amy Sinclair — fell asleep December third.'

"I knelt beside the little martyr's grave and for the first time in my life, I prayed a prayer of faith. God took away the heavy burden, and I felt quite strong and brave to go on living," finished Aunt Ruth, as she laid her hand lovingly upon the bowed head in her lap. Bessie was crying softly. Aunt Ruth's lesson had gone to her heart and she felt how much she needed God to help her.

"Pray for me, Auntie," she whispered, flinging her arms about her neck.

And from a full heart Aunt Ruth prayed that her little girl might be good and truthful always.

Bessie never forgot what Aunt Ruth had told her in that twilight hour. God gave her a new heart and from that time on she was always known as a truthful Christian girl.

- Selected by Rebecca King, Christiana, Penna.

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